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Per. 3977 e. 205/47

THE

METROPOLITAN.

THE

METROPOLITAN

MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1846.

LONDON:
SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET;
BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; SMITH & SON, GLASGOW;
AND CUMMING, DUBLIN.
1846.

LONDON:
JOHN HASLER, PRINTER, CRANE-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

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THE

METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI. BY MRS. MACKESEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERHAPS it was the reward of firmness: Charles of Anjou touched the shore. When his courage was in the lists with death, if any one had laid a hand upon his heart its throbs would not have been to be either accelerated or slackened; when all hope of external help being lost, his soul was reduced to the alternative of yielding itself up conquered, or of struggling for existence, it exerted a degree of vigour of which it would not have deemed itself capable if the occasion for it had not arrived. Charles reached the shore, although the galley had foundered about a mile from land, between Cape Linaro and Civita Vecchia; yet was he so wearied, so weakened, as if life had but held out long enough to save him from dying in the sea. The morning saw that ambitious man, destined to overthrow the throne of the great Frederick, extended motionless on the sand; all his limbs rigid, and the water dripping from his hair and his clothes: the meanest might have insulted him with impunity; the greatest coward might have slain him; the slightest breath would have been sufficient to extinguish that vital spark, which, uncertain of itself, quivered around the seat of sensation. The sun, diffusing its subtle fire through his veins, warmed his blood, and recalled his spirit to its accustomed office. He sat upright, like one who had lost his memory, and cast his bewildered eyes upon the expanse of waters. The sky was serene, the sea was tranquil, and

* Continued from page 387, vol. xlvi.

though there might be seen floating about the witnesses of its dreadful wrath, planks, oars, and the bodies of the rowers, yet pleasant to behold with its beautiful azure; and lightly rippled it invited, with a flattering hope of pleasure, man to trust himself on its vast surface—even thus tempts sin. Amongst all the relics of the tempest, Armand, the unfortunate master, was observable; he lay supine, and swollen by the water he had swallowed, and fluctuating hither and thither, like a floating island; sometimes the water, wafting him to its utmost verge, seemed about to restore it to land, then suddenly snatching it away, carried it farther away than before; again brought it back to shore; and again, as if repenting, took it thence. If once or twice the wave retreated without the body, it seemed to run back, as if to have scope for a more vehement rush; so that the third or fourth time it came boiling, foaming, and roaring, and carried away its prey in triumph; it seemed like a child playing with a toy: but the playthings of the sea are wrecked vessels and dead bodies.

"Poor Master Armand!" sighed Charles, when he had sadly contemplated him, and yielded his soul to sorrowful meditations; then lifting up his head, he saw against the horizon some sails, which, aided by the wind, were making for land; and immediately Charles, forgetting every other sentiment, breathless between fear and joy, sprang up, anxious to discern if they were his vessels. Pity, in the heart of the ambitious, is like a lucid interval in the mind of the maniac; Master Armand, and his brothers in misfortune, vanished from the mind of the Count, never to return to it.

"Can it be an ocular delusion? does my wish deceive me?" exclaimed Charles, rubbing his eyes to clear his sight. "Can that be my own banner? surely it is azure—no—yes. So may St. Denis grant me the grace that they may prove my gallies, as that the banner is surely azure. But, alas! the field of Manfred's banner is also azure; but his white eagle fills a great space, and would certainly be visible from this; in the fluttering of one fold I have seen gules; yes, gules. Glorious St. Martin! it is my banner; the golden *fleurs de lis*—the portcullis gules." And here he showed his joy with an extravagance at which he blushed on immediately recollecting himself; for the old saying has it, that no man is a hero when he is alone.

Fortune, like a female, weary of Manfred, followed lovingly the footsteps of Charles, and, like a female, forsook the good for the evil. The gallies obeyed the Count's signals, approached the shore, and the French saluted their lord with such demonstrations of joy as were suitable to a man restored by a miracle from the dead. At some short distance appeared belfries, church domes, and the highest houses of a city: it was Civita

Vecchia. Charles commanded his gallies to make for that port, coasting along, and there leaving the vessels with a part of his followers, he hastened to Viterbo to Pope Clement; and the Pope and the Count embraced like two men united by present necessity and future interest.

On the other part, Montford, with a rare example of good fortune, having traversed Romagna, where all the Italian Guelphs joined him, and among them four hundred Florentine men at arms, drew near to Viterbo. Charles was delighted at the coming of Montford, and still more at the four hundred Florentines who had joined him. It is necessary to remember, that when in 1260 the Ghibellines, through the means of Farinata degli Uberti, prevailed in Florence, all the Guelphs left it on the night of the 13th of September, and took refuge in the city of Lucca. They were for a long time kindly harboured by the friendly Lucchese, till, on the overthrow of the latter by the invincible Farinata, they were obliged to provide themselves with a more secure asylum, in order to escape the cruel persecutions of their enemies. Their case was a melancholy one: many gentlewomen were seized with the travail of child-birth on the Alps of St. Pellegrino; many respectable citizens dropped dead of hunger and cold on the road; but since, as says the historian who narrates the fact, necessity makes heroes, they retired to Bologna, and there applied themselves to learn the use of arms, and exercising themselves daily, they attained in a short time to the fame of valorous cavaliers. Being called to Modena by the Guelph faction, they conquered the Ghibellines there, and also at Reggio, where twelve of their number, who afterwards took the name of Paladins, vanquished and slew the fierce giant called Taca, who used to kill or maim every one with a huge iron mace, as is related in the chronicles of the time for the benefit of the reader curious upon matters foreign to our subject. The Florentines, who had obtained great advantages in the wars, made a splendid appearance with beautiful horses and rich armour. They were led by Guido Guerra, of the race of the Counts Guido, great-grandson of that Guido Sanque who alone escaped from the slaughter of his entire family by the Ravennese, if that be true which the ancient historians have transmitted to us. Charles, having no more money, was liberal in promises to them, as the Pope was in indulgences; nay, so pleased was the Pontiff with them, that he gave them permission to bear his own armorial ensign, which was on a field argent an eagle gules, with a serpent vert in his talons.

The Florentines received it with all the joy of a hate which they deemed holy, but they added a red lily over the head of the eagle; for a red lily in a white field was the ensign of the

Guelphs of Florence, as a white lily in a red field was that of the Ghibellines.

The French and the Italian Guelphs being thus united in goodly array, and having for leaders the Pope and the Count of Anjou and Provence, moved from Viterbo on their route to Rome. Clement, in his pontifical habits, rode on a white palfrey; the amplitude of his magnificent mantle was such, that it covered his steed as well as his own person; the horse trappings were covered with scarlet, and embroidered with golden roses; and the long housings were of the same material and decoration. He wore on his head a mitre like those of modern bishops, for the tiara was not yet placed on the Pontiff's head; the first who adopted it being the magnificent Pope Boniface VIII., at the end of the century of which we write. In his hand he bore a pastoral staff, like the crook of the shepherds, to denote the meek rule with which Christ willed that the faithful should be governed; he raised his right hand in the act of benediction, to which it was so accustomed, that it made the motion involuntarily even when it was unnecessary; his hands were covered with rich gloves, which, in the canonical vocabulary, are called "chirotecas," with a costly ring over the glove on the ring-finger of the right hand; on each side of the palfrey's head two pages, richly dressed, guided the reins of the bit, finished with gold studs, whence hung tassels of crimson silk. Charles of Anjou rode at the right of the Pope: he wore cuirass, breast-plate, arm-pieces, cuisses, and greaves of steel, exquisitely inlaid with gold arabesques; instead of a helmet he wore a Count's coronet; in his hand was a baton of gold, set round with gems; from his left shoulder, by an embroidered riband, hung the cross which he had received from the Cardinal Simon de Tours, to show, to any one who chose to believe it, that no worldly interest, but the greater glory of the church, had instigated him to the war against Manfred; a surcoat of the imperial fashion, lined with minever, and embroidered on the outside with *fleurs de lis* of gold, completed his habiliments. His horse was the one that accompanied him in all his feats of arms; a beautiful animal, white as a snow flake, born of an Arab mare and a Norman horse; his pink nostrils, fiercely dilated, seemed to smell the battle; he was a subject for a painter, and was admirable in all his points; but he trod disdainfully in his trappings of cordovan leather, embroidered with arabesques, and covered with steel plates. The Count, in restraining the fire of his impatient steed, proved himself a skilful master of horsemanship; but, from his eager countenance, more likely to excite than to restrain him. On the other side rode the Countess Beatrice, on a Spanish jennet, which, as if conscious of the rank of her

whom he carried, tossed his head proudly, and caracoled briskly along; the high-spirited lady, disdaining to let a squire hold the bridle, as was the custom with the females of those days, guided her jennet herself. Though, as we have already said, she had sold or pledged the greater part of her jewels to aid her husband in his enterprise, still it may be believed that she retained sufficient to decorate herself: a boddice of cloth of gold covered her bust without hiding the natural *contour*, and terminated at the hips in the form of a Roman cuirass; in the centre a lily was represented, wrought in chrysolites, sapphires, rubies, and other precious stones; over all the remaining part were strewn roses, composed of five gems of different colours; her waist was bound by a rich girdle, to one side of which was attached a purse, to the other a poignard; her blue surcoat was exactly like that of Charles, and embroidered with golden *fleurs de lis*; a countess's coronet adorned her hair, which was dressed in long tresses, covering her cheeks and her neck. Beatrice was not handsome, but was tall and majestic, and her countenance expressed that indefinite authority which the lords of the earth derive from their fathers, or rather from the habit of command. The people collected along the road applauded at the appearance of the magnificent lady, and she saluted them courteously, with eyes sparkling with pleasure. Many of the principal barons of France and Provence followed with various arms and habits which it would be tedious to describe; then came the troops in divisions under different banners, in a regular order, and each led by a knight of good military reputation.

In this manner they proceeded to Baccano, where they were met by two hundred armed knights, clad in blue habits, embroidered with gold *fleurs de lis*, and mounted on horses all of one colour. They stood immovable, facing the coming host, till the latter came within bow shot; then they spurred hastily forward with their lances in rest, as if about to charge; but in an instant they reined up, and fell off suddenly into two divisions, making the semblance of a combat in pairs; after exchanging some blows, they elevated their lances, and offered to sight a long alley of crossed weapons; then they intermingled again, some advanced, some retired, some filed to the right, some to the left, and they wound about and grouped together, so that there was a whirl and a confusion marvellous to behold; at a given signal, in less time than is taken to relate it, they formed into hollow and solid squares, into files disposed along the road, or into oblique squadrons; then ensued new tilting, new groupings, and all different, such that nothing of the kind has ever yet been attempted in our so much vaunted modern ballets.

This spectacle was pleasing to Charles by so much the more as it was unexpected, and it continued till within seven miles of

Rome. At that point the knights spurred to full speed and disappeared. But, after journeying onwards for some considerable way, the Count saw them again standing motionless, as at first, across the road, holding their lances raised and their pennons intermingled; nor did they appear inclined to move at his approach. Charles stood, intent upon what might happen next, when suddenly they opened, and discovered a magnificent embassy of Roman nobles, who, clad in their ermine cloaks, approached the Pontiff, and, kneeling on one knee, offered him the golden keys of the city; then he who appeared of highest authority among them, having obtained permission, recited an oration, which was neither Latin nor Italian, but which the speaker intended for Latin. We shall not repeat it; suffice it, reader, to know that it was vilely cringing, disgustingly servile; and though it lasted more than half an hour, the whole substance of it consisted in thus much—that it was the universal desire of the Roman people and nobles that Charles should be created Senator of Rome;—as if the Pope was not ruler enough for them. And here observe, O reader! for you are of the people, and perhaps the example may be improving to you, that four years previously the same embassy, deputed to Manfred, assured *him* that it was the universal desire of the Roman people and nobles that *he* should be created Senator of Rome. Whether Clement was well pleased at this offer of his subjects to Charles can be known only to the Searcher of hearts; but, as far as could be discerned, he showed a cheerful countenance, and replied that he willingly consented. Then an altar was brought, on which many relics were laid, and a book of the Gospels; the Pontiff dismounted, followed by Charles and all the host, and, approaching the altar, he knelt before it, intoning a prayer, which was repeated after him by all the bystanders; then, rising up, he demanded of the Count if he would be Senator of Rome? to which Charles replied that he was ready to concur in the good pleasure of his Holiness. Clement opened the book of oaths, and commanded Charles to swear; and the latter, placing his right hand on the Gospels, read aloud the oath:—"We, Charles of France, by the grace of God, Count of Anjou and Provence, &c., &c., elected Senator of Rome by the free will of the Roman people and nobles, do promise and swear, upon the Holy Evangelists, not to contribute either by word or deed to injure in life or limb the most glorious Pontiff Clement IV., pious, universal, and apostolic, nor any of his successors; to reveal all plots against them, to support them in the possession of the Papacy, and in the free enjoyment of the rights appertaining to the patrimony of St. Peter; to provide for the security of the Cardinals and their families; to preserve to the city all its territories entire, and its jurisdictions; and, finally, to do all things

that can contribute to the greater honour of the Holy Church." Having said these words, the Pontiff placed in his right hand the keys, as the symbol of civil government; then the sword, as the leader of his troops; and, lastly, the standard of St. Peter, as champion of the Holy Church. So tumultuous was the clamour of the shouts, and the blast of the trumpets, that it was heard even as far as Rome.

The night was advanced when they reached the city of the Cæsars; but the road was as light as in the day, from the multitude of torches that were burning on both sides. In the gateway they found the *carroccio*, splendidly decorated, which had been invented in 1026 by Eribert, Archbishop of Milan, that it might serve as an ensign of war to the Italian cities, not that it should honour the coming of those whom they ought to repulse. It was a car, drawn by four or more white and very fat bulls, covered with scarlet housings richly wrought; round the bottom of the car ran a double row of benches, for the wheels worked internally, and on the steps of the benches were fitted candelabra of silver, with wax-lights of an immense size; from the midst of the car arose a mast covered with cloth; at the middle of it hung a Christ in gold, and it was surmounted by the gonfalon, or standard of Rome, the borders of which, hanging over the car by upwards of ten yards, were supported by the lances of knights armed *cap-à-pie*, and of the noblest blood. Many other minor symbolical standards surrounded the gonfalon, and on them might be seen a lion, to denote courage; a woman, to typify prudence; a female leaning against a pillar and holding a pair of scales, to pourtray justice, and many other virtues which, in those days, the Roman people had only on their banners. As soon as the knights saw the Pontiff, with the Count and Countess approaching, they moved forward to meet them with a courteous reception, and covered them with the gonfalon as with a canopy. The car moved aside, and the Pontiff was the first to pass the threshold of Rome. The streets strewn with herbs and flowers yielded a sweet perfume; the windows, illuminated and adorned with fine tapestry, were filled with ladies in their gala dresses, who threw out handsful of the flowers of the season upon the French cavaliers; and these latter, young and old, following the impulse of our nature, kept turning their heads from right to left, with the velocity of a pendulum, and every time they espied a handsome face, winked at each other, and smiled, and, bending forwards, whispered to each other heaven knows what. In one street was music and singing, women dancing, and men drinking and pledging healths; in another, a juggler, with his tricks, was delighting a crowd of people, who stood as if enchanted, till he went round with his cap in his hand, crying "*Largess;*" then, some running here, and some

there, all dispersed in search of another juggler, who had not yet reached that conclusion. Here in the middle of a square, mounted on a table, with a taper at his feet, and a flute slung at his neck, the charlatan* sang the feats of Charlemagne, Orlando, and the other Paladins, as poor blind Homer might have sung of his heroes in ancient times. Among so many people intent on amusement, there, like the serpent in the midst of the meadow, glided the pickpocket, with side-long gait, avoiding the light, and awaiting at some passage a person on whom to exercise his legerdemain; for, of a surety, those whose heads had still the capacity to think, and their hands the capacity to handle, must be thieves, and these are the usual attendants of great men when they proceed in solemn pomp through a city. Thus passing through many and various spectacles of gaiety, the Pontiff, with the Count and Countess and the principal barons, arrived at the Lateran. The troops had already filed off to the quarters prepared for them by Roman foresight. Charles, after supper, feeling himself weary, awaited Clement's permission to retire to rest, but he dared not ask it; Clement did not choose that any one should be lodged in his palace, but did not like to say so; but, after a while, considering that it was for him to speak, he rose from table and said:—

"Count, we will you to understand that no Catholic, however great he may be in arms or wealth, has ever hitherto lodged in our palace of Lateran; and this is not so much a token of respect to us, for we are the servant of servants, than to him whose vicegerent we are. This rule, which has been established with so much wisdom by our predecessors, and followed by so many emperors, we have no intention to revoke; wherefore, beloved son, we bid you to depart; the city abounds in many other palaces not inferior in either riches or beauty to this our own; and in leaving us, rest assured that we mean you no affront; but we are mindful of fame, which speaks loudly of you through the world."

Although Charles was not well disposed to bear with this pontifical grandeur, as he showed some years afterwards† by his haughty reply to Nicholas III. (degli Orsini), yet at this time he left the Lateran with a cheerful countenance, and went to lodge elsewhere. The Count of Anjou, like a wise man, knew that to accommodate one's self to the pleasure of another for once, in order to have one's own will ever after, is a thing not to be scorned.

* The name charlatan is derived from those wandering poets who, in the manner of the ancient rhapsodists, went from city to city singing the praises of Charlemagne: hence came *Carlo cantare*, or the *Charles chanter*; then *Carlo tanare* corrupted farther into charlatan.—Author's note.

† Charles contemptuously refused to marry one of his granddaughters to a nephew of Pope Nicholas, whence arose a great enmity between them.—Translator.

The following day the Pontiff and the Count were closeted together, to agree upon some points which their respective ministers had thought it prudent not to discuss, conceiving that they would be better understood by the principals themselves. What was the discussion, what the conditions agreed on, it is the province of the historian to relate; it is enough for us to assert that they were fully agreed. The conference being broken up, the criers perambulated the city, proclaiming:—

"That, on the approaching feast of the Epiphany, Monseigneur Charles and Madame Beatrice, Count and Countess of Anjou and Provence, would be crowned sovereigns of Sicily by the hands of the glorious Clement IV., Pontiff of Rome, in the Church of St. John de Lateran; that during three days open lists would be held for all comers and goers, with freedom of entrance to every knight bearing arms; that every day after dinner jousts would be opened, the challengers to which were the noble the Count Guy de Montford, Guillaume the Standard Bearer, Boccara and Jean, Counts of Vaudamme, Pierre de Belmont, Mèrepoix the Seneschal, Jean de Bresilles, and Louis Joinville; that all those knights who chose to compete with them should repair with their defiance to the cloister of St. Paul, where, from the rising to the setting of the sun, the devices of the challengers would be displayed; that the Countess Beatrice, queen of the tournament, and Giles Le Brun, constable of the field, would keep note of the devices, and names of the knights who should offer themselves, &c."

The first rays of the sun had hardly illuminated our hemisphere, than a crowd of people, which increased during the day, gathered round the Monastery of St. Paul, anxiously waiting the opening of the gates. After a long delay, they expanded to the curiosity of the people, who in a moment overflowed the vast enclosure of the cloister. It was a beautiful fabric for those days, of four equal sides, with piazzas of many sharp-pointed arches, and pillars minutely fluted; the interiors were divided into squares, and contained pictures in the best style of the wretched paintings of those days, representing the principal acts of the glorious Apostle Paul. But these were not the sole subjects; there was Adam digging the ground with an excellent iron spade; a last judgment, wherein certain cunning devils were carrying off souls, in the forms of children, out of the mouths of knights, monarchs, nuns, friars, and even from one pope—in fact, a judgment exactly like that which Andrea Orgagni depicted round the walls of the Campo Santo, at Pisa; and, to conclude, there were all other novelties. Along the partition walls stood the tombs of defunct nobles, storied along the base with figures, which the brethren of the monastery called human, and on the tops lay the effigies of those who were enclosed

within: here a lady, with her arms crossed over her bosom, her head resting on her shoulder, her eyes closed in the semblance of death; there a magistrate, clad in a long gown, resting on his side, his head leaning on his hand, and his eyes cast down like a man musing; farther on, a cavalier, armed *cap-à-pie*, with a naked sword in his hand, expiring upon a heap of trophies; the vulgar dead, without a stone, without an inscription, to point them out to the love of their own kindred, were promiscuously buried below the pavement of the piazza.

At the side, opposite the door of entrance, upon a plinth covered with crimson velvet, stood a lance, to which was attached a splendid suit of armour, and at the foot of the lance were four cups full of gold bezants: these were the prize of the vanquisher in the jousts. Beside that lance, but planted on the pavement, stood eight other lances, from each of which hung the shield with the name and device of the knight to whom it belonged. The first bore "Montford," and the device was a female figure reversed. In those days it was considered the greatest of all insults to bear the image of any one head downwards on the shield—hence the haughty Montford, wishing to denote in some way his contempt for Italy, designed to represent her in the female figure above-mentioned. On the second was read "Standard Bearer:" the device, two hands, armed with hammers, striking on an anvil, and the motto, "It will not break for striking." On the third and fourth were "Vaudamme:" the device of the first was black, with silver drops—it was the gift of the lady of his thoughts, who thus expressed the tears she would shed during his absence; on the other was a heart among flames, transfixed by a dart, and exactly resembling those which modern lovers place at the top of their valentines. The fifth bore "Belmont:" the device, a wind-god striving vehemently to blow out a fire, and the motto, "Not to be extinguished by a breath." The sixth, "Mèrepoix:" the device, a tortoise, with the Latin motto, "*Tarde sed tuto*," "Slow and sure." The seventh, "Bresilles:" a greyhound returning with a hare. The last was all blank, as was the custom with new knights in their first year: it belonged to the young Joinville. Immediately beside the lances was seen a long table, covered with rich tapestry, round which sat the most beautiful of the Roman and French ladies—the ordinary judges of those species of combats; and the Countess Beatrice, on an elevated seat, as queen. The constable, Giles Le Brun, on a stool at the end of the table, held a parchment book to inscribe the names and describe the devices of those who should present themselves to tilt; the other knights, some armed, some dressed in rich silk vests, stood around.

Nine o'clock had passed, and no one appeared to defy the challengers; so great was the fame of the French knights, that

no one, however brave, would venture it. Guy de Montford, clad in a *just-au-corps* of chamois, turned to his brothers in arms, from time to time, smiling, and saying, "Did I not tell you?"

The people, who had flocked to gaze, stood fixed, about four or five yards from the shields of the challengers, as if a magic line had hindered them from advancing. The Roman ladies looked towards the crowd to see if they could discover any of their admirers, but, descrying none, they cast down their eyes ashamed. The French ladies exulted over the shame of Italy.

The crowd divided. A knight of a pleasing air, with his visor down, bearing a shield with a female figure exactly like that of Montford's, but that she appeared in her natural attitude, saluted the ladies, and then struck with the iron head of his lance the opprobrious device of the first challenger; at that moment the knight saw another lance-head of a prodigious size, and stained with congealed blood, strike the same device: he turned his head, and saw a form covered with armour of steel plate, and bearing for device a thunderbolt, which, falling from the clouds, struck down a tower, and the motto, "It comes from an unseen hand."

"Knights," said the Constable Le Brun to the two new comers, "we wish to inform you that, though it is in our power to accept defiance to a combat to the extremity, still we would prefer that there should be no blood shed."

"Truly," added Montford. "I also give you the same advice as the constable, knights; for I would not wish any lady's cheek should be stained with tears through my means."

"If you will not run the risk of accepting the defiance to a combat unto extremity," replied the first-arrived knight, "you have only to entreat us, in the presence of these ladies, and we will commute it into a combat to the first fall."

"*Sangbleu!*" cried Montford. "Whoever heard arrogance like this? Constable, write their sentence of death. But take notice, cavaliers, if you wish it, I will always allow you time to retract."

"Count," replied the Knight of the Thunderbolt, "look, I pray you, at the head of my lance: is not that blood that is congealed upon it? and is it my blood?"

"If your deeds correspond with your words," retorted Mont ford, "I shall hope to derive some honour from your discomfiture."

"Or rather you will curse the saints for having provoked the tournay," replied the Knight Firstcome.

"Knights," said he of the thunderbolt, turning towards the challengers, "boastings do not conquer in the trial of arms, and they are wholly unbecoming to noble cavaliers. Let every one

do the best he can—the victory will rest with him to whom Heaven gives it."

"To whom the lance gives it, you mean, cavalier?" said Montford.

"As you will, Count. Constable, write down my device; for my name must remain concealed."

"And what have I to say of you?" asked Giles Le Brun of the Knight Firstcome, after he had written the device of the Knight of the Thunderbolt.

"Write down my device alone, also."

"That is a prudent precaution," said Montford, sneering. "When one is conquered there is nothing to do but to throw away the shield, and the shame with it."

"Knights, our challengers are eight, and you are but two," said the constable. Will you sustain alone the attack of all?"

"Have you any companions?" asked the Knight of the Thunderbolt of the Knight Firstcome.

"I have my courage, my sword, my lance, my battle-axe; each of these is worth a Frenchman. You have the same; thus we shall be equally opposed."

Montford ground his teeth for rage, and his eyes became bloodshot. The Knight of the Thunderbolt, shaking his head, said—

"More has been said now than is needed for a mortal combat. Knight, if you are as valiant in deed as in word, I hope in Heaven that we shall be victorious: nevertheless, I would wish that we also were eight; for, though man may trust in himself, he may not presume. Come, constable! I will bring the other six; they will bear a golden star in a sable field."

Thus saying, without a bow, without a salutation, he turned towards the crowd, which, muttering among themselves, opened to give way before that giant, who in a moment disappeared. The Knight Firstcome bowed with a courteous air to the ladies, who looked upon him with complacency, and disappeared in like manner.

The charm being broken, the Italian valour awoke; on all sides knights came forward to touch the shields of the challengers, some with the iron head of the lance, some with the other end; so that at sunset the constable's book was full of names, and descriptions of devices. Montford, with his brows knit, said not a word. Le Brun, closing his book, turned to him and said—

"Do you know, Count, what the proverb says?"

"What have I to do with your proverbs?"

"You would learn wisdom by them. There is no thunderbolt, no whirlwind more tremendous, more fierce, than a man offended, and not *extinguished*."

"I have done the first to-day, I will do the second to-morrow."

"If to say it were to do it, I would not doubt you; but those cavaliers do not look like men to be easily overthrown."

"That is because threescore years see differently from forty years; and you, my Lord Constable, are now more fit to repeat proverbs than to wield a sword."

Giles Le Brun, a cavalier without fear and without reproach, hearing this sharp retort, drew up his person as in the days of his youth, and shook indignantly his head, white with an honourable old age, and thought to smite the rude man in the face: Montford, not caring whether his words offended or not, had already withdrawn. Prudence advised Le Brun to cause no scandal on the present occasion, but vengeance stamped the insult upon his heart.

The 6th of January, 1266, arrived; a splendid procession of prelates, magistrates, and French and Italian nobles repaired, with the sound of trumpets, to the abode of the Count of Anjou, to convey him to the Lateran, where the Pontiff awaited him.

Never did war-horse display so ardently his inward joy at the sound of the battle, as Beatrice displayed hers at the sound of those trumpets that bade her set forward to be crowned. Without heeding anything further she interrupted her apparelling, and sprang impatiently, half-dressed as she was, to the door to go out. Charles took her by the arm, led her back to the place whence she had darted, and said, in a calm voice, "Compose yourself, lady. To receive a crown from the Pope does not constitute being a queen."

High mass was chaunted by Pope Clement, assisted by Rodolfo, Bishop of Albano, Archerio, Priest of Santa Prassede, Richard of St. Angelo, Goffredo of St. George of the Golden Veil, and Matthew of Santa Maria in Porto, cardinal deacons. The Count and Countess of Anjou and Provence, clothed in white, knelt upon rich cushions; and, mass being over, Archerio and Rodolfo advanced to Charles, and Richard and Goffredo to Beatrice, and conducted them to the steps of the altar. Clement took the bull of investiture from the holy table, and read in a loud voice, "We, Clement IV., Pope, Servant of the Servants of God, by the power delegated to us by Jesus Christ, and by the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter, to provide for the greater honour of the Church, moved by omnipotent mercy for the care of our rule, do ordain that the kingdom of Sicily, both on this side and beyond the Straits, with its jurisdictions, possessions, feuds, &c., be deemed as forfeited by Manfred of Swabia; and we confirm with these presents the sentence of excommunication pronounced against him by our predecessors. We invest Charles, Count of Anjou and Provence, our well-beloved son, with that kingdom (with the exception of the city of Benevento and its territories and possessions) for himself and his descendants,

male and female; but issue male existing exclude the female; and of the male, the first-born shall succeed; but failing of issue, or violating the conditions, the kingdom shall revert to the church. The conditions are as follow:—The kingdom shall not be partitioned; that an oath of loyalty, homage, and fidelity to the church shall be taken; that if the King of Naples and Sicily be elected Emperor, and Sovereign of Lombardy and Tuscany, he shall resign the kingdom within four months; that at eighteen years of age the king shall be declared of age, and shall govern by himself; but under that age he shall be in the wardship of the church; that annually, on the eve of St. Peter and St. Paul, he shall pay a tribute of eight thousand ounces of gold, and a palfrey, white, fair, and good; that at the requisition of the Pope, and in subsidy to the church, he shall send three hundred men-at-arms, paid up for three months, which subsidy may be commuted into three ships; that the king and his successors shall not interfere in the elections and pastulates of the prelates, saving what belongs to them by *jus patronatum*; that they shall impose no taxes on ecclesiastics; that they shall have one thousand knights ready to go to the Holy Land, &c." *

Charles, who listened to all these conditions, without the intention of keeping one of them, solemnly replied:—

"We, Charles of France, by the grace of God, Count of Anjou, Folcacchieri, Provence, and Languedoc, King of Sicily, Duke of Apulia, and Prince of Capua, to you our Lord, Clement IV., Pope, and in your name to your successors, do pay homage for the kingdom of Sicily, and all the country beyond the Straits to the frontiers, excepting the city and country of Benevento, with its districts and possessions, yielded by us and by our successors to the aforesaid Roman Church; the matters declared in the bull we ratify, and we promise and swear to observe them."

Matthew, the cardinal deacon, taking the Holy Evangelists, laid the book before the Count and Countess, who placed their hands upon it. Clement took from the altar two mantles of purple, lined with ermine, and gave them to the cardinals, who spread them over the shoulders of Charles and Beatrice, who, kneeling on the steps of the altar, received from the hands of the Pope the unction with consecrated oil, and the royal crown, which Matthew presented to him on a silver charger. Beatrice trembled, turned pale, and a tear fell from her eyes. Charles, impassible to greater things than the present ceremony, had his mind intent on the means of conquering a kingdom, of which he at present possessed only the crown.

The Pope, having crowned the personages, knelt down also,

* There were many other conditions, which are related by the historian Giannone.

and, with elevated arms, invoked the Holy Spirit; the people replied to the prayers with tumultuous cries; the bells ringing loudly announced the conclusion of the ceremony; the trumpets sound with a mighty clamour; "Long live King Charles! Long live Queen Beatrice! Long live their Sicilian Majesties!" It seemed as though the church would split with the clamour; yet among so many applauding voices there was heard one single cry—"Death to the French!" Every man, thinking he stood beside the daring person, so loud and so fierce was the cry, turned angrily round; but he heard the last syllable of "Long live King Charles!" die away on the lips of his neighbour. Many thought the voice came from the roof, and raised their eyes towards it: it reached the ears of Charles, and was the death warrant of more than one hundred persons, whom he afterwards put to death, to satisfy the suspicion which it awakened in his soul. Clement, having ended his prayer, arose, kissed the king on the forehead, embraced the queen, and said: "En uncti Domini, et reges estis. Sicut rugitus leonis, ita est terror regis; qui provocat cum, peccat in animan suam: sed sicut divisiones aquarum, ita regis in manu Domini pax vobiscum."*

Amid the applauses of the Roman people, the new sovereigns returned to the Lateran palace, where they were magnificently feasted. The Pope sat at table with them, the three being alone, but on a more elevated seat. When the banquet was over, they repaired, accompanied by the same escort, to the square of St. Paul, which was arranged for the tournament. Here the Roman youths had been daily practising with headless lances in jousts called *bagordi;* and it pleased Heaven that in those times the Italians should have some sense in their brains, as they had strength in their arms. The field of the lists was of an oval form, surrounded by a deep ditch from four to six yards wide, which, on this occasion, was filled with water. Near the point where the curved lines approached to unite was drawn a straight line; and the space between that line and the extremity of the field was set apart for the use of the serjeants, heralds, constables, and other persons necessary for the combat. Round the ditch were raised scaffoldings, covered with splendid hangings, and amongst these, as may be easily imagined, that of Charles was distinguished by its tapestry, gildings, and banners of many colours. Ladies, in the flower of their youth, with fair faces and blooming cheeks, and magnificently clad, sat there with grave and modest looks, anxious to be distinguished by some of the knights combatants. Around the stockades crowded a

* "Behold, ye are the anointed of the Lord, and his kings. The terror of the king is as the roar of a lion; he who provoketh him to wrath sinneth against his own soul. Like the rivers of waters is the heart of the king in the Lord's hand. Peace be with you."

stupid and ferocious populace, jostling each other for places where they might see better; and the blows of the lances, dispensed among them by the rough soldiers, were of no avail to keep them quiet. On a signal from Charles, a horn was blown; a thrill of hope and fear ran through the bystanders; a profound silence reigned around: the horn sounded a second time; at the third sounding the two drawbridges were let down at the extremity of the square, and the knights, two by two, passed over the ditch. Giles Le Brun, the constable, accosted the knights in the middle of the field, and required them to swear by the saints that they would fight honourably, without fraud and without malice; that their arms were not charmed; and that they invoked no other aid but that of God and the Blessed Virgin: then he warned them not to wound their horses, and to divide the advantages of the sun and wind; that done, he retired to the end of the field, to the right hand of King Charles's seat, to be in readiness to receive his orders, and there he remained motionless as a statue; the prize of the tournament was placed near him. The other two subordinate constables and the heralds stood at the end of the square, which we have already described, near the drawbridges. The knights, arranged in order on each side, awaited the signal. Giles Le Brun gave it by lowering his lance, and the knights rushed upon each other. Shameful to relate, six Italian cavaliers were unhorsed at the first shock. The Knights of the Thunderbolt and Firstcome alone sat firm in their saddles; but, as if struck by a sudden panic, they turned their horses towards the lists. Immediately was heard a loud burst of laughter in derision of the vanquished, and a clapping of hands in applause of the victors, together with a deafening yelling and stamping of feet. The ladies waved their scarfs, and Charles rejoiced in his heart that the reputation of the French arms should be sustained by Italian cowardice.

"Are you an Italian?" asked the Knight of the Thunderbolt of the Knight Firstcome.

"I am."

"And what do you mean to do?"

"To conquer or die."

"Let us, then, teach these proud men that we two are equal to all of them."

At that moment they turned their horses' heads, and the spectators, intent upon the new movement, were silent. Carried along by the impetuosity of their horses, the first of the challengers who met the enemy's lances were Belmont and Bresilles. The former, overthrown by the Knight Firstcome, fell on the ground heels upwards, and the latter received such a deadly blow from the Knight of the Thunderbolt, that his visor was broken, and the lance, entering his mouth, split his tongue, and

came out at the nape of his neck; and, falling from the saddle, he dropped dead at some distance in the field. The two Italian knights, putting their lances again in rest, continued their career, and met Mèrepoix the seneschal and the young knight Joinville. Mèrepoix and his horse fell under the lance of the Knight of the Thunderbolt, and the weight of the animal broke one of the legs of the fallen cavalier, who was carried away from the lists, in great chagrin, by the serjeants. Joinville, struck on the crest, was bent back on the crupper of his steed, and the lance escaped from his hand in the struggle; yet he grasped his sword, and tried to renew the attack. The Knight of the Thunderbolt pushed his horse upon him, and took aim at his side; and wo to him had the blow reached its aim; he would never more have worn plate or mail: but the Knight Firstcome, seeing him ready to strike, took the opportunity of striking such a blow on the lance as turned it from the aim, and drove it through the flank of the courser, which it transfixed, coming out all bloody at the other side. Joinville thrilled at the blow, and, considering his life to have been saved by the act of the Knight Firstcome, he said to him, surrendering his sword, "Signor, your courtesy has vanquished me."

"Go, and remain at the end of the field, my prisoner on parole."

The brothers Vaudamme, excellent tilters, and full of valour, ill supporting that shame, prepared to revenge it with a high spirit. He of the black shield with the silver drops struck the Knight of the Thunderbolt, pierced his shield, and passed on without recovering his lance. The knight who was struck did not swerve an inch from his horse, but missed his blow against his adversary—a circumstance which occurs to bad tilters, or those who are out of practice. Inflamed with rage, he seized the battle-axe that hung at his saddlebow, and struck with such good aim at the careering Vaudamme that he clove his helmet and steel *avantaile:* Vaudamme's head escaped by miracle, for the descent of the axe raised the skin a little, and cut off a lock of hair. The Knight of the Thunderbolt, whom victory seemed to render ferocious, burst upon Vaudamme, who, stupified and deprived of sight, seemed every moment ready to fall, seized him by the gorget, dragged him down from his horse, and spurred towards the ditch, in order to drown him in it. A cry of rage was uttered at this act, and Montford and the standard-bearer hastened to save their unfortunate comrade. The Knight Firstcome was more successful this time than the former; for while his adversary, after receiving a severe blow, laboured, closing his knees, not to lose his stirrups, the girth broke, and he fell to the ground; the horse, left to his own guidance, and flying

round the field, was seized by the bridle by the conqueror, and courteously led to the vanquished.

"Cavalier, dismount," said Vaudamme, "and let us exchange some sword-thrusts, as I cannot use my horse again, at least for this day."

"Signor," replied the Knight Firstcome, "I would willingly do what you ask, but necessity calls me elsewhere. My comrade is attacked by two cavaliers, and I cannot leave him alone. The defiance to extremity is against Montford, and not against you."

"Cavalier, I will not declare myself conquered for this day without one condition."

"Say it."

"That you will come to fight with me to-morrow."

"I promise it, unless any impediment occurs to prevent me."

After these words the Knight Firstcome went in aid of his comrade, who, having been struck on the right shoulder by a blow of Montford's lance, was obliged to let Vaudamme go (who was miserably trampled by his horse), and to lean to the left side in such a manner that he would have fallen to the ground if he had not struck his lance in the earth; but he raised himself again so quickly that the standard-bearer, having taken a low aim to strike him, planted his lance in the field. The Knight Firstcome arriving at full speed, smote the standard-bearer on the shoulders so fiercely, that the latter, falling with his face on the saddlebow, broke his nose, and two or three meshes of the mail of his visor giving way, embedded themselves in his cheek. The Knight Firstcome, continuing his career, struck Montford, and broke his lance on the French knight's cuirass; then, raising his sword, he began to poise it, and to try to keep Montford close, that the latter should not use his lance. At that moment an extraordinary sight appeared; the horse of the Knight Firstcome, from being all black, was suddenly seen marked with white patches.

"Ah! disloyal cavalier, you use charms! Here, constable!"

"Count, do you want to cover the shame of your defeat by vulgar prejudices? Do so, if you think it honourable; but if you will come near you will perceive that I stained my horse to prevent his being recognized, and the perspiration has made him change his colour in part."

Montford, having verified the fact, said—"Since it be thus, alight, cavalier, and let us combat on foot."

"As you will, Count;" and they dismounted, and continued the battle more fiercely than before.

The Knight of the Thunderbolt having returned to the field, made a terrible assault on the standard-bearer, who, taken by surprise, fell from his horse; his adversary, thinking him dead,

alighted, and went towards him, to put an end to the combat; but the standard-bearer rising, grasped his sword, and began to defend himself gallantly: his blows were as powerful as those of the Knight of the Thunderbolt, but they were less successful, on account of the description of arms; for in those days the French used quadranguler swords, sharp only at the point, which were properly denominated *estoc*: but the Italians used weapons sharp at both edges as well as at the point, which were distinguished by the name *epée* (sword). After exchanging several blows, which need not be described, the Knight of the Thunderbolt struck the point of his sword with such fury against his adversary's shield, that he bored it through and through, and exclaimed, exultingly, "Cavalier, I do not know whether your shield will break for striking, but I am sure it will open for boring."

The standard-bearer replied by a thrust which clave the plate of the enemy's cuirass, wounded him in the side, and drew blood. The wounded man, enraged, threw away his shield, grasped his sword with both hands, and aimed at the standard-bearer's head. The latter, who stood well on his ground, quickly covered his head with his shield—the sword descended, cleaving shield, crest, and helmet, and, perhaps, would have cloven the head also, if the blade had not loosened from the handle; and thus the blow failed on the iron head-piece. The smiter, seeing his adversary stunned, without losing time, sprang upon him, seized his left hand in his own right, and twisted the bones with so much force that they cracked as if they were broken. The standard-bearer came to himself by dint of the acute pain, and let go his sword. The Knight of the Thunderbolt advanced his right leg between the legs of his adversary, and with the hilt of his sword still in his hand, struck him so violently in the face, that, without having time to invoke the saints, he fell again fainting on the earth. The striker, following up his victory, drew his poignard, stooped down, cut the strap of the visor, and cried to him to yield. There was no answer. The standard-bearer's face was death-like; there was a bloody foam on his mouth and nose, and livid circles, almost black, round his eyes. The Knight of the Thunderbolt was tempted two or three times to thrust his dagger into his throat, and raised it for that purpose; but then, as if scorning the act, which, however, the customs of the time did not consider vile, he took his sword from him, and left him senseless on the field.

"How much better had it been for you if Geoffrey de Presilles had never thought of the tournament," cried Montford, striking violently at the Knight Firstcome. "Do not occasion so much grief to your lady-love, nor make your mother weep."

"Do you want help?" said the Knight of the Thunderbolt,

coming up to his companion, whom he saw wounded in two or three places.

The latter made no answer, but, as if he was quite fresh, assaulted Montford with such redoubled vigour, that the French knight, with all his skill, could scarcely parry two blows out of three: he dealt such terrible blows above and below, that he hacked his shield to pieces, broke his steel shoulder-piece into minute splinters, and wounded him so deeply in the shoulder, that his arm was nearly cut off.

"See, Montford! how much better it would be for you to *have Italy without striking a blow.* Woe to you if all her warriors fought!" exclaimed the striker, pressing on him.

Montford, overcome by pain, began to lose ground, yielding a step at every blow, and his adversary advancing, trod in the very footsteps which he imprinted in his retreat; while the weapon of the Knight Firstcome, swift as the tongue of the serpent, now strikes him on the stomach, now penetrates his visor, and all his body, with a superhuman impetus, pressed upon his knees and his chest. The thought that he was *charmed* returned more fearfully than ever upon the mind of Montford, and contributed not a little to unman him.

"Yield, or you are a dead man," cried the pursuer, who saw that Montford had reached a place where, if he stepped back ever so little, he would plunge into the moat.

"My forefathers never yielded."

"That means that they have been more brave than you, and not merely that you ought to yield to the strongest. Confess yourself vanquished."

"Slay me, if I am conquered, but do not expect me to confess it."

Then the victorious knight, turning his back, began to fly. Montford, surprised at the circumstance, looked round and saw himself on the brink of the moat. "You would not have done this," whispered conscience to him reprovingly. Despairing of victory, he returns to the combat in order to die honourably.

The Knight of the Thunderbolt, with his hands clasping the handle of his sword fixed in the earth, stood motionless to contemplate the mortal duel; he might end it with one blow if he chose, but delighted with the valour of his comrade, he left him all the glory of it.

Montford was overthrown; his adversary set his foot on his chest, and placing with both hands the point of his sword to the broken visor, said to him: "Sir Knight, it would grieve me to slay you; for though you are as proud as Lucifer, you are valiant in arms, and all that could be done, you have done to defend yourself against me. Confess yourself vanquished—save your life; and remember, that if Italy does sleep, she does not

deserve to be represented reversed on your shield: she sleeps, but if she wakes, what mortal race shall conquer her?"

"Conquest has given you the right to slay me: do it; but, in the name of Heaven, spare me your bitter reproaches. *I* would ere this have slain *you*," replied Montford, breathing with difficulty from the oppression caused by the sufferings of both mind and body.

"Yield, and you will save your life."

"No!"

"What shall we do with this obstinate man?" said the victor to the Knight of the Thunderbolt; who coldly replied, "Give him the *coup de grace*."

He would have obeyed, but that suddenly cries were heard from all sides: "Stop! stop!" and the rustling of a multitude in motion was heard. He looked up, and saw people springing over the lists, and crossing the moat, and a crowd of persons closing round him. "What is this?" he asked of his companion.

"The Count of Anjou," replied the latter, "has declared the champion vanquished, by making the constable Le Brun raise his lance. Our part is ended; let us go."

"Is it well that we should go like fugitives?"

"I think so; these people, that are thronging upon us, love Montford better than they love us; and it would not be the first time that the reward of the victor in the tournament was death by treachery. If you wish to escape, mount and follow me."

The cavalier, leaving Montford, who, after his last words, had swooned, mounted his horse, and followed his unknown companion; the latter rode to the place where the prize of the tournament was, raised from the ground the lance, the armour, and the plinth, took a cap full of bezants, and threw them among the populace, who dispersed in a moment to pick up the money. Then might they be seen slapping each other in the face, and crawling on the ground; one waiting till his neighbour had picked up a bezant, then giving him a knock under the hand, and jerking the bezant into the air, then snatching it, and mingling in the crowd, which, closing immediately, prevented the defrauded person from following; there some were pulling each other by the hair, mutually hindering themselves from picking up the coins, which they might share amongst them; and a third coming up carried it all away; in fine, here was a disgusting spectacle of human cupidity. Many considering that their efforts to get the money already scattered would be vain, gathered round the Knight of the Thunderbolt, who threw amongst them the second cap full, the third, and the fourth, till he succeeded in extricating himself safely from the mob.

It was the honoured Le Brun who, though the day before

offended by Montford, yet abhorred any ungenerous revenge, saved the life of the ill-fated Count. At his repeated and urgent entreaties, Charles ordered the lance to be raised, which the constable most willingly performed, and then went eagerly with his serjeants to succour Montford, whom they found, insensible, stretched on the earth; and they carried him gently to his abode.

The Knights Firstcome and of the Thunderbolt, though they rode with great speed, were soon joined by their six companions, who had remained prisoners since the first passage of arms, but who, from the issue of the combat, were now free to depart. Thus re-united, without uttering a word, they plunged into the thickest part of a neighbouring forest. They had advanced some way, when they fell in with about two hundred armed men, who saluted them from a distance with their daggers and partisans. As soon as the Knight of the Thunderbolt approached them, he raised his visor and said: "Comrades, we have conquered!"

A COMPARISON.

MAN is the rugged lofty pine
That frowns on many a wave-beat shore;
Woman 's the slender graceful vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock, whose tow'ring crest
Frowns o'er the mountain's barren side;
Woman 's the soft and mossy vest,
That loves to clasp his sterile breast,
And deck his brow with verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's murky plume—
Save where the sunbeam, bright and warm,
Of woman's soul and woman's form
Gleams sweetly o'er the gathering gloom.

Yes, lovely sex! to you 'tis given
To rule our hearts with angels' sway;
Blend with each wo a blissful leaven,
Change earth into an embryo heaven,
And sweetly smile our cares away!

Philadelphia. T. M.

DIVISION LEAVE.

A FRAGMENT OF EXILE.

CHAPTER III.

This chapter must be commenced on the Chilka lake itself. I am now seated in my boat, close to my palanquin, with nothing in the world to do, under a fine, cool atmosphere, amid beautiful scenery, with no companions but two Woodia boatmen, and a black gentleman with a shabby turban and an old sword, who, wanting a passage to Juggurnauth, solicited my permission to escort me up the water. With pencil and paper at my command, the opportunity is too good to be missed. I will reserve the shooting until joined by some Ganjam friends on my return, and take to inditing on matters present around me.

We have just left Rumbah. This Rumbah is a small village, about nine miles westward of Ganjam: there is a noble mansion to be seen here, built some years ago by a Mr. Snodgrass, of the Civil Service. It stands in a fine position, at the very bottom of the Chilka river or lake; the view which it commands is perfectly beautiful and refreshing to an Anglo-Indian eye. At the back, and on each side, is found a richly-wooded landscape; banyans, and a host of less important trees abound, and the jungles are full of game of all descriptions. In front is the spacious Chilka, extending in length for about five-and-thirty miles; full of small and large islands, and bordered on the left bank by a magnificent country; the right bank, being for the most part a narrow strip of land, dividing the lake from the sea, appears rather flat and uninteresting, except at the outset from Rumbah, where it presents a richly-wooded view; but on the opposite side the character for fertility and beauty is maintained for a considerable distance upward, until the beach gradually becomes low and sandy, and high hills rise far inland; while, inclining to the right, towards the branches leading to Manickpatam and the ocean, the inner bank is lost altogether in the distance. The breadth of the Chilka varies much; being in parts of very great extent, and in parts again narrow. The water is salt, and heavy squalls and storms disturb it occasionally to a height almost rivalling the great sea itself, of which, were it not for the sand-bank, it would seem, in many places, to be but a bay. Amid the islands may be found spotted deer and pea-fowl in plenty, and in the jungle on the left, and among the hills in its neigh-

bourhood, are bears, cheethas, and a variety of large game. Dr. D——, who has now possession of the Rumbah mansion, arrived there a day before me, and stated that a bear had impeded the progress of his palanquin *en route* from Ganjam; the sulky animal had not the civility to get out of the way of his bearers, who did not much relish passing close to so ugly a customer.

I have found out why it is that the view at the back of Rumbah has so won my fancy. It is not the Oriental grandeur of the prospect; of this it has none, indeed, to boast: it is its European aspect—woods and walks, leaf-green trees, and grass-green lawns; these are objects which cannot fail to attract the East Indian, who still retains the early and not unpardonable prejudice in favour of his "ain countrie." Prejudice, forsooth! It is no prejudice, I am sure, which makes me prefer the little, wild gooseberry to the highly-flavoured graft mangoe; the small, red strawberry to the huge, aromatic plantain; the cold round of beef to the hot curry and rice; a Hoby's boot to a Mussulman slipper; eau-de-Cologne to Gulchini; or Her Majesty's Theatre to a nautch at the Nawaub's; or, if it be, I fear I cannot shake off the fault of that prejudice to the end of the chapter!

This Chilka lake is a very charming spot, and although, in perhaps the hottest Indian month, I am comparatively cool at ten in the morning, with no other protection from the sun than a mat sail and a white hat, there is a smart breeze impelling us onward; and had it not been that one of my boatmen, a fine, good-humoured looking, stout young lad, had obtained my permission to steer towards his village, and provide me with a substitute for himself, thereby causing a vigorous punt to make up as much as possible for lost time and an unfavourable wind, we should probably have ran up to Manickpatam in some three or four hours. A kind of barge, or flat-bottomed boat, is what is used for taking passengers up the river; the sail is suspended between two bamboos, one on each side of the prow, and lowered by two ropes, which, tied together at the top of the supports, lower, or are raised, with the sail. I have a notion that were it not for my palanquin, which occupies a very considerable portion of the boat, a second mat, furled close by my side, would be brought into requisition also. My crew consists of a stout, athletic, middle-aged man, and two lads of about nineteen or twenty. I have taken a great liking to these Woodia people; they put me very much in mind of the Chinese boatmen in the "outer waters" about Hong-kong and Macao, many having no beard, whiskers, or mustaches, and the hair being shaved high off the forehead, and tied in a knot behind; although, as all natives of these parts, they seem inclined to get more money than actually entitled to, there is a thorough good temper about them, disarming anger and ill-feeling. Two or three boys, about

ten or eleven years old, at a village on the left bank of the lake, seeing that I was amused in watching them diving, immediately went through a variety of antics and feats in the water for my special gratification, laughing all the time, like all young children *should* do, and as it would be very pleasant for children of larger growth to know that they *could* do.

We dined, that is, I and the boatmen, in the evening, like all fashionable and well-bred people; they off whatever they could get, and I off a cold fowl and my fingers, bread and a glass of beer; my poor friend with the sword got nothing that I am aware of, and, as the day closed, looked very weary and hungry. However, it was a case of Job Pippins: his *caste* prevented his accepting sundry eggs which I offered him, and the aforesaid eggs went into the water—the servant at Ganjam had neglected to boil them hard, and the consequences on other companion eatables, and the towel containing them, may be imagined. A horrid idea crossed me after demolishing my meal, and, perhaps, caused a pause in the progress of the same. On the day previous, K—— had been trying the experiment of a snake bite: a beautiful snake, about three feet long, evenly striped, black and straw colour, had been caught, and was made to seize, *nolens volens*, the bared leg of an ill-fated fowl; the latter animal underwent the various effects of the poison—torpor and convulsions—and expired in about one hour and twenty minutes. Could it be possible that—no, no, natives are bad enough, but I imagine K—— has foreseen this possibility, and I will endeavour not to think of the subject. * * *

How little do we possess the means of diving into futurity! How soon do our anticipated eight knots an hour lower into four, or heighten into eleven; intentions, plans, what dependents are ye! When I commenced this chapter I calculated on being landed at least some time during the day of embarkation, and here I am, on the morning of the day succeeding, still in the boat, and at anchor off Manickpatam, which we reached about an hour and a half ago. This was to have been my stage whence to proceed with bearers direct to Juggurnauth, and I now find that the men are not forthcoming for love or money; moreover, that a large, inviting-looking house, with a tiled roof, which has for a considerable time been attracting my attention, is no road-side caravansary, but a wretched den for some operative natives. My only course appears to be to continue "punting" up the branches of the lake to Nursingpatam, where bearers are procurable. And the cool impertinence of the Thanadar (or village head functionary) of this Manickpatam, squatted in his office with all the effrontery imaginable, leaving the traveller to stand in the burning sun! There is one great relief, however, I can make myself understood here, for the people speak Hindostanee. I inquire

and obtain answers respecting recruiting, and the distances from one place to another, and have contrived to get fresh water, milk, and mangoes, in exchange for money and cheroots.

To add to my discomforts, the Thanader informs me that the Collector at Pooree (or Juggurnauth), to whom I have a letter of introduction, is no longer there; in England this would be a sad impediment to my travels, here it is merely an annoyance. I resolved, therefore, to inquire into the matter as I proceeded further on. Faint heart never won fair hand; and a little impudence is, perhaps, after all, essential to thriving. I re-embarked accordingly, after taking a short but delicious bath in the briny waters of the lake, and we advanced somewhat slowly up a creek towards Nursingpatam. The swordsman having lost all his martial aspect from fasting, I thought it better to direct the Thanader to provide for his sustenance, and send him on overland to Pooree, whither he was bound; the needful to be derived from a rupee which I gave him for the purpose, as well as for the purchase of certain necessaries for myself. I was glad to get rid of this man; a great hulking fellow, with a ferocious pair of mustaches, fainting from want of food or water, is not an agreeable sight, especially when he won't be relieved; besides, I get on capitally with the boatmen, although our communications are rather laughable, I talking Hindostanee to their Woodia—languages which, though far more similar than two distinct languages usually are in this quarter, have yet greater dissimilarity than there exists between Italian and Portuguese. We exchange mangoes without prejudice, and the fairest of the two lads—a handsome, intelligent-looking boy—has begged me for a certain calico nether garment which he seems to think must have been rendered unserviceable by a drenching in salt water. I gave it to him, and the three amused themselves by trying to discover the way to put it on; unsuccessful in their endeavours, I was compelled to lend them my assistance; and to the hour of my quitting the boat the shirt was on the back of the honoured youth, who commenced stalking about, and giving orders in the style of "khoodaurind" (master), as they were pleased to term me.

Another day had nearly passed; the boating was getting rather wearisome. I had been much sunburnt by the exposure, and wished for a change, when a bevy of bearers were descried in the distance coming down towards the beach to my rescue from the spot where we had anchored afresh. I paid the boatmen, jumped into the palanquin, gave directions where to proceed, and off we went, to say nothing of a bad pistol-shot made on starting at a stray jackal, who proved more inquisitive than welcome. By the way, as a specimen of the Indian's dealing with Europeans, I will observe that I agreed with the boatmen

to take me to Manickpatam for three rupees and a half (equivalent to seven shillings), giving them some small "inaum," or present, if they did the thing in style; we had gone a very few miles further, and I handed the elder boatmen six rupees, or twelve shillings; he begged and entreated for one more: in vain. "Had I given him a hundred," I said, "he would have asked for a hundred and one." I looked out of my palanquin door just as they were raising me up, and saw one of the young Woodia lads grinning at me with great complacency. It was like Proserpine saying of Pluto to the more civil gods, "You know my husband; excuse his manner; it's a way he's got."

Before concluding the chapter I feel it imperative to indite a

FAREWELL TO THE CHILKA.

Farewell to the Chilka! for those who, not wedded
To Europe's lov'd soil, seek a home on all shores;
Monotony here may not, surely, be dreaded,
When daily the eye some new wonder explores.
No hot sun of Asia can check the cool breezes
Which sport o'er the lake, in relief to its rays;
Their freshness the brow of the traveller pleases,
The voice of the sportsman is loud in their praise.

Ho! beaters, the gun and the rifle are ready,
Go, beat out the game; see, the jungle is near!
The barrel that's true, and the hand that is steady,
Will scatter sure death 'mid the elk and the deer.
The duck will fly over the waters for shelter;
The pea-fowl disturbed, in dismay look around,
Yon sleek, spotted doe, see, a marksman has dealt her
The death blow; she totters, and falls to the ground.

Farewell to the Chilka! a strange, restless spirit,
I wander the world; and, as onward I roam,
This tribute in passing I pay to thy merits,
To dub thee an Indianized Englishman's home.
For myself, could I bear thee away to my "ain land,"
And fix thee near Yarrow or Windermere—pshaw!
Your length and your breadth would so straighten the mainland,
Our "tight little island" would judge thee a flaw!

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE TRADUCED."

No. X.

THE AMPHITHEATRE AT VERONA.—THE COMBAT.

How still this lonely scene! distinct is heard
From loftiest gallery e'en a whispered word;
Lured by the wall-flower's breath, the bee hath come,
And hark! ye catch her faint and drowsy hum.
Along this bench our weary form reclined,
How many an image fills the busy mind!
Rome's Coliseum calls up thoughts of gloom,
Pola's grand ruin awes us like a tomb;
But grace so lingers o'er Verona's pile,
Skies are so blue, woods, plains, so sweetly smile,
That on our lightsome dreams no shade is cast,
As Thought flies down the vista of the past.
I see yon seats with fluttering thousands gay,
The warrior's pride, the senator's display,
Rich-robed patrician, Beauty's kindling eyes,
In whose dark depths, all armed, young Cupid lies.
Fast speed the games; the trained athletes contend;
In mimic hunt their bows the archers bend;
While stags and wolves around the arena fly,
Rush on their foes, or wounded sink and die.
Now in warm strife two hostile hosts combine,
And bucklers clash, and swift-whirled falchions shine;
They charge—they fall—in dust half hid from sight,
And shouts attest each gazer's keen delight.*

Ah! would these walls no darker scenes had known
Than harmless sports, which Mercy e'en might own!
But like the pard, or shark that prowls the flood,
No joy the Roman knew like shedding blood.
The Greek indulged in pastimes chaste, refined;
The Roman wooed gross sense, and banished mind;
Hung with fierce rapture o'er the tiger's throes,
Turned to a "show" the tortured felon's woes;
E'en on the scene, well pleased, fair women dwelt,
Saw human life-blood poured, nor pity felt.†

* The Roman amphitheatre was not always devoted to scenes of cruelty and bloodshed; boxing, wrestling, and other athletic sports frequently preceded the gladiatorial combats. Hunting of wild beasts is said to have been a favourite game in the time of Domitian; and to enhance the effect of the spectacle, trees were even planted in the sand of the arena.

† The Greeks were passionately fond of the dramathe Romans of—exhibitions in the amphitheatre; hence, near the site of almost every Greek town of note, we find the ruins of an *odeum* or theatre, while the remains of the vast edifices dedicated to gladiatorial and other spectacles are profusely scattered over the Roman world. The love of the refined and ideal, and the predilection for entertainments which could appeal only to the senses, were strikingly characteristic of the two people.

A barbarous sight before me rises now,
Beneath their load the benches seemed to bow;
Not yet the blood-stained pastime hath begun;
Round the vast circle eager murmurs run;
Two death-doomed culprits meet in mortal strife,
And he who conquers wins the prize of life.
The trumpet peals, and turns each straining glance
Where o'er the sand the fated two advance.
He like a Samnite armed,* with brazen shield,
And ponderous sword no untrained hand might wield,
Greaves on his leg, and casque upon his head,
Hath oft the blood of peaceful traveller shed:
The light-armed man with long and slender glave,
Hetrurian cap, no plate his limbs to save,
With small round targe oft tried in fields of fame,
Bears—doubtful word—a traitor's tainted name.
The Robber glows with youth, his mein is gay;
The Rebel's scanty hairs are mixed with gray;
Yet hath his aged limb both strength and grace,
And stern resolve lights up his mournful face.

Ten thousand eyes upon the champions gaze;
Some for the youthful murderer plaudits raise;
Others the wronged, the man of sorrow cheer;
But who th' arena's barrier rushes near?
Her long locks floating, and her dark blue eyes
Weeping bright tears, like rain from April's skies;
She looks, in fear so wild, in woe so fair,
A Pythia wrought to frenzy and despair.
The veteran sees; his iron pride droops now;
A deeper cloud o'ereasts his down-bent brow;
Doth love or pity o'er his spirit steal?
He only for that maiden seems to feel.
Well may the firmness of his soul depart,
Ah! well may bleed his anguish-stricken heart,
For she, the beauteous one, whose shriek so wild
Thrills the bright summer air, is Adrian's child!

They bear her back, despite his forced embrace,
And on a marble bench the maid they place.
There with clasped hands, and strained uplifted gaze,—
'Tis all she now can do—she weeps and prays.
Again the stirring trumpet echoes 'round;
The guards† fall back, the champions take their ground.
His brazen shield the Samnite lifts on high,
And like a viper's gleams his glittering eye;
Smiles of contempt his curly lip displays,
And scarce on that frail foe he deigns to gaze;
Above his head he waves the shining steel,
Ready the thrust, the downward stroke to deal.

* The combatants in the arena were frequently named after the kind of armour which they assumed. They sometimes wore greaves, or plates of iron, on the left leg, their guard, on account of the shield, being the reverse of our own. The light-armed men were called *Veles*.

† The editor and his assistants, whose office was to superintend the exhibitions in the arena.

Adrian erect, nor shrinks, nor turns aside;
His look less fierceness shows, than thoughtful pride,
His foot firm set, his small round targe displayed,
His head thrown back, and raised his slender blade,
He stands in attitude to meet the foe,
Or, calm and steady, ward the threatened blow.
It falls—the old man's dinted buckler rings,
And 'round again the Samnite's falchion swings;
Rapid as light th' assailant's strokes are given,
And spite of skill is Adrian backward driv'n,
Not his light bounding foot, and trusty glave,
May now the veteran aid, the father save.
See! on his knee he sinks, while blows are still
Shower'd on his head by him who burns to kill;
Blood stains his tunic; Pity well might sigh
For age thus forced to fight, thus doomed to die.

Hushed is the crowd; each gazer holds his breath;
The moment now hath come for life or death:
But hark! on yonder bench half-stifled shrieks;
One soul is there that thrills, one heart that breaks.
Those sounds the callous Roman nothing heeds,
But strange they stir the breast of him who bleeds;
To die and leave his child, the heavenly beams
Of those meek eyes no more to light his dreams;
To yield past love and joy to Lethe's wave,
Deaf to her voice of music in the grave—
The thought each heart-string rends, e'en madness brings;
From his bowed posture wildly up he springs;
With nerves restrung he fronts his savage foe,
And now, from parrying, deals himself the blow.
With fury's heat already spent and worn,
The Samnite wavers, yields, is backward borne.
The old man's eye no more is drooping dim;
How vigorous now that gaunt and iron limb!
Swift flashing round, his sword like meteor gleams,
His silvery hair behind him wildly streams;
And on he presses; murmurs, cheers arise,
That grow to shouts; on earth the Samnite lies!
And o'er him Adrian stands—his task is done,
The victory his, and freedom, life are won!

In Portia's ears as sweet these plaudits swell,
As Orpheus' strains once breathed to souls in hell;
Her starry eye is lit with rapture's flame;
What recks she men's harsh word, or woman's shame?
Her robes unbound, her dark locks floating wide,
Forward she springs and gains her father's side,
Sinks on his breast, her fair arms 'round him thrown,
And looks a language all to words unknown,
While joy, but rivalled in Elysian spheres,
Speaks in her bursting sobs, and gushing tears.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

A TALE.

CHAPTER III.

The new comer was Raoul de Bussy, who, after passing the interval of time occupied by the above detailed interview at a neighbouring tavern, now returned to learn Orsola's determination respecting the scheme he had confided to her. The disorder of his apparel, his flushed countenance, and somewhat ill-assured gait, plainly indicated that he had been seeking a solace in his anxiety, and striving to drown his cares in copious libations.

"Well, my bright-eyed fair one, here you have me back again, you see," said he, entering with a careless swagger; "and your visitor," continued he, looking around, "flown, I perceive; and so much the better, for, with all due regard to your charming society, my beauty, I had just as soon not be seen within these precincts. Who knows to whose ears it might get? We marrying men cannot be too cautious, and so I was determined to try and scare away your visitor, and have succeeded I find; no offence, I hope. And our scheme—our admirable little project; mind, I must immediately get installed in fine apartments, and have my servants, and my equipage, and, in a word, be for a moment my old self again, and a suitable match for our rich heiress, or no 800,000 francs for us."

Orsola regarded her visitor with an expression of dislike, not unmingled with disgust, at his thoughtless levity. Convinced of the uselessness of remonstrance, however, she only answered, coldly and laconically, that she was willing to assist him in his scheme, should he agree to her conditions.

"Name them, my ever kind, ever obliging Orsola," replied he, leaning upon the arm of her chair with insolent familiarity.

"Thus stands our compact," continued Orsola. "If, after you marry the girl, I furnish you with the means of disposing of her slowly and without exciting suspicion—no difficult task to one like me, initiated into all the mysteries of pharmacy and secrets of the herbal, and whose succession powder* might vie with that

* *Poudre à succession* was the name given to her poison by the notorious fortune-teller and poison vendor, La Voisin, who was burnt at the stake, with many of her accomplices, in Paris, in the year 1679, a short time after the execution of the equally notorious Marquise de Brinvilliers.

of the great La Voisin herself in certainty and efficacy—then I am to have half her fortune."

"Just so," answered Raoul; "you have stated our conditions exactly."

"Stay," interrupted she, "that is not all; another promise must be annexed ere I consent."

Raoul stood aghast with astonishment. "And what may that be?" he at length exclaimed, after a pause.

"To give your hand to me," answered she, with the same unmoved air she had preserved ever since her visitor's entrance.

"To you, Orsola!" cried Raoul, hastily. "Surely you must be jesting. Not but what I am sensible of the honour you do me," continued he, in a sarcastic tone, "and duly impressed with your disinterestedness in seeking to ally yourself with 'the ruined spendthrift,' 'the hardened villain,' as you are wont to designate your humble servant of late. I shall begin to think that aversion, as well as pity, is near akin to love," and he laughed aloud.

The fortune-teller eyed him for a moment with a look in which the most bitter hatred and scorn were blended. "Cease your idle jesting, Raoul," she at length exclaimed, "and listen to me. Think not for a moment that my sentiments towards you could ever change; you who have wronged me so basely, who have paid my devotion with treachery, and betrayed every better feeling of my heart. No, no; it is but your name I want, that I may seek another land under new auspices, and regain my credit; for, as I have before told you, my trade here is at an end. I know that suspicion is awake, and that the eye of the police is already upon me, and I would fly ere it be too late. I repeat, then, it is upon this condition alone that I will aid you in your projects. Once united, and our contract fulfilled, think not that I will offer any impediment to our separation; on the contrary, I would have it eternal, for, as I have often told you, the affection I once bore you is long since turned to hatred," and her dark eye flashed with anger and indignation.

Raoul paced the apartment for some moments; Orsola's proposition had come upon him so suddenly and unexpectedly, that he almost began to doubt the evidence of his own senses, and felt more than half inclined to believe that the whole scene was but a delusion, conjured up to his imagination by the fumes of the wine he had swallowed; a species of stupor quickly replaced the reckless gaiety which he had exhibited on his first entrance, and he threw himself down upon an ottoman, and gazed at the determined features of the fortune-teller with surprise.

"You hesitate," continued she, "and I am foolish enough to name conditions when I can exact obedience; weak enough to entreat when I can command. Know you not that you are in my power?" continued she; "have I not there," and she pointed to

a small writing-table, "the letter which the unfortunate Heloise de St. Croix wrote upon her death-bed?"

"Spare me, Orsola, spare me!" cried Raoul, suddenly springing up, and his lip quivered and his whole frame trembled. "I consent to all you wish, only give me that letter;" and he stretched out his hand imploringly.

"Upon our wedding-day, yes," replied she; "but until then, never! Do you suppose me weak enough to give up so sure a guarantee of your obedience to my will, and trust your faithless promises alone? No, no; I am too well aware of the value of your word; but now I have you in my power, I know that you dare not deceive me."

"Calm your indignation, my good creature," interrupted Raoul, recovering his usual reckless assurance of manner. "I accede to your proposal, and threats and menaces are now superfluous."

"Here, then, are the fifty louis-d'ors," continued Orsola, slowly counting them out of the purse her female visitor had given her; "and mind and spend them upon the work we have in hand, and shun the gambling-table, if you can, for a few days; and who knows that I may not even furnish you with diamonds, somehow or other, to offer to the fair lady of your affections; for must not so illustrious a gentleman present his bride with jewels suitable to her rank and future elevated position?" and she smiled bitterly.

At this moment a hollow noise, as of something falling, accompanied by a half-suppressed groan, was heard to issue from behind the hangings.

"Gracious God! what is that?" cried Raoul, rushing towards the place from which the sound proceeded. Orsola stood for a moment in mute amazement, when on a sudden the truth flashed upon her mind. As she had mentioned to Raoul, her dwelling had been assailed to that degree the day before by her exasperated creditors, that she had been obliged to barricade the outer door, and had also, for additional security, padlocked the secret means of ingress to her abode. This had entirely escaped her memory when she had so hastily dismissed her female visitor, who had, consequently, remained a prisoner within the narrow corridor during the whole of the interview between herself and her confederate, and had, probably, overheard every word of their conversation.

Maddened by the thought, and a prey to the most violent anxiety to know the worst, she could only totter up to the side of Raoul, as he tore back the drapery, and displayed to view the apparently lifeless form of her visitor extended upon the floor, the face reposing upon the outstretched arms, and the hair escaping in wild and dishevelled locks from under the velvet hood which had fallen half back upon the shoulders.

Raoul paused, and seemed, as it were, rooted to the spot in silent dismay; a slight convulsive movement of the recumbent figure, however, recalled him at once to consciousness, and, obeying the strong impulse of self-preservation, he hastily drew a dagger from his breast and raised his arm aloft.

"Hold, Raoul," cried Orsola, forcibly arresting the descending blow; "what would you do? Let loose the whole pack of bloodhounds and myrmidons of the police upon us? Arouse inquiries which must be fatal, and cause a stir among the authorities which would overwhelm us at once? For know you who she is?" and she pointed to the intended victim; "know you that *her* disappearance would kindle a flame which would inevitably consume us? know you that she is the wife of the lieutenant of police, of the president of the *chambre ardente* himself, La Regnie?"

All Raoul's resolution seemed to forsake him at this announcement; his cheek turned deadly pale, and the perspiration stood in cold and clammy drops upon his forehead. "And yet, if she should tell?" muttered he, half aloud, "we are equally lost;" and he turned away as if to conceal his agitation.

But Orsola's craftiness and wily shrewdness had so often befriended her in the emergencies which her dangerous calling gave rise to, and enabled her to escape detection where every circumstance seemed to combine to render it inevitable, that her confidence in her own abilities was rarely to be shaken, and she clung to the most fragile means of salvation with a tenacity which the peculiar temerity of her character could alone have inspired.

In this instance, too, the possession of the secret of Madame de la Regnie's early years gave her an advantage over her which she well knew how to turn to account: and, after the first feeling of dismay at the sudden discovery had subsided, she no longer felt much apprehension as to the results which might arise from it.

After being placed in an arm-chair, the application of strong perfumes and essences soon restored the lady to consciousness, and at length, slowly raising her head and opening her eyes, she gazed confusedly around her, like one awaking from a horrible dream.

The scene which met her wondering regard, however, was no idle vision of "vagrant fancy," to be repulsed and put to flight by sane reflection and returning reason; no wild chimera of the heated brain; no fitful illusion of fevered sensibility; but all was real, all was true; a fearful initiation into the wiles and artifices of unprincipled ambition and treacherous deceit! There were the cards, the metal lamp, the half-consumed yew twig; and there the blackened crucible, the dark alembic reeking with murderous potions and hellish compounds, and beside her stood the priestess of the temple, the presiding divinity of the infernal retreat

her head erect, her body motionless, her every feature rigid and inflexible, and meeting her imploring gaze with one of bitter mockery and proud defiance.

"That you know our secret, madam," said Orsola, at length, in a constrained tone of courtesy, "we cannot for a moment doubt, and the strongest protestations on your part would never convince us of the contrary," continued she, in answer to the deprecating look and supplicating gestures of Madame de la Regnie.

"And if I do," answered the latter, imploringly, "if I have unwillingly become a witness to your designs, I swear to you never to reveal them; the door was locked, and resisted all my efforts; I was forced to remain, until at length, overpowered by the stifling heat and agonizing suspense, my head grew dizzy, and my senses fled. O spare me! for I am innocent of design, and let me fly from hence," added she, springing up in a paroxysm of terror. "Only let me escape, name your reward, all that I have heard shall ever remain a secret, even to my dying day; I swear to you by all that is sacred, all that is holy."

"A moment, madam," answered Orsola, laying her hand upon the trembling woman's arm: "we have yet to know each other better. Do you think that a mere empty asseveration, extorted by fear alone, will satisfy us on the part of one who holds our very lives within her grasp, and that one the submissive wife of our bitterest enemy? Think you that we are weak enough to place reliance upon your word alone, in a matter of such importance? No, no; you reckon too much upon our simplicity, and overrate our generosity," continued she, in the tone of bitter irony she could so well assume. "We must have more; we must have a pledge of faith, ere we permit you to depart."

Madame de la Regnie fell back in her chair in an agony of suspense, and her sobs alone responded to the fortune-teller's words. "Hear me attentively," continued Orsola. "That I am acquainted with facts which, should they ever reach your husband's ears, would entail upon you his heaviest resentment, you cannot for a moment doubt; but that I am also in possession of undeniable proofs of the veracity of my revelations, you are perhaps not so well aware of. Know you these letters?" added she, unlocking her writing-table, and producing a small packet.

"Good God!" murmured Madame de la Regnie. "My own hand-writing; the letters I myself despatched."

"Yes," rejoined Orsola, exultingly; "for was not I, myself, the confidant of the gay young Chevalier d'Arcy? Was it not my house, in the rue du Mail, and not his own, as he represented, in which he used to meet his lady love, and to which she addressed her letters, long after he quitted Paris, to seek his for-

tune in foreign lands? You thus perceive, madam," continued the fortune-teller sternly, "that I hold in my hand your future destiny; that I can with a word consign you to the world's contempt and to an injured husband's wrath; that powerless and completely at my mercy as you are, you would not even attempt denial should I betray your secret."

Speechless with surprise and terror, the unhappy lady could only cast a supplicating regard upon the fortune-teller and her accomplice, who stood beside her, eagerly listening to every word in mute astonishment. But the extreme state of agitation of Madame de la Regnie, whilst it testified to her dread of exposure and violent perturbation of mind, was far from completely reassuring the wily Orsola against her disclosure of the villainous projects she had overheard; might not duty get the better of discretion, and magnanimity of self-interest, and induce her to throw herself upon her husband's generosity and avow her fault? Or, what was still more probable, might not her mournful reflections and utterly dejected frame of mind totally incapacitate her from repulsing the inquiries which must naturally ensue as to the cause of her depression; and thus perhaps entail an involuntary disclosure? and had she not herself somewhat "overshot the mark" in exposing to her victim's view all the inextricable toils she had spun around her, and produced the reckless hardihood of desperation instead of the subtle duplicity of apprehension?

These reflections, however, came too late; any attempt to inspire Madame de la Regnie with fortitude and restore her to composure would now prove utterly abortive; she must pursue the same course, fraught, as it was, with risk and uncertainty; retrograde she could not, in the line of conduct she had assumed.

After a few moments' pause, a new idea suddenly flashed across her mind. Could she not convert her victim into an apparent accomplice with herself and Raoul, and thus so completely unite her destiny with theirs, that any attempt to implicate them, would alike entail her own condemnation, and expose her to suffer the heaviest penalty of the law?

The instinctive sense of self-preservation would then in some measure counteract the influence of nobler and better feelings upon her mind: and would she not feel that in the event of her betraying them, it would not be to M. de la Regnie's clemency as her husband that she would have to appeal, but to his sense of justice as president to the fearful tribunal, of whose decrees he was the stern and unrelenting administrator, the *chambre ardente.*

The smile of exultation which again played around the fortune teller's compressed lips quickly revealed her confidence in the success of her new scheme, whilst the expression of stern

resolution, which her countenance an instant after assumed, as plainly indicated that her fertile brain had already devised the means of putting it into execution.

Approaching the writing-table, she opened a secret drawer, and taking from it a small key, proceeded to unlock a closet ingeniously concealed behind a revolving mirror, which occupied one corner of the apartment. Snatching from the aperture a large manuscript book, bound in black morocco, and fastened with iron clasps, she quickly re-seated herself.

"Observe, madam," she rejoined, "this register contains the names of all those who come to consult me, with memoranda of each interview.* I now insert in it" she continued, seizing a pen, and writing down her words as quickly as they were pronounced, "that Sophie Duclos, the wife of the President la Regnie, came to seek my aid, and purchased a poisonous mixture, which I alone can concoct; and that for this same potion the said Madame de la Regnie did give me the sum of fifty louis-d'ors, contained in a green silk purse;" and she held up the one her visitor had given her upon her first entrance.

Madame de la Regnie had risen from her seat, and rushed frantically to the fortune-teller's side at this agonizing juncture. She now remained rivetted to the spot in silent dismay; her hands clenched together, her soft blue eyes, red and bloodshot as they were, almost starting from their orbits, and intently fixed upon the fatal book, and her whole frame quivering with amazement and affright.

"And who should the lady intend to benefit with her soothing cordial, her luxurious beverage?" continued Orsola, in a bantering tone; "who but the stern and inflexible lord and master, whose scrutinizing regard she has for years quailed under, whose inquiries she has so much cause to dread, and whose suspicions she has so much difficulty in evading?"

"O spare me! spare me!" cried Madame de la Regnie, at length restored to the power of speech and the full consciousness of the horrors and dangers of her position. "Oh, be not merciless enough to consign to infamy one who has never wronged you by word or deed, and who has involuntarily surprised your secret. I swear to you again."

"Hold, madam," interrupted Orsola, "promises and asseverations are now superfluous, and we require them not; we know you *dare* not betray us. No, no; this book is a sufficient guar-

* This incident is borrowed from the memoirs of Le Voisin, who resorted to the same expedient, and had even the audacity to inscribe the names of the Countesse de Soissons, the Duchesse de Bouillon, and the Marechál de Luxembourg upon her register; far from stopping inquiry, as she had hoped, however, they only served to prolong her captivity in the Bastile, to which she was at first consigned upon her arrestation.

antee of your discretion; for should it fall into the hands of the police, you are at once convicted of complicity in our offence."

More and more bewildered and terrified, the unhappy Madame de la Regnie had apparently relapsed into her former state of stupor, and appeared quite unmindful of what was passing around her.

"And now, madam," resumed the fortune-teller, "you can depart; only beware," added she, in a menacing tone, and holding up her forefinger, "we have you in our power, and you are from this moment one of us—our sworn ally, our trusty confederate—and we sink or swim together."

She rang a small bell which stood upon the table; her black attendant immediately answered the summons. "Hassan," said she to him, "attend this lady to the door; and hark you, see that I be not farther disturbed, for I am weary, and would seek repose." And with a formal reverence she retired into an inner apartment.

Madame de la Regnie, rising slowly from her seat, silently followed her conductor to the outer door and down the staircase.

The night was far advanced, and the lamp which shed its feeble light around when the unhappy lady, buoyed up with reawakened hope and fond anticipations, had entered the abode, was now long since burnt out. Alas! was it not emblematical of the change of feelings the last few hours had wrought? And had not the flickering flame of hope alike emitted its parting glimmer and sunk to burn no more, leaving nought behind but dread obscurity and fitful gloom, bitter despondency and unavailing repentance.

It was not until the lady had emerged from the wide portal, and that the sound of the closing door had died away in the stillness of the night, that she awoke to the full consciousness of the horrors of her position, or that her bewildered senses could sufficiently recover their equilibrium to enable her to recur to all that she had just witnessed with certainty and conviction.

The wind whistled fearfully as it swept along the deserted street, as if in mockery of her wretchedness, as she stood for a moment gazing on the dark and silent abode she had just quitted, and assailed by endless bitter thoughts and sickening apprehensions; and the snow, which now began to fall in large flakes, had partly enshrouded her in its pale and grizzly mantle ere she thought of regaining her domicile.

At length, drawing her hood close over her face, and wrapping her mantle tightly around her shivering form, she was just about to hurry away, when she suddenly felt a heavy hand upon her shoulder, and starting quickly round, she beheld the dark form of Raoul de Bussy, who had followed her unperceived

from the door, and who, after watching all her movements, now stood motionless beside her, his right hand raised in a menacing attitude, and the rest of his person closely enveloped in the folds of his riding cloak.

Quickly suppressing the shrick which rose to her lips, the terrified lady rushed frantically from the spot, and it was not until she regained the door of her own hotel in the Faubourg St. Germain that she relaxed the velocity of her progress.

CHAPTER IV.

Daylight had long succeeded to the shades of night ere the unhappy Madame de la Regnie could persuade herself to seek the repose of which she stood so much in need. Dismissing her drowsy tirewoman, upon her entrance into her apartment, she had sunk down exhausted into an arm chair by the fireside, and there remained absorbed in the recollection of the fearful occurrences of the evening, a prey to the most sickening apprehensions and trembling doubts; a thousand conflicting emotions struggling for the mastery in her desponding heart, and causing her bewildered brain to throb with silent agony. And when at length she did betake herself to her bed, it was in vain she strove to find a solace in her wo and blighted hopes in oblivious sleep. Her fevered imagination conjured up innumerable hideous images and ghastly visions, which chased all slumber from her weary pillow; or if, perchance, exhausted nature did momentarily assert her rights, and cause her heavy eye to close, the chain of her ideas remained unbroken, and her heated fancy, emancipated from the trammels of conquering reason, imbued them with additional vividness, imparting reality to what was before but vague, and lucidity to what was previously obscure, by wandering into the wide and trackless realm of dreams, and soaring into the fitful regions of mental delusion. First it was the pale and malignant countenance of the fortune-teller which she saw, gazing upon her in insulting derision as she lay at her feet in prayer and supplication; and then it changed into the stern and rigid features of her husband, who, clothed in his official robes, and surrounded by his colleagues, spurned her from him—her, the deceitful wife! the convicted murderess!—and the shouts of the populace responded to his imprecations, and their jibes and jeers accompanied her as they hurried her along she knew not

whither, until the stake, and chain, and guards, and group of masked and silent penitents, broke upon her distracted senses; and then a tall and manly form burst through the crowd and gazed upon her like the rest with loathing and abhorrence, cursing her infidelity and treachery. Had she forgotten the beloved one of her youth—the father of her child? Shame upon her, the sordid hypocrite! the artful impostor! And then a marriage group was seen to issue from the church hard by, and the bells chimed, and the organ pealed, and the incense smoked, and the priest in glittering vestments pronounced the nuptial benediction, and the triumphant bridegroom led away his trembling bride. But hold! a father's blessing must sanctify their union; and again the tall and majestic figure broke through the crowd, and gazed with tenderness upon his fair and supplicating child, and raised his hand in pious ecstasy; and then—and the sleeper's limbs quaked, and her parched tongue clave to the roof of her mouth—the gay and brilliant garments of the bridegroom were suddenly enshrouded with a sombre coloured mantle, and his smiling countenance assumed the swarthy hue and scornful regard of that of Raoul; and she would shriek, but could not, for the murderer's grasp was upon her throat, and choked her utterance! And the people clamoured with impatience, and the penitents waved aloft their flaming torches; and still the cold and clammy grasp was upon her throat, and dragged her along amid the fierce and motley crowd; and the bell's merry peal relapsed into a dismal toll, and a funereal train replaced the gaudy wedding equipages, and Orsola again broke through the throng and laughed aloud, and jeered and reviled her with the rest, exulting in her wo and scoffing at her misery; and the swelling multitude heaved and roared like the billows of the angry ocean, and trod her under foot, and still the strangling gripe was upon her throat, and tore her from the midst! And the pile smoked, and the form in red, with brawny arms and muffled visage, unwound the clanking chain, and then *his* grasp replaced the others; and the shouts redoubled, and the lurid flame broke forth!—and weep she could not, her agony was too insense—and then her throes and struggles woke her, and she would start anew from her bed of torture, and pace her apartment in silent anguish.

So intense and harrowing were her emotions, that not even the following morning's bright and gladdening sun could imbue them with a kindlier hue, nor dispel their cheerless influence upon all and everything around her; and when at length, after she had partaken of a slight repast, and repaired into her elegantly furnished boudoir, her husband's step resounded in the corridor, she shuddered at the thought of encountering his penetrating glance; and when he entered the apartment, and seated himself

upon the couch beside her, her palpitating heart almost died away within her.

The Comte de la Regnie was considerably older than his wife; his appearance, indeed, denoted that full sixty years had passed over his venerable head, for his hair hung in grizzled locks around his rigid and deeply-furrowed countenance, and his bushy mustache and long and peaked beard were almost white. His step, however, was still firm; his tall figure perfectly erect; and his whole deportment, although not altogether unscathed by the withering influence of time, still preserved much of its pristine vigour and juvenile freedom.

The importance of the office held by the Comte, and the serious and engrossing nature of the functions it entailed upon him, had imparted to his manner, naturally sedate and dignified, an air of sternness and solemnity which impressed even the mere casual observer with an indescribable feeling of awe, whilst it struck deep into the heart of the trembling criminal, and made his very blood curdle in his veins, when brought before the dread tribunal of which he discharged the ordonnances with such rigorous exactitude.

He was attired in a pourpoint and thickly plaited trunks of gray velvet, with long silken hose, and square-toed shoes with high heels, and around him hung a loose wrapper of dark brocade, lined with sable fur.

"I heard that you were indisposed, and had risen later than is your wont," said he to Madame de la Regnie, raising her hand to his lips with stiff courtesy, "and wished to present you my salutations ere I went out, and let my anxiety excuse this early intrusion," added he, in the same tone of ceremonious politeness.

"It was but a passing ailment," answered the lady, as composedly as her excited frame of mind would permit, "and I need but quiet and repose; and, far from being intrusive, your presence now, as ever, my good lord, is a solace and a pleasure," and she forced her features into a smile.

"I have also important intelligence to communicate to you," continued he. "I have already told you of the sudden death at Bordeaux of the dear and valued friend of my youth, Matthieu d'Aubray, whose loss I shall never cease to deplore, although his lengthened residence in St. Domingo had entailed so tedious a separation. In the letter he wrote me on his death-bed he confided, as you know, to my guardianship his only daughter, until the time of her mourning should be past, and her union with the illustrious gentleman whose offer for her hand my poor friend had accepted just previous to his decease, could with propriety take place. Nothing but the most urgent business could have prevented my starting for Bordeaux, and conducting Mademoiselle d'Aubray myself to Paris, impressed as I am with

the importance of the trust reposed in me; but, being informed by a letter from M. Derval, the advocate and intimate friend of the family, that the young lady was under the care of a trusty female attendant, and that he himself proposed riding as an escort beside her carriage during the whole journey, I was induced to await her arrival. An *avant courier*, despatched on the road by M. Derval, has just arrived, bringing the intelligence of the near approach of the travellers, and says, indeed, that we may expect them in the course of a few hours. Be it your care, then, madam, to receive Mademoiselle d'Aubray with befitting kindness and attention, should my affairs unavoidably detain me abroad until after her arrival; offering her my compliments of sympathy and condolence, as well as my apologies for not being present myself to welcome her to my poor abode."

Madame de la Regnie bowed her head in passive acquiescence to her husband's commands, and he rose abruptly from his seat, and hurried from the apartment.

When first Madame de la Regnie had been apprised of her husband's determination to offer to the daughter of his deceased friend an asylum in his house, she had received the intelligence with pleasure, and had applauded his benevolent resolution, for she had ever found a solace in her grief in alleviating the woes of others. Thus her sympathy had been instantly awakened in favour of the friendless orphan; and although she was quite unknown to her, her unprotected situation had excited her compassion and awakened her interest. But now, since the events of the preceding dreadful night, how changed was every thought, how blunted was every kindly impulse, and how completely absorbed was every tender feeling in the all-engrossing instinct of self-preservation! And thus she dreaded the presence of an intruder upon her solitude—a spy upon her bitter thoughts (for such was the light in which her fancy now presented her expected visitor); and she trembled at the thought of encountering a stranger's gaze. At last, forcibly rousing herself from the reverie into which she had fallen for some moments after her husband had quitted her, she bestirred herself about the necessary preparations for the reception of the travellers, and found temporary relief from her anxiety in active exertion.

It was not until dusk that the rumbling of wheels and the clattering of hoofs in the spacious court-yard of the hotel announced the arrival of the long-awaited guests.

The rudely suspended, narrow shaped travelling *carosse* was covered with mud and dust, as well as the braided jerkins and heavy jack-boots of the postillions, and the panting horses moved wearily, and seemed quite worn out by their arduous labour. The appearance of the whole cavalcade, indeed, told a

dismal tale of the toils and difficulties of winter travelling at that period, when bad roads and meagre accommodations by the way made the transport of man or beast from one distant part of the kingdom to the other alike difficult and dangerous, and rendered a journey which is now easily performed in the space of a few hours, an enterprise of several days' duration.

By the side of the carriage rode a fair-haired, comely young man, of tall stature, at the head of two or three domestics in stable liveries. He was attired in long jack-boots, with spurs of embossed steel in their pointed heels, and a tightly-fitting riding suit of black kerseymere, totally devoid of all trimming or embroidery, with a rapier at his side, and long pistols hanging at his peaked saddlebow. Springing from his jaded steed as the carriage stopped before the door, he lifted his beaver from his head, and respectfully assisting Mademoiselle d'Aubray to alight, led her up the steps of the stately *perron*, where they were met by Monsieur and Madame de la Regnie, who had hurried down to receive them.

CHAPTER V.

How insensibly does the human mind become impregnated with the hues and tints of external things, and of the familiar objects which are continually brought before its gaze, until at length even its most visionary sensibilities and abstract emotions become amalgamated with mere local impressions, and the closest affinity and most inseparable connexion is established between them.

Thus is the moment of departure, from amid well-known scenes, almost invariably a sorrowful one, however bright may be the prospect before us; for although fond expectancy may bid us forward, and vivid anticipations cheer us by the way, a dreary interval will occur, ere the mind can regain its equilibrium, resume the train of several associations, and re-establish that harmonious connexion between the ideal and the positive which is so essential to its serenity and peace.

When, however, the merciless hand of death has stricken down some dear object of our love, whose affection has hallowed, and whose presence has adorned, the scenes which daily meet our view, then is the moment of separation from them indeed a bitter

one; and then, and not till then, does the full consciousness of one's bereavement assail one's afflicted spirit!

Nathalie d'Aubray had been from infancy her father's idol, and they had never been an instant separated; indeed, all his affections, all his desires, appeared to be centered in her alone, and her caresses could at any moment dispel the gloom and melancholy which oftentimes beset him, and change his sadness into joy.

Her mother she had never known, for she had died in her earliest infancy, as her old nurse, Katarina, had informed her; for her father never reverted to her in her presence, and she dreaded giving him pain too much ever to question him upon a subject likely to revive saddening recollections.

Nathalie's childhood had been passed under the bright and glowing firmament of the tropics, and amid the most glowing scenes of nature's handiwork; and reared in the lap of luxury and refinement, and her every wish forstalled, her every desire gratified, she had never known a care or felt a sorrow, and her generous heart had expanded amidst the cheerfulness and abundance she saw around her, with nought to cast one passing shade of gloom upon her mind, or even momentarily obscure the quickening sunshine of her thoughts.

It was only a few months previous to his decease that M. d'Aubray had suddenly resolved to return to his native country, and had chosen Bordeaux for his residence, as the spot where he could the most conveniently carry on the numerous commercial affairs his connexion with the colonies entailed upon him, and as affording him many advantages for the finishing of his daughter's education, and her presentation in the world.

To Nathalie all places were equally delightful, provided she were only with her beloved father and her old nurse; and although at first somewhat subdued by the contrast between the quiet and ceremonious habits of those she saw around her, and the careless ease, captivating freedom, and wild romance of Creole life, her ardent mind quickly found new subjects of interest to compensate for the change, and she speedily regained her wonted cheerfulness and contentment.

She was not destined, however, entirely to escape adversity's rude assaults, nor longer to pursue the tenor of her way in peace and happiness, as before.

Anxious to secure an advantageous alliance for his daughter, M. d'Aubray had precipitately accepted the offer of Raoul de Bussy for her hand. Wealth, captivating manners, a handsome person, a good name, everything seemed to combine to render the suitor eligible; and M. d'Aubray, although the thought of separation from his child caused him heartfelt sorrow, was fully impressed with the idea, universally, and perhaps justly, enter-

tained among all classes in France, as well as in times gone by as at the present day, of the advantages accruing to the weaker sex by early matrimonial engagements.

Although reared in all the ideas and prejudices of her country, the announcement of the disposal of her hand had filled Nathalie with terror and dismay; and why she knew not. The few times she had been in company with Raoul she had found more to admire than to dislike, in his lively vivacity and bland address, and had been even to a certain degree fascinated with his appearance and accomplishments; but still she felt an invincible repugnance to becoming his wife: a vague sort of panic took possession of her at the thought—an indescribable sensation of gloom and depression overspread her gentle spirit, and caused her heart to ache, and many a solitary tear to flow; and ere she had learnt to stem the torrent of wo, and meet her future lot with the courage and resignation her confidence in her father's judgment would fain have inspired, his awfully sudden death had come upon her like a stunning blow, which crushed her every hope, her every joy, and bound her to the earth with agonizing sorrow.

How dreary were her sensations during the long and dismal journey from the cherished home she had never quitted, but which, alas! existed now no longer to her the hapless mourner, the sorrowing orphan, confided to the care of strangers, and forced to seek a refuge in their proferred bounty. It was especially upon her entrance within the purlieus of the great and busy capital, and as the moment of arrival beneath her guardian's roof approached, that the feelings of loneliness and desolation the most keenly beset her, for there is a sanctity in grief, a sensitiveness in affliction, which dreads a stranger's gaze, and repels the sordid world's intrusion; besides, it seemed as if the moment which replaced the protection of her parent's faithful friend, and rendered his farther care superfluous, would sever the last remaining link between the past and present, and destroy the soothing train of hallowed recollections. And thus her cheek flushed and her heart sickened as she mounted the steps of the stately Hotel la Regnie; and was it in fear, was it in gratitude, that her little cold hand trembled within the timid grasp of her conductor, inducing a gentle pressure in return, in proof of sympathy in her affliction and compassion for her sufferings?

Although in reality animated with every kindly feeling towards her, the old Count's reception of his ward was formal; and never having had much intercourse with young people, nor experienced the feelings of a parent, his manner was then, as always, reserved and ceremonious, with nought of heartiness, nought of cordiality to remove the awkwardness and constraint resulting from a first interview under such painful and peculiar circumstances.

Madame de la Regnie, on the other hand, much as her apprehensions had caused her to dread the poor girl's intrusion upon her privacy, and previously resolved as she was to shun her society as much as was consonant with politeness during her abode under her husband's roof, felt all her prudent resolutions put to flight upon her approach, and her interest irresistibly excited in her favour; for her tender heart, steeled as she thought it was against the woes of others by the all-absorbing nature of her own affliction, could not long harbour feelings of cold insensibility and selfish indifference. And, besides, she had felt the proud, the joyous sensation of maternity—the fairest, the purest emotion of the female soul—and her vivid fancy skipped the lapse of years at the sight of the youthful maiden, and invested her with an all-powerful title to her love and passport to her affection. Would not now her own lost child have been like her, just entering upon the stormy scene of life's vicissitudes, the feverish turmoil of the busy universe? and, like her, artless, innocent, and confiding; a hope, a joy, a blessing to all around her! And the sorrowing woman's voice faltered as she bade her welcome, and the kiss she imprinted upon her pallid forehead was not the mere cold salutation of conventional courtesy, but the warm, the vivifying embrace of maternal love.

Also, it must have been a frigid heart, indeed, which could have withstood the winning influence of the young maiden's beauty. Rather above the middle height, there was an ease, a sylph-like elasticity about her slim and elegantly proportioned figure, which imparted grace to every movement and harmony to every *pose*, whilst from her clear and limpid hazel eye beamed forth the most touching expression of guileless simplicity and confiding trust.

Anxiety and affliction had left their impress upon her pallid cheek, whilst her luxuriant auburn locks hung in wild confusion from under the coif of black serge which encircled them, and whose sable hue lent additional effect to the delicacy of her complexion. She was attired in a black mantle of the same material as her head-dress, with a deep cape and closely fitting sleeves, and confined at the waist by a silken cord. A quiet-looking woman, well stricken in years, followed close upon the young girl's steps, but respectfully retired a few paces during the first salutations, and remained looking on with an expression of the liveliest interest depicted upon her countenance.

During the repast which awaited the arrival of the travellers but few words were interchanged, notwithstanding the efforts of the host and hostess to promote conversation, and dissipate, in some degree, the formality of the meeting; for each of those present had his or her separate cause of grief or anxiety, which banished cheerfulness and checked the growth of sociability, and

the occasional remark which Monsieur or Madame de la Regnie, or M. Derval uttered, met with no rejoinder, and only served to render the succeeding silence more awkward and oppressive.

Nathalie, especially, was far too much depressed and overcome with the painfulness of her situation to be capable of the slightest mental exertion, and seizing upon the pretext of the fatigue she had undergone, she speedily asked permission to retire to her own chamber, to which Madame de la Regnie herself conducted her; but although burning with the desire of addressing a soft word of commiseration to her afflicted spirit, and of expressing the compassion and interest her sorrowing loveliness excited in her breast, she paused upon the threshold and would not enter; for well she knew that grief courts privacy, and that it is but the long tried hand of friendship which can effectually administer the balm of consolation. Impressing, therefore, another warm embrace upon the orphan's quivering lip, she closed the door and hurried away.

"My heart will break, I know it will!" exclaimed the poor girl, throwing herself into the arms of Katarina, who was awaiting her in fond impatience and giving full vent to her grief in an agony of tears. "I cannot bear the sight of all these strangers around me; and the stillness, the gloomy silence of the vast abode, the withering countenance of that stern old man, terrifies and appals me," and she clung closer to her faithful attendant, and hid her face upon her bosom.

"Nay, nay, my own dear child," replied Katarina, with the familiarity which her long services had established between her and her young mistress, "this is not like yourself. Be comforted. Depend upon it your fears are groundless, for I have often heard of M. de la Regnie's kindness and benevolence of heart; and look, my darling," continued she, in a soothing tone, and striving to direct her attention to the objects around her, "how handsome are our apartments! Books, vases, a harpsichord—everything we had at home," and here her voice faltered, although she speedily regained her assumed cheerfulness; "and see, even flowers, too, notwithstanding the inclement weather, here in the *etagère*, and——

But Nathalie's heart was too full to listen. "And Madame de la Regnie, too," continued she, in the same deploring accents, and totally unheeding her old nurse's efforts to console her, "what can cause her to look so sorrowful and careworn? At first her haggard face affrighted me even more than his; and yet she seems kind-hearted," added she, in a somewhat more composed tone, "and I felt a burning tear fall upon my neck as she embraced me. She at least will be good to me, and I feel already grateful were it only for her compassionate look, for who have I now to care for me, except you, my poor Katarina, and—and—Monsieur

Derval, who has, indeed, exerted himself to promote my comfort during the whole of this dismal, dreadful journey; and I ungratefully neglected to thank him for all his goodness; but I could not speak, and he looked so sad as we sat at table, that I scarcely ventured to look that way; and he, too, must leave me soon, and then I shall have no one to protect me."

"How can you talk thus, my child?" answered Katarina. "You—no one to protect you! You, the affianced bride of the handsome gentleman, who made all Bordeaux resound with praises of his liberality and benevolence; whose perfections were in everybody's mouth, old or young, rich or poor! You forget the happiness which awaits you. Think; you will not only be allied to an affectionate husband, whose sole desire will be to promote your happiness, but you will also enjoy the satisfaction of feeling that you are fulfilling your poor father's last wishes."

Nathalie tried to think that her old nurse was right; and strove to listen with complacency to her glowing picture of the future, and force conviction on her troubled mind, and yet she could only answer with a sob, and, in spite of every effort, her tears flowed yet faster than before. At length, yielding to Katarina's persuasions, she betook herself to repose, and after a while soothing slumber cast its spell upon her weary eyelids.

For many a dreary hour did Katarina watch in careful tenderness by her bed-side ere she sought the couch which had been prepared for her in an inner apartment, and even then she would ever and anon steal back to gaze, in fond affection, upon her lovely charge, and assure herself of her tranquillity.

(To be continued.)

AUNT MARGARET.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

LONG, ah! how long can it be
Since we first remember thee;
With thy step's familiar fall
Ever welcome to us all;
With thy voice so soft and clear,
With thy kind look, chasing fear;
With thy holy influence
Boundless, yet without pretence;
With thy mild and quiet ways,
With thy love that crown'd the days
Of our happy childhood;—yet
Love we thee, Aunt Margaret!

White is now thy flowing hair,
And thy brow doth meekly bear—
Meekly as thou bear'st all things—
A shadow as from angels' wings,
That, hovering near thee day by day,
Soon must bear thee hence away.
Deeper tinting it is not,
Of the old shade, unforgot,
That was ever lightly thrown
There, to chill thyself alone;
If thou ever knew'st regret
It spake not, Aunt Margaret.

We remember when that hair
Swept across thy forehead fair
In dark tresses, left to seek
Rest on thy Madonna cheek;
When could scarce thy gentle soul
The lustre of those eyes control;
When thy step was firm and light,
And thy small, soft hands more white:
But more beautiful than now,
Never in *our* eyes wert thou;
Lovely wert thou, and art yet,
Graceful, good Aunt Margaret!

Had'st thou e'er a love beside
That for those who lived and died,
Breathing blessings on thy care?—
Ah, thou were bless'd everywhere!—
Did thy true heart erewhile thrill,
With love than this more fervent still?
None have known if it were so;
None, perchance, may ever know;
But no earthly man might dare
Hope on earth true joy to share,
If a heart like thine he met,
And slighted,—dear Aunt Margaret!

Ah! how many, like to thee,
Pass a pure life quietly;
Well fulfilling every trust;
Faithful, earnest, patient, just;
Self-forgetting in love's spell;
Meeting, bearing all things well;
Hoping on,—for others still,—
Yielding, if they *have* a will;
Finding flowers were most find weed;—
Oh! like to a pearl* indeed,
In our hearts thy name is set,
Gentlest, best Aunt Margaret!

* The name Margaret implies a pearl.

CAMBRIANA.

BY THE REV. ROBERT JONES.

No. I.—CADR IDRIS.

"It is
The land of beauty and of grandeur, lady,
Where looks the cottage out on a domain
The palace cannot boast of. Seas of lakes,
And hills of forests! * *
* * * Torrents there
Are bounding floods! And there the tempest roams
At large, in all the terrors of his glory!"

"WHAT a lovely sky!" exclaimed Moreton, as we turned the angle of a road leading down to the picturesque little town of Barmouth, in North Wales, and came at once into a full view of the sunset's parting glories.

"It is," I replied, "a gorgeous scene, and yet destructive of our hopes for the morrow. That beautiful colouring is the harbinger of the storm."

My companions, a party of college friends, were incredulous. The morrow had long been set apart for our ascent to the summit of Cadr Idris, and a few successive fine days of September had removed every anticipation of unpropitious weather.

My fears were realized. The morning that followed was lowering and dark. Depth after depth of cloud in large masses rolled over the heavens, and the rain fell heavily and incessantly. The "mountain monarch," enfolded in a robe of mist, was no longer visible. Our intended excursion, we felt, must be given up.

The traveller, unaccustomed to mountainous districts, will frequently be disappointed in his prognostics of the weather. To an experienced eye, however, the mountain affords the surest signs of a change. During a temporary lull of the storm, I rambled to the inn yard, and, to my surprise, found our guide preparing for the ascent. I was soon assured, by his manner rather than by his words, that, despite appearances, we had every prospect of a bright day before us.

Our preparations were soon made. Baskets of provision and wine, with plates, knives, forks, glasses, were brought together. The ponies that were to assist us up the mountain were conveyed to the opposite bank of the river in a boat, while we followed in

another. The docility of the little animals in stepping in and out, and their fearlessness on the rough water, would have almost tempted us to suppose they had been moving on their native element. Having crossed the river and disembarked, we were soon mounted, and pursuing our journey along the shore—a hard sandy beach. We had proceeded but a few miles, when our route was intercepted by a chain of rocks that jutted into the sea. The waves, dashing against their base, rebounded with a fearful whirl, while a shower of spray, lifting itself half way up the mountain, fell in foam on the struggling waters as far as the eye could reach.

Leaving the shore, and turning to the left, we skirted the base of the rock, whose rugged sides were covered with a forest of mingled pine and oak Crags of a fanciful shape, and wreathed with ivy, were interspersed among the trees, and frequently outtopping them; some forming fantastic gables on turrets, others towering aloft like crumbling spires. More frequently, however, they reminded us of some gray castellated ruin, over which time, to hide its desolations, had thrown a mantle of luxuriant foliage.

After winding around the foot of the mountain for some distance, we began our ascent where the wood was thick and sheltering. The aspect of the sky was still sombre and unpropitious, and the rain at intervals continued to fall heavily. An indifferent spectator would have smiled at our simplicity. We seemed like travellers bound to the regions of cloud and mist, rather than tourists preparing to view the bright scenery of a romantic land.

We found the ascent nowhere dangerous or difficult. We might have safely accomplished it without a guide, could we have threaded our way clear of the morasses that now and then lay hidden on the levels. Still, our journey was not without its fatigue. Enveloped in mist, and oftentimes clinging with all our might to the mane of our sure-footed little amblers, we were eternally creeping up, up, up. Our ascent seemed endless. After a toilsome effort we gained the brow of a lofty ridge that forms a portion of the Cadr range, congratulating ourselves upon the achievement of our task. But our triumph was short. Our guide, with a smile of good-natured mockery, came and wished us joy of having completed *the half* of our undertaking.

Some of us were in despair; but after stopping a short while to breathe on the level, and to regale our spirits with wine and biscuit, we again moved upwards. From this point our ascent became more gradual and easy, though less picturesque than before—our route lying chiefly over heaths and barren moors, here and there intersected by rapid mountain torrents, swollen by

the rains. As we advanced into upper air our spirits seemed to imbibe the buoyancy of the atmosphere, and our fatigue to lessen. The rain, too, as the day advanced, altogether ceased; the clouds assumed a lighter hue, and, though impenetrable as ever to the eye, afforded some indications of a change.

When at last we had arrived within a short distance of the object of our ambition, we neared a precipice of vast extent, whose depth was lost in the clouds below. Our guide, who had provided himself with a hunting-horn, stood on its brink, and, bending downwards, blew a loud shrill blast, that contrasted strangely with the deep solitude of the mountain. The effect was electrical. A hundred echoes were aroused from a hundred different quarters, that vied with each other in the loudness and distinctness of their response, yet all uniting in one melodious harmony. Nor were they easily silenced. For many seconds after the horn had ceased, they continued reverberating brilliantly on the ear as the wind bore them fitfully along. They were the sweetest sounds in nature I had ever heard, reminding one of a concert of mountain spirits; and, if I except the "voice of many waters and of mighty thunderings," they were, at the same time, the most replete with grandeur.

The summit of the hill, a gashed, uneven cone, now stood before us, rising with an ascent more steep than any we had yet encountered. Large masses of jagged rock lay strewn in confused heaps on its side and around its base, seemingly rent and torn up by some mighty convulsive effort of nature. Their singular shapes and position were, to all appearance, the result of volcanic agency; though the eruption, granting our conjecture to be correct, must have taken place in an antediluvian world. Their material, too, was of an imperishable kind; for, despite the bleakness of their situation and the lapse of centuries, they retained their original forms and lineaments as firmly as if they had been removed but yesterday.

Leaving our patient little animals tied to hooks fastened in one of these rocky fragments, we scrambled upwards, and stood at length on the crown of the giant Idris. One only have I ever known gallantly to mount that peak on a spirited palfrey—a bright-eyed maiden, gentle and kind, yet, when occasion required, of a noble and daring spirit. Blessings rest on her head.

But now that the mountain's top was gained, how were our anticipations to be fulfilled? Scenery there was none. Above, below, around, it was all cloud—thick, impenetrable cloud—with not a glimpse of blue sky, or of green earth, save what lay at our very feet. We were almost in despair again, when, reassured by our guide, we resolved to await the change that seemed gradually taking place in the atmosphere, and to console

ourselves, in the meanwhile, with what one of our companions facetiously termed, "a dinner in the clouds." We set about our preparations with avidity, for the mountain air had changed our keen appetite into positive hunger. But where was our table to be laid? Our guide conducted us to a low hut hidden among the rocks, and constructed of large masses of stone. It had been erected by the several guides for the use of visitants to the mountain. But we could not enter; the rain had penetrated through every aperture—walls, roof, and floor were green with the oosing moisture. We had, consequently, to spread our fare on the bare mountain, and to seat ourselves, any how we could, on the rugged stone.

How often, at many a gorgeous banquet, have I looked back with regret to the enjoyments of that simple repast. Many a lively *repartee* and brilliant thought gave zest to our conversation. And when it was over, many a cheer for friends, and country, and *alma mater*, and a bumper with still more lengthened cheers in honour of her who ruled over the fair lands around us, made the echoes ring again.

An hour or more had thus merrily elapsed, when our hopes as to the success of our ascent began to brighten. The mist had been gradually collecting into masses, leaving here and there a space that allowed the eye to penetrate into the distance. On a sudden every gaze was drawn to one spot. Through an opening in the clouds we for a moment saw the valley below us, lovely and green as an emerald. It resembled a fairy scene, wrought to dazzle the eye for an instant, and then to disappear. The clouds soon rolled past, hiding it again from our view; but not ere it had left on the mind an indelible impression of the picturesque and the beautiful.

Several minutes elapsed ere another glimpse was accorded to us; and when it came it was as fleeting as the former one. What particularly struck us, was the distinctness of every object. The vale, river, trees, hills—all appeared as if drawn by some magic lens close to our eyes; all, too, were impressed with a vividness—I had almost said gorgeousness—of colouring, that gave an irresistible effect to their loveliness.

We continued at intervals to catch many such glimpses, of shorter or longer duration. At one moment the valley of the Mawddach, with its blue waters and green meadow-lands, lay before us; its fertile colours forming a pleasing relief to the stern and naked rocks by which it was encircled; the next brought a wild rugged scene among the hills; in another instant we were gazing on a bright green sea, with here and there a sail looming on its waters. The distant lands of Arvon rose at times to our view, like islets on the far ocean. Landscape after landscape

presented itself, each varying in character, colouring, and beauty. We could scarcely realise our situation; it seemed a dream. We were like men seated in some vast theatre, where an invisible hand produced an endless succession of rich and brilliant scenery.

The clouds at length entirely rolled away, and a magnificent panorama lay before us, bounded only by the horizon. The scenes we had hitherto beheld in disjointed fragments formed now a glorious whole.

Drawing nearer to that side of the mountain that overlooked the vale of the Mawddach, we found ourselves standing on the topmost brink of the precipice, whence our guide had so wondrously elicited the echoes. And now that we were enabled to view it in all its vastness, it was indeed a noble scene—one of nature's mighty creations—awful and stupendous! In the form of an amphitheatre, or rather a gigantic basin with a portion of its side detached, it resembled the crater of a huge volcano. A lovely lake, unruffled by a breath of air, lay cradled at its bottom, mirroring the overhanging crags with a beautiful precision. Long and deep was our gaze into its glories; and when we extended our view to the vale that still lay at such an awful distance below, a fascination seemed to rivet us to the spot.

The mountain, on this side, rises from the depth of the vale in one unbroken sweep. Perhaps the object that represents it most faithfully is a huge wave at the point of culmination. Its sloping is at first easy, but, as it ascends, it gradually becomes steeper and more abrupt, until its side terminates in a perpendicular, out of which the basin I have mentioned seems scooped. The altitude of the Cadr is not so great as that of other mountains in Wales; but their grandeur is lost amidst surrounding hills; whereas the majesty of this Titanic mountain receives no check—it rises boldly at once from the level of the sea.

The scenery to the east attracted us by its peculiarly wild and sterile character. It was a succession of hills—a gigantic rolling prairie, with mountain interminably following on mountain to the horizon. A slight stretch of the imagination would have made it a sea, so wave-like did the landscape seem from our position. Gazing before us into the distant north, we recognized Snowdon, with its cone-like summit, cleaving the blue sky, and holding its court amidst an array of vassals. To the north-east lay Aran Benllyn and Aran Fowddwy, magnificent ramparts of hills; while to the south-east, rising over an arm of the sea, towered the majestic Pumlumon, dividing the northern from the southern portion of the principality. Across the vale of the Mawddach, and immediately opposite the spot where we stood, rose Diffwys, another kindred mountain, and reminding us, by its proximity

to the Cadr, of those beautiful lines from the "Christabel" of Coleridge:—

"Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
* * * *
* * * *
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

Many a town, village, and hamlet were interspersed amidst our scenery—some quietly nestling under the shelter of an overhanging cliff, others embosomed in the deep recesses of a vale—

"The homes for hearts."

Here a tiny farmhouse had daringly located itself on the steep side of a hill; while in another spot a noble mansion, with its wooded park and ornamental water, stood, like the eyrie of an eagle, almost on the mountain's brow. Many a gay watering-place dotted the sea-shore, but none with a more picturesque effect than Barmouth. Like a second Gibraltar, it stood on a rocky promontory, with house rising above house half-way up the mountain.

Here and there a romantic waterfall glistened on our sight, whose waters flowed in silvery coruscations over the dark crags of a glen. Lakes, too, sparkled around us on every side. We numbered no less than sixteen from the spot whereon we stood; among them Llyn Tegid, the finest sheet of water in North Wales, and surrounded by scenery of a quiet and lovely character. Though distant more than fifteen miles, such was the clearness of the atmosphere after the rains, that we could easily discern the villages on its margin. The churches with their rustic belfrys were plainly visible. Nor were we less pleased with many a little green lake, that shone like an oasis amidst the wild mountain tracts around it. Some of them were the fountains whence several rills drew their source, and glided with all the tortuosity and glitter of a snake, through brake and dingle, out of our sight. One streamlet especially attracted our attention. Flowing out of the lake of Talyllyn, it scarcely varied in its course; but, like a bright silver thread, pursued its unruffled and

"even tenor," widening and deepening, until it lost itself in the waters of the ocean. What a beautiful emblem it presented of a life of contentment and peace! Its very name breathed calmness and repose—"Disonwy," "I am the silent."

The altitude of our position brought many strange phenomena to view; among them an optical illusion of a singular character, in which the order of things seemed reversed. The level of the sea appeared considerably higher than that of the valleys below us. The rivers seemed, consequently, to "drag their slow lengths," up a weary declivity in order to reach the ocean. This was especially the case with the Disonwy, whose course lay in a straight line before us.

And that ocean itself; what a vast immeasurable expanse did it offer to our view from the lofty eminence whereon we stood! The horizon was thrown back into the distance; it had become almost imperceptible; the heavens and the sea were mingling together. The Isle of Bardsey, with the neighbouring headlands of Carnarvonshire, seemed like clouds floating in the heavens rather than lying on the waters. It required the repeated asseverations of our guide to persuade us of their reality. And as we gazed on the margin of the sea, we witnessed another strange illusion; the result of our elevated situation. The waves seemed still and lifeless. Though swell, breaker, and spray, were individually and distinctly visible, they stirred not—moved not. It was a sea of molten glass—a dead sea; yet beautiful in death as in life. Or as if some mighty magician, standing on a bold promontory during its commotion, had bade all not to subside, but to stand motionless at the stroke of his wand. The risen wave had had no time to fall, nor the foaming breaker to settle. Its very crest hung in air unable to descend. The spell of enchantment was upon it.

Hour after hour glided away without any diminution of our enjoyment; some new scene continually presenting itself, and engaging every faculty of the eye and mind. The sun had, by this time, approached the ocean, and broken forth through the clouds, flooding earth, sea, and sky, with light. The effect upon the mountain scenery was as beautiful as it was instantaneous. Crag, ravine, and glen received a new impression from the combination of light and shade. The valley below seemed reposing in a purple twilight, while the mountain peaks were tinted with a rosy redness—an effect produced only where the sun sets over the sea.

Extensive as our view had been, it was rendered still more so by the slanting rays of the parting sun. Under its strong light, lands and seas, hitherto invisible, appeared to spring into existence. The coasts of South Wales were marked by a strong outline, that rendered every indenture and headland boldly visi

ble, from the Bay of Cardigan to St. David's-head. Nor did our landscape terminate there. We distinctly recognized the Bristol Channel, like a sheet of liquid silver, hanging midway between Heaven and earth. The hills of Ireland rose like fleecy clouds from the sea, and even the far peaks of the Scottish mountains appeared within the boundary of our horizon—distant and dim, it is true, yet unmistakable as to their identity; for, even without the experience of our guide, we could scarcely have failed to distinguish their rugged and spiry summits.

I know not how long we should have lingered, drinking into our souls the beauty of these brilliant scenes, had not the deepening shadows warned us to depart. We were soon ready; and, descending by a circuitous path, we reached the place were our ponies were waiting us.

Our route homeward lying in a westerly direction, we were enabled to witness the splendours of the evening sky as we went along. As the sun drew near the waters it formed a brilliant track across the sea, which might have been taken for a pathway of gold between itself and the shore. Its mighty orb was dilated to a wonderous extent; and when it touched the ocean, the waves appeared to drink in its brightness, and to form a pedestal of glory on which it for a moment rested. But it was only for a moment. The next it was gone, leaving not even a ray to indicate the place of its departure. A warm tintless sky was its only relic.

We continued our descent for an hour or more, when our guide, diverging from the path by which we had ascended, brought us into a roadway, that lay across the mountain between Towyn and Dolgelley. Though considerably longer, we avoided by it the dangers of an abrupt descent through the now increasing darkness. We were enabled, too, to travel more in a group, and to while away its tediousness by animated conversation.

Many a year has flown by since our excursion to the summit of Cadr Idris; but its beautiful scenery is still indelibly stamped on the memory of all. And when we meet, as perchance we sometimes do in the highways of the world, it frequently forms the subject of our conversation.

DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

No. X.

Queen Anne's Statue, in St. Paul's Churchyard, to the Statue of George the First, on the steeple of St. George's Church, Bloomsbury.

"I THINK," said the statue of Queen Anne, in St. Paul's Churchyard, "I think, brother George the First, that when I was on my death-bed, or even before then, you were in a great hurry to come over from Hanover, and take possession of Great Britain. It would have looked better to have allowed me to die quietly before you gave vent to your joy."

"Who are you speaking to, sister Anne?" inquired the stone figure, with the baton, on the flight of steps rising over St. George's Church, at Bloomsbury.

"Are you addressing me?" cried the gilt statue, on horseback, in Leicester-square.

"Or me, perhaps?" added the figure in Grosvenor ditto; "for we are all Georges the First."

"Any, or all of you; I know it," replied the first speaker. "But I happened to be just then more particularly directing my words towards that one of you that stands so high up on the pyramid at Bloomsbury; for it would be hard for any one with eyes not to see that conspicuous form; but you two others, on the contrary, trot low amongst trees, grass, and iron railings. I was going to pass a remark on the eager way in which you pounced upon England."

"Are you going to blow us up?" was the common inquiry.

"Not you on the steeple, for you are high enough. Besides, I do not mean to compromise the dignity of a statue so much as to take that unsculptural course. I am the last of the Stuarts, you know; and I wish to leave a decent character behind me."

"Stuart, eh? I thought you were Mrs. Morley."

"Lor, George, what stuff you talk! I called myself Mrs. Morley, in the friendly, gossiping letters I wrote to the Duchess of Marlborough, and she called herself Mrs. Freeman; but you know it was not my real name. Stuart blood cannot endure such remarks."

"I am very sorry," was the answer.

"Are you? Let me see what a statue looks like when it's sorry. I cannot see you for the rising walls of Buckstone's new theatre, where he is going to ruin himself."

"You are wrong, sister, to twit me about my supposed eagerness to seize on your kingdom whilst you were yet alive and reigning over it. You remember that there were two strong parties in England at that time; one anxious to uphold the provisions of the Bill of Rights, by securing the succession of a Protestant Prince to the throne of Great Britain; and the other willing, if the opportunity should offer—and, as some thought, of making an opportunity if it did not—of bringing in James the Second's son, commonly called the Elder Pretender. You recollect that, on the subject of the Regency Bill, sundry warm debates took place, in the House of Commons, relative to the advisability of inviting over the Princess Sophia, Electress of Hanover, my mother, and granddaughter of King James the First of England, as a wise forestalment of the intrigues of the proscribed Stuarts. Though my mother was seventy-five years of age at the time, she was a woman of great vivacity and activity; and to those who came over secretly to make the inquiry, she expressed her willingness to visit England, supposing it were agreeable to yourself and the Parliament. You were, perhaps, jealous of us Hanoverians, just as everybody more or less is jealous of their successor. I do not deny that this may be a very natural weakness, but, after all, it is very ridiculous. A man may as well be jealous of his own son, when he is on his death-bed, and is about to leave his estates to him. In your case, if you reflect a moment on the necessity which there existed for precaution, I think you will acquit us of unbecoming haste."

"I see, George, what you mean, and I feel somewhat pacified. It is so natural to be jealous of one's successor, although very foolish, that I don't know how anybody can help it a little; except it is in Parliament, when a defeated minister can form a coalition with the one who succeeds him."

"Exactly. But monarchs cannot do that, because, they die when others succeed them; or else get banished for ever, like your father James the Second."

"That is very true. Certainly," said Anne, "there was a party, especially perhaps in the north, that were inclined towards my half-brother the Pretender, as they called him; but the event of his attempt to obtain the kingdom in 1715, proved that his friends in Great Britain were but few."

"That affair happened after you were dead and gone, sister Anne," returned the king's statue; "and I remember all about it much better than you do. It happened in my reign, you know. He lost everything by delay; or, at all events, goodness only knows how far he might have gone if he had been more prompt in his coming. Arms, ammunition, and officers were sent over from France when the rebellion broke out, and the Earl of Mar collected ten thousand men together; but he was not

present to head them, who ought to have been. The Duke of Argyle, with half the number, gave them such a check as they never recovered from. The Prince was, however, proclaimed king in sundry places, in spite of the hopelessness of his cause; and then, when things were still more hopeless, behold he arrived, but with only six gentlemen in his train. These could not win a kingdom; and in a few days' time, seeing matters desperate, he re-embarked for France."

"As you say, brother George, I was dead and gone then, and I recollect little about it; but still dead folks hear more of what living folks are doing than you would lead survivors to imagine."

"But this rebellion," continued the king, "and the several others which occurred during my reign, gave me a great deal of annoyance. The people—[aside, sister Anne, and a word in your ear: what preposterous ideas 'the people' get hold of sometimes, eh?]—the people, I was going to say, got hold of the idea that I was a foreigner, because I came from Germany and spoke German; quite forgetting that I was the great-grandson of their former monarch of gunpowder-plot memory, who united England and Scotland under one crown. Why, even in the present day there are people who cry out against the Royal family of England, and complain of so many foreigners; but they should recollect that Queen Victoria is the ninth in descent from that same James the First, and lineally descended from all the kings and queens of England since the heptarchy. Because some of the branches migrated for a generation or two to Hanover, until they returned to resume the crown of their ancestors, the unthinking raise a cry against foreigners."

"Oh!" exclaimed the rotundant figure of the queen, "I often hear a scurrilous old gentleman who rides in an omnibus through St. Paul's Churchyard every day to the city, and he uses the most disgusting language on this topic to his fellow-passengers. I wonder they don't turn sea-sick; in fact, I often fancy they look qualmish."

"You should never pay any attention to old gentlemen who ride in omnibusses, especially if they wear top-boots, or else shoes and stockings, and trousers without straps. They talk the greatest twaddle imaginable—I mean unimaginable."

"I don't generally listen to them, for I know they are worse than old maids over a tea-tray; but I cannot help hearing what they say sometimes, as they pass so near me. I have even heard them inveigh against Prince Albert for a foreigner, not taking the trouble to remember that the cousin of their queen cannot be very foreign."

"It only shows," rejoined King George's statue, "how very absurdly some old women talk who go into the city in top-boots, or else in shoes and stockings, and trousers without straps."

"And yet these are called the remnants of the good old school! They may know something of day-books and ledgers, but they know nothing of English history."

"Not much, certainly. But though there was much opposition to inviting the Electress of Hanover to this country, yet a bill was brought into Parliament to secure the Protestant succession against the Jacobites. I heard of this afterwards, for I had not arrived at the time."

"Oh, no," said Anne, "it was during my life, and I urged it on."

"Did you, indeed?"

"That I did. It was entitled, 'A bill for the better security of her majesty's person and government, and of the succession of the crown of England.' Lord Wharton delighted the house with his speech, and with the repeated discharges of logic which he poured upon the Opposition, volley after volley. He advocated the inviting of the Electress over as a security against the Pretender, whom the Bill of Rights had for ever excluded on account of his religion; and who, of course, as long as that bill existed—and it does to the present day—could have no legal claim to the crown, nor could any of his popish descendants."

"And yet his son, the young Pretender, tried."

"He did in 1745; but in the face of the law, and against the will of the nation, he prevailed no better than his father. It was the fashion of the time to brand every one with the term Jacobite who opposed the invitation of the Electress, or the Regency Bill above mentioned."

"The use of that taunt," observed the statue in Leicester-square, chiming into the conversation, "lasted throughout my reign, and my son's after me."

"So it did, father," added the statue of George the Second in Golden-square.

"You are right, boy," said the figure in Grosvenor-square.

"So he is," rejoined the one on Bloomsbury steeple.

"And, consequently," continued Anne, "whenever any one objected to either of these measures he was declared to be secretly in favour of the Pretender, which was virtually charging him with treason—no trifling charge, let me remind you, in an age when they topped men's heads as market gardeners top their bean-stalks. This brought the Opposition to their senses, and they then gave way. Bolingbroke, however, actually plotted against the government, and he suffered for his treason. And as for Matthew Prior ——"

"Oh, as for Prior, your ambassador to France," said the king, "he was impeached one evening in the House of Commons, and the unlucky dog happening to be there, he was immediately taken into custody."

"Matthew Prior, eh?" cried a distant voice in Westminster Abbey.

"Yes, you Mr. Poet and Diplomatist, although you were a joiner's son. You were nabbed, as the modern scholiasts say."

"I was, indeed," answered Prior's bust in Poet's Corner. "I was grabbed and put into quod, as the modern scholiasts also say; but though I was not included in the general act of grace passed in 1717, I was liberated because I was not worth detaining."

"Complimentary," muttered Queen Anne's dignified form. "At the time I speak of," she continued, "it was found necessary to alter the law with respect to members of Parliament holding government situations; for many abuses were discovered to exist. It was thenceforward declared, that any person holding a government situation was thereby incapacitated from maintaining his seat in the house; and that any member, already elected, who accepted any other office under government, must, in consequence, vacate his seat; but he was nevertheless eligible for re-election if his constituents thought proper."

"Ha!" ejaculated the gilt horseman in Leicester-square, "we see instances of this frequently, especially when ministers change."

"Precisely so," rejoined the lady; "or get shoved into good places or baronetcies, for voting this way or that."

"Take care what you say, sister Anne. Do you see anybody coming?"

"Only a cloud of dust. It is nothing but another omnibus."

"Look out, look out, sister Anne, as Fatima says in Bluebeard. Look out again, and see if you see anybody coming."

"O yes, I see something coming in the distance."

"Pray what is it, sister Anne?"

"I declare it is only the scurrilous old gentleman in boots."

"Only! I call that a great deal. I was going to tell you a grand secret; but as scurrilous old gentlemen in boots have power to spread a great amount of mischief, I had better take care what I say. The great event in your reign was the union of Scotland with England, and the adoption of the term Great Britain."

"You have changed the subject. How prudent you are!"

"I was afraid of the scurrilous old gentleman in boots."

"Well," said the queen's statue, "people cannot be too careful of what they say, especially monarchs; for a thoughtless or idle word from them, uttered sometimes quite innocently, is repeated till it gets twisted, marred, and contorted by their enemies, much to their prejudice. Even insignificant old gentlemen in top-boots have power to do much evil in this way. True, as you observe, the grand event in my reign was the union

of Scotland with England; but this obvious benefit to both kingdoms was not effected without an infinitude of fighting. How blind people are sometimes to their own interests! This great subject was not new to the country. Henry the Eighth had offered his daughter Mary to James the Fifth, in order that this event might be amicably brought about; but it ended in a war, which brought about the death of this king. Edward the Sixth then proposed himself to Mary, but French intrigue frustrated the plan. Soon after the death of Elizabeth, James the First moved the parliament of England to effect this junction. He urged—'That as they were made one in head, so among themselves they might be inseparably conjoined, and all memory of the past divisions extinguished.' Forty English and thirty Scotch commissioners were then appointed to take the matter into consideration; but so much jealousy was there amongst the Scotch, lest they should lose any portion of their independence, and so little did the English know how to point out the advantages that would accrue to both nations, that everything at last ended in nothing. Charles the First was so much engaged in combating the insurrections of the small-beer usurper, that he had no time to devote to this project. Not long after the commencement of the un-civil wars, a league of confederacy, as it was termed, was entered into between the two governments, which lasted till 1650. War then raged, and Scotland was subdued by her opponent; but she was not legally united to her. Everything, however, appeared to tend towards such a consummation, when Cromwell, who was a great advocate for liberty, took the liberty to turn the Long Parliament out of doors; and so the matter dropped. When he murdered the king, to England was assigned four hundred representatives, to Scotland thirty, and to Ireland also thirty; and when England was rated at 70,000*l.* per month, Scotland was to pay 6,000*l.*, and Ireland 9,000*l.* On the 12th of April, 1654, an ordinance for uniting Scotland with England was published; but then came the Restoration, and everything was restored to the same footing as before the rebellion. In 1670 the Scots, having rubbed off some of their prejudices, themselves proposed the subject in their own parliament; and the king, being Charles the Second, willingly submitted to them certain articles of union for consideration. Some of these, however, they thought too stringent; and, after a great deal of stormy debate, nothing whatever was done. James the Second never referred to the topic at all. William the Third, on the 21st of March, 1689—90, recommended the English parliament to take it into deliberation; but the question lay dormant until 1700, when he again alluded to it. The Commons, notwithstanding these repeated urgings

from their monarchs, once more grew contumacious, and refused their concurrence to the measure as proposed."

"Then," said George, "I think you ought to call them the un-commons, for I never heard of such incorrigible bullies in my life."

"They gave their kings a great deal of trouble," rejoined Anne; "but when I came to the throne they were more courteous. The project was seriously entered upon in 1705, and in two years it was adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties. The first item in the act sets forth, 'That the two kingdoms of England and Scotland shall, upon the 1st day of May, which shall be in the year 1707, and for ever after, be united into one kingdom, by the name of Great Britain,' &c. There, George."

"Upon my word, sister Anne," was the rejoinder, "you have given me a good lesson in English history. It is a pity but old gentlemen in top-boots, or shoes and stockings, with no straps to their trousers, could hear you. They would learn to have deference for royalty, and not be so scurrilous. I am sure they would pay every attention to words from so comely a statue as you are."

"I am glad you like my statue, though I get but little admiration from top-boots, I assure you. I was made by Bird; the same who sculptured the tympanum of the pediment on the west front of the cathedral over my head. He got but 1,130*l.* for myself and the four figures at my feet, representing Britain, France, Ireland, and America. Chantry's regular price for a full-length figure was 2,000*l.*"

"A vast difference, certainly."

"I should think so. Stay—I hear the noise of wheels again."

"Look out, look out, sister Anne——"

"Stop; I do think it is that omnibus."

"Suppose it is——"

"For goodness, do hold your tongue. It is the identical top-boots!"

THE SECOND ESSAY OF THE SECOND SERIES OF THE LIGHT OF MENTAL SCIENCE APPLIED TO MORAL TRAINING.

BY MARGRACIA LOUDON.

AN ESSAY ON THE TYRANNY OF FALLACIES.

FALLACIES are the most inexorable of tyrants. Nations dream of liberty, and make fearful sacrifices to obtain its shadow, yet continue slaves—the slaves of the reigning fallacies of their age. Of this, the past and the present bear witness.

Vices and crimes, naked and unmasked, are hateful to the natural constitution of the human mind; yet what has been the history of the past?—One great carnival display of crimes and vices, dressed in fantastic and glittering garbs, and publicly performing their drama of death and horror on the universal stage, too often amid the plaudits of an admiring world; which, for thousands of years, has crowned with laurels and rewarded with triumphs the ravagers of countries, the destroyers of cities, the authors of every extremety of wretchedness which humanity can be made to suffer.

How is this to be accounted for, unless we believe in the tyranny of all sanctioned fallacies—in the perversions of nature's laws by false standards of opinion—in the abuse of sentiments intended to be generous and noble—in the intoxicating sympathy of excited passions when assembled multitudes are thus acted upon—and in the hereditary nature of prejudices thus induced?

How else can the extraordinary anomaly be explained, that a being constituted mentally as man is, with the power of conceiving moral and intellectual perfection, with faculties that, by nature, fall down before and worship this conception; with an ardent and generous desire of approbation which, with a voice heard within his own heart, demands of him assimilation with the ideal type thus worshipped; with gentle and tender sympathies attaching him to his kindred and his kind, telling him what others feel by what he feels himself—sympathies which give outward evidence of the reality of their inward existence by the starting tear, the rising colour, the beating heart, the trembling hand; with intellectual powers to perceive that in these sympathies, giving rise to social intercourse and mutual aid, consist at once the happiness and the strength of man—and placed in a world which repays his labour by becoming a paradise beneath his hand; that this being, thus constituted and thus placed,

should wilfully render himself a despicable sensualist or a fierce and dangerous demon, and convert this paradise into a hell—sowing misery and reaping wretchedness—and yet retain the power, in his reflecting intervals, of loving and desiring the good, and despising and loathing the evil?

But he does not do this wilfully; the reigning fallacy of his age commands, and he obeys.

If some of the false standards of opinion, which in ages past have held an iron rule over the nations of the earth, have lost portions of their power, there still exist fallacies innumerable exerting a baneful influence over the wills and conduct of mankind, and of these we are still the slaves.

In what does rational freedom consist? In being at liberty to act in harmony with our moral and intellectual faculties and human sympathies, awakened and enlightened by education and religion. Yet, in the present day, which calls itself educated, religious, and free, how many are the lines of conduct of which all moral and reasonable beings in their hearts disapprove, yet which the greater number of even such persons publicly follow, believing themselves compelled to obey the tyranny of some prejudice which collectively they permit to rule, though severally each knows it to be false.

Do such persons enjoy rational liberty? Certainly not.

As nations we begin to feel, in a mercantile point of view, the inconveniences of war; in a financial point of view, its burdens; and as individuals, some of us, perhaps, in a Christian and moral point of view, the atrocity of its guilt; but we are still the slaves of national false glory, and national false honour, for we still tolerate, if we no longer admire, warfare not strictly defensive. And in such warfare we cast away treasure sufficient to ameliorate the condition of thousands who are suffering from want and over work.

As individuals we all read with just horror of heathen parents sacrificing their children to idols; yet the slaves ourselves of unexamined prejudices, such as pride in a family name, inducing us to concentrate our property in one representative, and objections to industrious occupations for our younger sons, we place them in the army or the navy as a means of providing for them, without inquiring whether the cause in which they are to draw their swords be just or not. If, however, the object of the war be conquest, or extension of dominion by forced colonization, or some point of false national glory or national honour, and our sons should fall, have they not been slain on the altar of our own false pride and our country's false ambition? Yet we see mothers, widows, sending their son—not unfrequently their only child, their only consolation—to risk a life to them so precious; nay, entreating their every influential friend to procure for them

as a boon the permission so to do, rather than devote him to any industrious calling, or even to a profession which, in a rational and moral point of view, is entitled to rank above all others but that of the church, its duties being to develop the seeds of virtue and lay the foundations of happiness in the minds of a new generation; and this merely because the most unfounded of prejudices, one of which she herself most probably sees the absurdity, has hitherto assigned a higher rank to the profession of arms than to that of the teacher of youth.

But the fallacy reigns, and the mother may break her heart; but the member of society has not the courage to brave a sanctioned prejudice.

All the world can now perceive the barbarity and irrationality of the old trial of the accused by the sword of the accuser; yet if we, being ourselves the slaves of the prejudice which still sanctions the modern form of duelling, have brought up our son in the same bondage, and that he, consequently, give or accept a challenge, and lose his life in the encounter, have we not bound him hand and foot, and laid him a victim on the altar of false honour?

And how many are the minor prejudices respecting supposed importance and mistaken sources of happiness, to which we sacrifice innumerable of our daily and hourly comforts, and much of the real well-being of ourselves and of our children? But to enumerate these would demand volumes. False appreciations of objects of veneration, inducing false ambitions; and false appreciations of sources of happiness, inducing the pursuit of hurtful or worthless objects, have hitherto been the two great obstacles to the civilization and well-being of mankind.

Till all fallacies are dethroned, and truth reign undisputed sovereign of the universal mind, neither real liberty nor real happiness can exist.

Again, on the all-important subject of religion; if our fanaticism be not so cruel as that of our ancestors; if we do not imprison, torture, and burn at the stake as they did those who differ from us in special tenets, are we not still the slaves of intolerant prejudices? Do we not still pursue with every minor persecution of contempt, ill will, and evil speaking, such persons as cannot feel the same convictions with ourselves? And do we not delay the universal sowing of brotherly love by infant training, and suffer generation after generation to grow up in unkindly feelings and vicious habits, lest some unimportant form, or some speculative opinion, of which we choose to disapprove, should chance to mingle with the boon?

"O ye of little faith" in what ye think ye believe, give light, and truth will triumph. Call the natural laws of mind into force, and they will achieve what you have never yet been able

to accomplish. Are not developed faculties and awakened sympathies more favourable than ignorance and sensuality to that due appreciation and ardent admiration of the moral attributes of God which constitute worshipping "in spirit and in truth," and which lead, by natural means appointed by himself, to the practical result of ultimate assimilation of our nature with his?

It is a law of nature that all men by instinct desire assimilation with that which they admire. We cannot alter this law; we cannot force men to desire assimilation with what they do not admire; but we can avail ourselves of this law by training veneration to admire objects worthy of its worship.

It is a law of nature that all men by instinct desire happiness. We cannot alter this law; we cannot force men to desire suffering; but we can avail ourselves of this law by training the affections to find happiness in worthy sources.

A system of education, therefore, which should inculcate, habitually from infancy, a just appreciation of objects of veneration and of sources of happiness, would be complete; for then the two instincts or natural laws just named would do the work, for they are the movers of the human will. And let legislators and educators remember, that as well might they attempt to create new physical laws for directing the movements of the heavenly bodies and the ebbing and flowing of the tides, instead of adapting to their purposes the inherent forces of nature which exist, as attempt to guide or govern the human mind by any other means than those of enlightening and inclining the natural instincts which by their innate energy propel the will.

DREAM ON TILL MORN.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

When sleep descends on tip-toe from the skies,
To draw the velvet curtains o'er those eyes,
O dream of me, as of attending sprite
Watching thee through the perils of the night.
Dream, dream of me, until returning day
Appears, to chase thy artless fears away!

Dream of me, as the geni who supplies
Each wish that in thy wayward breast doth rise,
With teeming hand, that knows no niggard stint,
But whose boons flow as fast as thou canst mint
The fond desires in thy capricious brain;
Nor dread denial causing thee a pain.

Dream on till morn, that, though against thy will,
I may be with thee, at thy waking, still;
Until in thy ungentle breast is wrought,
By Pity's alchymy, a kinder thought;
Which, Love transmitting by its magic pow'r,
To bliss supreme compels thee bless the hour,

When the pursuing shadow of a dream—
The reflex of a sunbeam on a stream—
Becomes the holiest, the dearest truth,
That wins the worship of undoubting youth;
The one reality—the perfect—pure—
Which crowns with joy, for ever to perdure!

Earth is replete with restless hearts, intent
The kindred heart to find, by Mercy sent.
Some wander on the wings of butterfly
Into the azure regions of the sky;
Some nestle in the lily's drooping breast;
And some within the plaining turtle's nest!

Some, in the song of pensive nightingale,
Pour forth the plaintive melancholy tale;
And some in Solitude's sequester'd glade
Hold blest communings with the vision'd maid,
Haunting each sweet and lovely thing;—but dreams
Frequenting most in timid fitful gleams!

O! mystery of Slumber! most divine!
When Angels separated hearts entwine
In roseate garlands of supreme delight,
Which relax not with the receding night!—
For, lo! benignant Day more strongly tie
The Heav'n wreath'd bonds of Love and Destiny.

LES ANGLAIS POUR RIRE;

OR,

PARISIAN ADVENTURES.*

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ANTHONY BLAKE.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

CHAPTER IV.

The casus belli.

LARRY was so thoroughly frightened at the consequences of his late adventure, and the still more terrible threat of being disbanded, that he made a sudden transition, very natural in such cases, from extreme temerity to excessive caution, and scarcely ever ventured to put his head outside the door of the hotel, lest he should meet with some of those blood-thirsty fellows that wear *mousetaichers* and *spike* the English. Confining himself closely to his quarters, his only society consisted of "little Parley-vous," the stable garçon, who had undertaken to exchange his knowledge of French for Larry's acquaintance with English; and a course of philological studies immediately commenced between them, from which they mutually anticipated the happiest results.

In the meantime Blake made incessant though fruitless inquiries after the Carltons. Three days had already elapsed without procuring him the desired information; and he at length resolved, as a *dernier resort*, to apply at the Hotel de Ville for their address. On his way thither he strolled once more into the Louvre, with the lingering hope of meeting his beloved Ellen amidst the crowds of curious spectators who flocked to that still splendid exhibition, which had but recently been deprived of its borrowed treasures.

The gallery of paintings was crowded, and it being a *jour de fête*, numerous Parisians of all classes, in their holiday finery, mingled with the strangers; the latter, with open mouths and staring eyes, laughing, chatting, and passing voluble strictures on the miracles of art which crowded the walls on both sides of that immense gallery. Blake having made the tour three times, more eagerly scanning the living than the inanimate groups that met his inquisitive gaze, was about to retire vexed and disappointed at his ill success, but stopped for an instant near the

* Continued from page 400, No. 184.

principal entrance to notice three pictures which appeared to possess considerable merit, and were happily disposed with respect to light. These were an Alexander visiting the family of Darius; an Arab weeping over his dead horse; and a Brutus condemning his sons. Though highly gratified with the execution of these paintings, our hero was still more pleased with the enlightened manner in which their several beauties were discussed by a group of Parisians, who, to judge from their appearance, must have filled some very humble stations in life. The condescending affability and virtuous forbearance of the conqueror, the heartfelt grief excited by the loss of an old and faithful companion, and the stern patriotism of the judge conquering the melting tenderness of the father, were all noticed and justly discriminated by this little knot of humble connoisseurs; certainly with as much natural taste, if not technical pretension, as could be displayed by a *coterie* of the most fashionable *dilettanti*.

While speculating on the humanizing effects produced on the mass of the people by exhibitions of this nature, Blake's reverie was effectually dissipated by beholding his long-sought Ellen, leaning on the arm of Sir Digby Crisp, entering the gallery at a very few paces from the spot whereon he stood.

A thousand conflicting sensations swept like a whirlwind across the mind of our hero at the unexpected sight. Delight at once more beholding the object of his fondest wishes—his pure and fervent love—imparted a momentary glow of rapture to his thoughts; but these were rapidly succeeded by the demons of jealousy and revenge, which tore his breast and inflicted innumerable pangs on his tortured soul. To see the woman he adored, and who once had loved him with a passion no less ardent than his own, in familiar conversation with his haughty rival; to see him whisper in her ear, with all the confidence of the most intimate acquaintance; and to witness the heavenly smile which his communications appeared to call forth on her lovely features, drove him to the verge of madness. Unable any longer to contain himself, he was on the point of rushing forward, to do he knew not what, when an incident occurred which caused a sudden alteration in the state of affairs.

A tall elderly lady, amazingly fat, and coarsely masculine in manner and appearance, whose splendid but girlish style of dress, and highly rouged cheeks, presented a violent contrast to her deeply wrinkled and haggard countenance, was walking immediately behind Miss Carlton. She was leaning on the arm of a young man, dressed in the very acme of dandyism; whose haughty looks and supercilious air were significant indications of superiority over the "swinish multitude" that surrounded him. The fat lady appeared to be in a very great hurry, as fat people, somehow or other, generally do; and bustled along with a

rapidity that seemed very much to harass and annoy the poor dandy; who, in spite of his foppery and the vulgar manners of his companion, had an air of rank and fashion about him that could not be mistaken for the assumption of an unqualified pretender.

In this ill-assorted pair Blake had just recognized two of his fellow-passengers in the Calais packet, the lady and only son of Lord Calibash, when they arrived at the door leading into the gallery, at the same moment that Miss Carlton was about to pass through. Too impatient to wait for her turn, and conceiving that everything should yield to her newly-acquired dignity, this female Lambert seized Ellen by the arm and rudely pushed her aside, exclaiming, in a tone of insufferable insolence, "Allow me to pass, ma'am."

Ellen was one of the gentlest creatures in existence: she was the very essence of mildness and forbearance; but so violent and unprovoked an assault caused a momentary flash of indignation, and she immediately replied, "Certainly, madam. Age is honourable."

"Age! you hussy!" exclaimed the titled virago, in a fury. "Did you ever hear such insolence? I shall faint—I shall scream—where is my *ody Lucy*? Alexander, can you stand by and tamely allow me to be insulted by that impertinent minx and her fellow?"

Alexander, thus called upon, levelled his eye-glass with due deliberation at the offending party; upon whom having rested for a moment, it made a leisurely movement towards Sir Digby. When the baronet had undergone a minute inspection of some seconds, from top to toe, and *vice versa*, the fashionable automaton at length gave vent to his ideas, with great deliberation:—

"I presume, sir," said he, "you are—aw—the protector of that lady."

"I have that honour, sir," replied the baronet, in his most silky manner.

"I think," resumed the dandy, "I have had the honour of meeting you—aw—at Crockford's."

"I recollect having had the pleasure of seeing you there," answered the baronet, with a very conciliatory bow.

"I suppose, sir," resumed the dandy "—aw—you know that the lady who has been insulted—aw—is the Right Honourable the Viscountess Calibash."

"I had the honour and pleasure of recognizing her ladyship immediately," replied Sir Digby, with a very obsequious bow to the fat lady, who tossed up her nose in high disdain.

"Then, sir," said the dandy, "as I have the honour—aw—of being her ladyship's son, I request you will favour me with your card—aw—that we may arrange this matter in the usual way—aw—without creating a disturbance—aw."

Sir Digby, however, appeared to have an insurmountable objection to this usual way of arranging matters. He knew the fat lady to have been once the cook-maid, but now the *cara sposa*, of the mushroom peer Lord Calibash; but, what was of greater consequence to him, he knew that her son, the Hon. Alexander Augustus Frederick Calibash, who now addressed him, though an empty-headed, vain young man, was the greatest duellist of the day, and had, in an honourable manner, committed more murders than would be sufficient to hang five mortals of vulgar birth and parentage. Now, as Sir Digby had a great personal regard for number one, and possessed but little of that romantic valour which refers the ordinary transactions of life to the uncertain result of physical collision rather than of mental finesse and cool calculation, he prudently resolved not to risk his dearly beloved person in so idle a cause. He, therefore, hesitated; regretted that he had not a card about him; hinted that the young lady's parents were in the gallery; and expressed his extreme regret that Miss Carlton should have mistaken the rank of the Right Hon. the Viscountess Calibash.

The Hon. Alexander turned from Sir Digby with a smile of contempt; and, addressing Miss Carlton, said he had made a great mistake in supposing *her fellow* to be a gentleman, but he was now convinced that the companion of such a poltroon could be no better than she ——

"Ought to be," he was about to add; but Blake, exasperated at his insolence, seized him by the arm, and flung him to a distance with a force that appeared totally to derange the ideas of the honourable dandy. Then approaching Ellen, who had not until that moment observed him, he begged her, in an affectionate manner, to accept his protection to her carriage, to avoid the confusion necessarily occasioned by so strange an incident. With the most chilling coldness Miss Carlton declined his services; and her parents at that moment coming up, she quitted the gallery with them, not deigning to bestow a single glance on our hero, who stood petrified with astonishment and mortification.

An immense crowd of idle and curious spectators had assembled round the scene of this *fracas*, to witness what they called, "*la manière de s'arranger à l'Anglaise;*" and numerous impatient inquiries were made into the nature of the disturbance.

"What's the matter?" cried one. "*Mon Dieu!* what is the matter?"

"Oh, 'tis nothing," said another, "but the English going to fight."

"What, are they going to box?"

"*Mais oui!* They're all going to box; that's the English fashion."

"And the ladies also?"

"*Pourquoi pas?* In England the ladies box as well as the gentlemen."

"*Bon Dieu! qu'ils sont drolles, ces gens la!* How delightful it will be to see the English box!"

This very humane gratification was, however, for the present denied them. The departure of Ellen left the field undisputed to her formidable antagonist, and Sir Digby very wisely transferred his share of all future laurels that might spring from the transaction to our hero and his dandy antagonist, to be contended for in the manner most convenient to themselves. These gentlemen, however, did not appear to think that their difference could be decided in a pugilistic encounter; and the Hon. Mr. Calibash, having in a great degree recovered his composure, advanced towards Blake, and reconnoitered him through the medium of his eye-glass; then, with much deliberation, he said:—

"Sir, I am willing to believe—aw—that you are a gentleman, as your appearance seems to indicate; therefore—aw—I beg you will favour me with your card—aw—as this is an insult not to be overlooked."

Blake immediately gave his card, and received in return that of his adversary, who said he should very shortly hear from him: they then separated without further parley, very much to the disappointment of the crowd, who were anxious to witness, for once in their lives, an English boxing match.

At this moment two fresh auxiliaries appeared on the field, in the persons of Mr. Timotheus Dugan and his blowsy bride, who had thus far progressed in their continental tour; the former, clapping our hero on the back, exclaimed, in his usual pedantic phraseology:—

"Bravo, Captain Blake! I'll be your *alter idem* in this internecine adventure. Juvenile though I am no longer, I'll combat by your side, as in gratitude bound to do so; and if I survive, I'll write, like Cæsar, a Commentary *de Bello Gallico;* but should I fall, then '*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*'"

"In the present case," said Blake, smiling sadly, "the reading should be '*pro* MULIER *mori.*'"

"*Eheu!*" exclaimed the pedagogue, "is it then that *tetérrima causa belli?* But, *nil desperandum!* the cause which laid Troy in ashes shall inspire us with the vigour of the Greeks. I only fear we shall obtain too easy a victory over that effeminate *lusus naturæ*, who is strutting away with your card as though it were one of the Sybilline leaves. He bears a striking resemblance to the smock-faced cavalry of Pompey, who were anxious alone to secure their pretty features from the javelins of Cæsar's veteran cohorts."

"Goodness gracious, Mr. Dugan!" interrupted his fat bride,

"you're always talking your Latin and stuff; and I can never get in a word hedgeways. I declare to my gracious, Captain Blake, I'm so glad that we have come just in the nick of time, so very *malapropus*, as the French say, to help you in your *fox-pass*; which is the least we can do for taking our part against the *sans cutlets* of *Kellies*."

Our hero having expressed his gratitude to Mrs. Dugan, and his gratification at her safe arrival in Paris, she rapidly replied, fearful that her spouse should get the first word:

"*Apropus* of that, as the French say, when the *Dilly John* broke down with us the other night, I thought we should never see you again. Only think, Captain Blake, we were two whole days *on a root* from *Kellies*, the *Dilly John* having suffered a *bullyversmong*, and all the *voyagers wrongversy* on the *sheemang*. The *sheevose* broke their *gennoos*, and the *postalong* had the misfortune to *rumper* his *brass*: all the *males* were *wrongversy* from the top of the *Dilly John*, and their contents thrown out *vice versa* in the middle of the *sheemang*."

"That was, indeed, a sad accident, my dear madam," said our hero, with a sympathising air.

"Oh, dreadful!" continued Mrs. Dugan. "I had such a *grand pair*, as the French say, being in an enemy's country, and thinking that the *John darmies* would come down and ravish us away to the mountains. I declare to my gracious, I shall never ride in a *Dilly John* again as long as I live."

"I cannot but applaud your resolution," said Blake. "It is perfectly prudent in so mad a country as this."

"Besides," said Mrs. Dugan, "we were half starved on the road, with kickshaws and sillabubs; and could get neither *buff roty* nor *mootong bully*, for love or money."

"Don't you think, my dear sir," said Timotheus, "that Mrs. Dugan is very much improved in her French?"

"Wonderfully," replied Blake. "I have no doubt that her trip to Paris will very much increase her already large stock of knowledge."

"Oh, my dear Captain," said the lady, blushing with becoming humility, "you *flat* me, as the French say; but as an *etoodiong*, I am yet only in my *primer jeuness*; though I hope *on tom* to become quite *ofeet* in the *longs* and the *bows hare*; for I have a very prominent organ of locality——"

"Loquacity, my dear," interrupted Timotheus.

"And a great *pang shang*," continued Mrs. Dugan, "for the *belly-art*, as the Italians say."

"Of that, my dear madam," said Blake, "I am quite convinced."

"But *apropus of bott*," said the lady, "how do you like the *Love-your* Gallery, Captain Blake?"

"It is the theme of universal admiration," replied our hero.

"For my part," continued Mrs. Dugan, "I don't like those *friskies* that are painted on walls and ceilings. Your *weazle* pictures are more to my *gustho*, because you can see them all at a single *coop-dull*. I have just been admiring two or three beauties, painted by *Guy Fawkes* and *Domenick Ino*: one was the picture of Dido, with the head of Holofernes; another the Parting of Hector and Andrew Mackay, from the works of Homo; and the third was a portrait of Mary Macdillon, the mother of Christ."

Blake having complimented this original *bas bleue* on the great stock of critical knowledge she had acquired in her travels,—

"Oh," she replied, "you will acknowledge that I am not a *parrysoos*, when I tell you that I am making a valuable collection of critical *akermans*, *bonn motts*, and *judy spirits*; for when we return from our travels we must, you know, 'spawn a quart,' as the noble poet says."

"Oh, that," said our hero, "is quite indispensable."

"I intend to have the work beautifully bound in sheets," said Mrs. Dugan, "and illustrated with lithographic engravings on steel."

"That will render it extremely interesting," said our complaisant hero.

"And I shall dedicate it," said Mrs. Dugan, "to his *Haltass* Royal the *Dolphin* of France."

"That will make the work exceedingly popular in this loyal country," said Blake.

"Talking of the *Dolphin*," resumed Mrs. Dugan, "they say this *Louis-die-sweet* is a famous fellow for eating potatoes, and drinking his coffee well sugared."

"So I have heard," replied Blake.

"But what a stew-pendus event the fall of Nappyleone was!" cried the fair traveller. "There never was anything like it, sir, in the historical world. Never since the days of Richard the Conqueror and William the Curdy-lion."

"William was *the* conqueror, my dear," timidly interrupted Timotheus.

"So was Richard, too, sir," tartly exclaimed the fair historian, up in arms for the accuracy of her knowledge. "Didn't he cross the Rubicund with the Crowsaders, and rescue the Jews from Sally Dean, in the Holy Land? I appeal to Captain Blake if I'm not right."

"Unquestionably, madam," responded our hero, "Richard was a very brave soldier, and would doubtless have been a great conqueror, had not his career been cut short——"

"So it was," cried Mrs. Dugan; "and the more's the pity. But I cannot exactly call to mind whether he fell by the hand of

Jack Cade or Wat Tyler. One can't always recollect everything in Hume and Smollet; at least, without the assistance of Gray's Memory Tick-nick. But of this I am quite sure, that he broke the king's head with the city mace."

"As you have often done Priscian's with a city tongue," muttered Timotheus.

"But to return to our mutton, as the French say," continued the fair writer in embryo, warming with her subject; "I intend to do all the Bell's letters and fashionable part of the work myself, and Mr. Dugan will put in the Latin, and learning and stuff."

"Joint-stock authorship," said Blake, "is very much in vogue now-a-days."

"Oh, quite the rage," responded Mrs. Dugan. "The public will swallow nothing now but the Siamese Twins. Ha! ha! ha!"

Here the lady's self-complaisant chuckle was replied to by a prodigious cachinnation from an elderly gentleman, who, forcing his way through the crowd, proved to be no other than Colonel Sontag. This worthy original shook Blake heartily by the hand, and congratulated him in a half-whisper on the new profession he had chosen.

"By the Eagle of Honour!" said he, with one of his favourite oaths, "I am lost in amazement. A few minutes back I fancied myself in the Louvre, but now I begin to think I am in Exeter Change; for it has rarely fallen to my lot to witness so exquisite a pair of unfledged bipeds as you seem to be showing off."

Here the Colonel set up another horse-laugh; at the same time pulling up his nether garment, and shaking his hat backwards and forwards on his head, in a manner peculiar to him when anything extraordinary tickled his fancy; but little suspecting that he himself was, perhaps, the greatest original of the group. Blake expressed and really felt very great pleasure at so unexpectedly meeting his friend, at the critical moment when he had most occasion for his advice and assistance; and pleading a pressing engagement, he took leave of Mrs. Dugan, promising, however, to pay her an early visit.

"Pray do, Captain Blake," said the good lady. "We shall be happy to see you in the family way, or *song* ceremony, as the French say."

"I shall not fail, my dear madam," said Blake, "to wait on you very shortly."

"If you will mention an evening," said Mrs. Dugan, "we'll make up a *tête-a-tête* of a dozen to meet you."

"I cannot promise with any degree of certainty," responded our hero.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Dugan, "we are always *chaise new*

in the *sore-eye*; and if you come *too-sool*, we can have, at all events, a *party-carry* of three."

"That will be much more agreeable to me, I assure you," said Blake, making his bow.

"Captain Blake! Captain Blake!" cried Mrs. Dugan, calling after our hero; "why not come this evening? Delays are dangerous you know, and you may be shot or *gullytoned* before we see you again."

Our hero acknowledged that such things happened occasionally, and to get rid of further importunity, promised to wait on the fair bride in the evening. He was then retiring without even asking her address, but she supplied the omission in her own original way, by calling after him at the top of her voice:—

"*Apropus of bott*, I must tell you that we *demure, o primer*, at *number o cat*, in the *Bully's Yard* of the *Show-seesaw-anthill*."

This curious address, and the self-satisfied air with which it was given, produced another explosion of laughter from the Colonel; whose merriment becoming more outrageous every moment, Blake, to avoid giving mortal offence to the bride, took him by the arm and quitted the Louvre, to the great disappointment of many, who expected to the last moment to be treated with an English boxing match.

CHAPTER V.

The Table d'Hôte.

As time was no longer to be trifled with, our hero and his friend now took a *fiacre* to the Hotel de Ville, and on the way Blake recounted to the Colonel the history of his connexion with the Carltons, concluding with the adventure which had just occurred in the Louvre. The worthy Colonel having volunteered his assistance on a former occasion, Blake now claimed it on two important points. He first requested him to seek a personal interview with Miss Carlton, from whom he was to implore permission for our hero to throw himself at her feet, to explain the mysterious circumstances which had unhappily caused a breach between them. The other request was, that the Colonel would accompany him, as his friend, in the approaching interview with the Hon. Mr. Calibash.

To both these requests the Colonel gave a ready assent; and having obtained Mr. Carlton's address at the Hotel de Ville, he immediately set out to execute his first commission, while

Blake returned to his hotel. He had not been long there when an English cavalry officer inquired for him and delivered the expected cartel; and our hero having referred him to Colonel Sontag, occupied himself in some necessary preparations for the meeting.

Ere these were completed Colonel Sontag arrived, and acquainted him with the result of his visit at Mr. Carlton's, than which nothing could be more disheartening; Miss Carlton having positively declined seeing the Colonel when she knew whence he came, or receiving any communication on any subject whatever from Captain Blake.

"My dear Tony," said the Colonel, "I think Miss Carlton's fickle and extraordinary conduct towards you has shown her to be anything but the paragon of goodness you have represented her. It is, therefore, my decided opinion that you are wrong to risk your life in her silly quarrel; especially as you are evidently a scape-goat, unfeelingly about to be sacrificed to screen Sir Digby Crisp, who appears at present to possess the lady's very changeable affections."

Many other arguments did the worthy Colonel make use of to dissuade our hero from meeting Mr. Calibash, into whose character, he said, he had made some inquiries, and learned that he was so notorious a duellist, and of so quarrelsome a disposition, that he was universally shunned even by his own relations. His insolence had at length arrived at such a pitch that the slightest difference of opinion was considered by him as a mortal affront, and referred to the decision of the pistol, at which he was so expert that no antagonist had ever yet entirely escaped him.

"Therefore," concluded the Colonel, "I look on your engagement with this bully as more honoured in the breach than the observance."

"That, my dear Colonel," said Blake, "is a doctrine I never can accede to; for, independent of all other considerations, my honour is pledged, and imperatively demands that I should keep my appointment."

"I grant you," replied the Colonel, "had you an honourable man for an opponent; but this is a professed duellist, a mere gladiator; and I should as soon think of meeting Tom Cribb, or any other champion of the prize-ring, with his own peculiar weapons."

"No one," observed Blake, "can have a greater horror for a professed duellist than myself. I look on such a character as a pest to society, which all upright men should agree to banish from amongst them; but as long as this person is allowed to retain his position in the social intercourse of the world he is entitled to all the privileges of a gentleman."

"In a limited degree, and amongst fair-dealing gentlemen,"

said the Colonel, "I do not regard duelling in the heinous light in which many think proper to represent it. Our great moralist has justly called it 'a necessary evil,' without which society would degenerate into a bear-garden, where the weak would always be at the mercy of the strong, and the fairest part of the creation would never be safe from the insults of powerful brutality. But I can see no necessity for it in the case of this contemptible little whipper-snapper."

"And yet, my dear Colonel," said Blake, "you have just given utterance to the strongest possible argument in his favour."

"How so?" demanded the Colonel.

"By admitting," replied Blake, "the right of the weak to challenge the more powerful to the field on equal terms. In a physical point of view, I may be said to have reduced the order of things to the condition of a bear-garden."

"Well, well," said the Colonel; "you have committed an asault, and let him seek redress for it at law."

"What!" cried Blake, "subject myself to the impertinence of some tongue-doughty puppy of the bar; who, under the shield of his office, would belabour me with his eloquence until life became hateful to my soul; and who, if I called him out for his insolence, would very properly treat my summons with contempt, because I had refused to give gentlemanly satisfaction to his client!"

"Then, by the Eagle of Honour, I'd horsewhip the scoundrel," exclaimed the Colonel, impetuously.

"And thus, my dear sir," retorted Blake, "he would have another very excellent opportunity of picking my pocket with impunity."

"True, true," responded the Colonel, rather puzzled in the choice of difficulties. "Whatever you do, my dear Tony, avoid those legal sharks—those privileged highwaymen, as you would the devil himself."

"It is ridiculous," said Blake, "to urge the mawkish plea of certain *soi-disant* moralists, that a court of justice is always open to the injured party; for many offences which are amenable to the code of honour are not actionable in a court of law, but the repression or punishment of which is nevertheless of the most vital importance to our well-being in society."

"And even those offences," said the Colonel, who appeared to have an old grudge against law and lawyers, "which might be referred to judicial arbitration would, in all probability, only conduce to the emolument of the sharks; the principal parties being left in a condition to remind them, when too late, of the fable of the oyster-shells."

"I am truly sorry," continued Blake, "to appear in the invidious light of an advocate for duelling; but it is very clear that

if my antagonist did not call me out he would be hooted from society; and if I refuse to meet him I shall be still more terribly disgraced. Such are the long established laws of the world; and until society be new modelled we must submit to its dictates or quit it for ever."

"Well," said the Colonel, "*che sara, sara!* But though I am no fatalist, it is my duty to see fair play; and I trust I shall hit on some plan for that purpose before morning, for the scamp is a dead shot at the usual paces."

"Then shorten the distance," said Blake, "and let us both go together. For my part I care not; having fixed all my hopes of happiness on the possession of Miss Carlton, and lost her, the world is insupportable, and the sooner I leave it the better."

This last argument was unanswerable. The worthy Colonel said he would never attempt to reason with lovers or madmen, which, indeed, he looked upon as synonimous terms; he, therefore, after recommending Blake to reconsider the matter, departed for his own lodgings, to receive the visit of Mr. Calibash's friend.

But instead of attending to the recommendation of the Colonel, our hero employed an hour or two in completing his preparations for the approaching rencounter. He drew up a short will, in which he bequeathed his clothes and money to his faithful and affectionate servant; in whose favour he also wrote a very strong recommendatory letter to Colonel Sontag, requesting him to take Larry into his own service, or to place him with some friend who might be capable of appreciating his honesty and fidelity. He next wrote to his father, his sister, and Miss Carlton; detailing to the former the cause of his quarrel, with such other matters as they were unacquainted with, and praying for their sympathy in the unavoidable catastrophe which was about to terminate his unhappy existence.

In his letter to Miss Carlton, our hero, giving the reins to his fancy, depicted in glowing language the bliss he had derived from her affection, which could only be surpassed by the despair occasioned by her loss. He apologized, humbly, for anything that might have appeared in his conduct inconsistent with the purest love and the most exalted esteem and respect; but solemnly, as on his death bed, declared his innocence of any intentional offence on his part, which could, in the slightest degree, warrant the cruel desertion he had experienced at her hands. These letters he locked up in his desk, to be forwarded in the event of his death; and having thus prepared for the worst, he directed Larry to bring him any communication that might arrive from Colonel Sontag, to Mrs. Dugan's; whose address he wrote down for him more correctly than he had received it himself. He then sallied forth, with sharpened appetite, to

take his dinner at the excellent *table d'hôte* of the Hotel Meurice.

The company was, as usual, numerous, and of a miscellaneous character; comprising many travellers who had just arrived from different parts of the world, and several gentlemen, civil and military, residing in Paris, and well known *habitués* of the house: the former eagerly curious about all they had seen and heard, and the latter quizzical or communicative, as their dispositions led them to play with the credulity or to satisfy the longings of their inquisitive neighbours.

But, though, the variety of tongues, spoken at the *table d'hôte* might have led our hero to imagine himself at a feast of languages rather than of creature-comforts, prepared in the very best style of that inimitable *cuisine Française* so much loved and abused by our capricious countrymen, yet the English party far outnumbered all the rest; for the continent had but recently been opened to the exploring propensities of the British islanders, and every individual who could muster five pounds and a decent coat hastened to *promener ses ennuis* at least as far as Paris. Meurice's was consequently crowded with sleek, fat and fresh-looking English folks, as numerous as herrings in the shoaling season; which gave an amusing *vraisemblance* to the song of Javotte, as he chanted at the hotel door, to the accompaniment of his mandolin, the popular *refrain*,

> "Comme ils sont beaux! Comme ils sont gras!
> Quatre pour un sou, les Anglais!"

With that spirit of nationality, or perhaps we should rather call it *mauvaise honte*, which prevents us from mingling sociably with foreigners, the English party had got together in a mass in the centre of the table, both sides of which they occupied, leaving the ends to various other tribes from Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Holland, and the Lord knows where; and when the more serious business of the meeting was beginning to slacken, and the wine to circulate with fewer impediments, Blake amused himself with guessing at the various professions and occupations of his fellow guests. With some there was no difficulty: the military man was known at once, so was the clergyman and the foxhunter; the lawyer cut and shuffled to escape deciphering, but was ultimately betrayed by some phrase that smacked of the Temple or Chancery-lane. The main difficulty lay in classifying the gentlemen from the mysterious and labyrinthian regions around St. Paul's, in their respective categories; but, puzzled as our hero was to distinguish a grocer from a tailor or haberdasher, he was still more seriously perplexed by the nondescript appearance of an elderly-looking gentleman, whose face was overshadowed by an immense bushy wig, and a large pair of green spectacles; and who ate, drank, and talked so incessantly,

that all the rest of the company seemed to be mere silent spectators of his stupendous exertions.

This active person, who rejoiced in the alliterative style and title of "Gilbert Gudgeon, of Goose-green, Gloucestershire," spoke in a snuffling tone of voice, and with the manner of a man accustomed to be looked up to as "Sir Oracle." He was evidently a great traveller, if one might judge from the numerous itineraries which he had at his fingers' ends; and he availed himself freely of the traveller's prerogative, by embellishing with considerable ingenuity the facts he undertook to relate, and drawing very liberally on the credulity of the company. He was accordingly the centre of attraction to a numerous party; and was especially regarded by the *commis voyageurs*, and others of the uninitiated, with that species of wonder which Mandeville and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto may be supposed to have excited in their days of simple *gobemoucherie*.

The principal object of Mr. Gudgeon's raillery was a plump, fresh-looking man, who sat opposite to him, and had just arrived, as he said, *frae Tadcasther*. His Yorkshire accent, extreme simplicity of manners, and the open-mouthed wonder with which he appeared to swallow the most marvellous stories, gave Mr. Gudgeon no very exalted opinion of his intellect, and emboldened him to set him up for the amusement of the company. This he did with the most unbounded success; giving such a rigmarole description of the wonders of Paris as kept the table in a constant roar of laughter, not only at the ingenuity of the quiz, but also at the unsuspecting simplicity of his Yorkshire butt.

"Our Tadcaster friend," said Mr. Gudgeon, seeing the Yorkshireman take a paper from his pocket and peruse it attentively, "appears to be an active soldier in the field of Venus, for I see he has already received a *billet-doux* from one of the fair maids of the Palais Royale."

"Na, na," said the Yorkshireman, looking very fixedly at the wag; "this here Billy what-do-you-ca't is nither from Polly nor Kitty Royal, but frae th'owd folks at whame, with a wee bit siller in it."

"'Twas very silly of them to send it," said Gudgeon, "but sillier of you to refuse it, which I take it for granted you have not done."

"Do you see owt o' green in my eyes?" demanded the Yorkshireman.

"Not much," replied Gudgeon; "neither do I think you Christian enough to multiply your talent. The wee bit siller will soon burn a hole in your pocket, if I may judge from the winks and sly looks of your privy councillor there with the squint."

The person thus alluded to was one of the waiters, with whom

the Yorkshireman had been whispering very confidentially, and who now left the room with an air of mystery and intelligence.

"There he goes," said Gudgeon, "ambassador extraordinary from *Milor* Tadcaster to *Madame la Comtesse du Pavé*."

"Dang it, mon," said the Yorkshireman, "can't a body have a wee bit frolic without puttin a fallow in't Hue and Croy for it?"

"*Soup-maigre* will have you in the police-sheet soon enough," said the wag. "*Monsieur le Commissaire* will very soon scrape acquaintance with the Marquis of Tadcaster."

"I defoy the whole bilin on 'em," cried the Yorkshireman. "They'll soon find out I'se Yorkshire. Thay domned French plice gowks ben't fit to howd a candle to ourn."

Here an animated discussion took place on the relative merits of the French and English police; the Yorkshireman taking up the cudgels for the latter, and Mr. Gudgeon asserting that the former was the very best in the world: as much superior, indeed, to the Bow-street gang, as the wily and polished Persian was to the rude and uncivilized Bedouin.

"In fine, gentlemen," he continued, "I will relate an anecdote which recently occurred to myself, and which will, I think, decide this question."

"I defoy thee," said the Yorkshireman; "thee can'st tell nowt good o' thay dommed twoads."

"You shall judge between us, gentlemen," resumed Gudgeon. About a fortnight since I arrived in Paris from a tour through Switzerland, and had scarcely established myself in my hotel when I was accosted by two fierce-looking *gens d'armes*——"

"What," interrupted the Yorkshireman, "thay great gowk-looking fules, with cockit hats on their heeds, and lang spits by their soides?"

"Exactly," replied Gudgeon. "Why what a dab you are at description, honest Tadcaster! Well, gentlemen, these gowk-looking fules, as my fat friend calls them, invited me to accompany them to the Prefecture, the Commissary of Police being desirous of having a moment's conversation with me."

"Too civil by hauf," observed the Yorkshireman. "Words butter no parsnips in my coontry."

"As I knew the imperative nature of an official invitation," resumed Gudgeon, "I immediately complied, and followed them in fear and trembling to the Hotel de Ville."

"Dash my buttons!" cried the Yorkshireman, "what foine neames they gie their plice offices in this here coontry."

"After waiting a considerable time," continued Gudgeon, "in the utmost state of uncertainty and alarm as to the nature of the examination I was about to undergo, I was at length admitted to the presence of the Commissary. He was a little black-

looking fellow, with a terrific frown on his countenance, that seemed half natural, and half the effect of habit."

"An' as much hair on his mug, I'll be bound," interrupted the Yorkshireman, "as wad mak a wig for my ould feyther; the domed tuoad."

"Pursing up his mouth," continued Gudgeon, "and drawing in his breath, sure indications of the solemn nature of the business we were upon, he addressed me thus, in a tone of stern severity:—

"Your name, sir, is Gudgeon."

"It is, sir," said I.

"And you have just come from Switzerland?"

"I have, sir," I replied.

"You were at Berne," he continued, "on the 1st of the month, at Fribourg on the 5th, at Vevay on the 10th, at Lausanne on the 15th, and at Geneva on the 20th."

"Sir," said I, in astonishment, "your imformation is perfectly correct."

"I know it is, sir," said the grim little Commissary. "Don't interrupt me. In an excursion to Mount St. Gothard, you stopped on a Friday evening at a little *auberge*, called *La Croix blanche*; three miles and three half-quarters distant from the convent on the north west."

"I did, sir," said I, "to the best of my recollection; though I cannot state the precise distance from the *auberge* to the convent."

"But I can, sir," said the Commissary; "and more than that, sir, I can say that you slept in that *auberge*, on that identical Friday night, on a goat-skin bed, without curtains; your fellow lodgers being two goatherds, a pedlar, and a flock of sheep."

"I now began to reflect whether I had on that accursed night done anything that could be construed into a crime against Church or State, that I might shape my answer according to circumstances. On mature deliberation, however, finding nothing on my conscience but the sin of having demolished, on the aforesaid Friday, a plate of fried bacon and eggs, contrary to the canon, and knowing that the regenerated French are very liberal in matters of this nature, particularly as they regard heretics, I boldly answered to the charge in the affirmative."

"Then, sir," said my very particular Commissary, "in that *auberge* you forgot your nightcap! There it is—pay the customary fees to the clerk, and go about your business."

A general burst of laughter repaid Mr. Gudgeon for his story, and encouraged him to proceed with his waggery. The Yorkshireman, however, did not join in the merriment: the French police, he acknowledged, certainly displayed much ingenuity about trifles; but he concluded that they must derive considerable

assistance from a natural talent of divination which they appeared o possess.

Here the laugh was renewed at the expense of the Yorkshireman; but he proceeded undisturbed, dropping altogether at the same time his provincial accent and *patois*.

"You may ridicule my idea, gentlemen," he said, "respecting a natural talent of divination, but I maintain its existence; nay, more, I assert that I possess it myself, and will this moment prove it, with Mr. Gudgeon's permission, by acquainting the company with a few particulars of his own private history."

The company stared with surprise: one or two cried, "Go it, Tadcaster!" while Mr. Gudgeon started, and seemed uneasy in his chair, and the Yorkshireman thus proceeded:—

"By virtue of the faculty I possess, I have discovered that instead of being in Switzerland, as you have so ingeniously informed us, you were three days ago in London, where you have been living, the Lord knows how, for the last three years. You landed yesterday at Boulogne from Brighton; and you arrived here this morning. To-morrow morning you purpose going to Brussels; but before you are three days older you will find yourself once more in his Majesty's castle of Newgate, from which you have but lately been liberated."

The surprise of the company increased to astonishment on beholding the wonderful effect of this speech, which at first was considered a piece of badinage. Poor Gudgeon trembled: he became red and pale by turns; his lips quivered, and he appeared to be deprived of the use of his hitherto voluble tongue. Meanwhile, the Yorkshireman having enjoyed his triumph for a moment, proceeded with the utmost coolness:—

"Now, gentlemen, that I have convinced you of my talent for divination, I will give you a specimen of my transforming powers." Clapping his hands twice, two *gens d'armes*, fully accoutered, entered the room, and placed themselves behind Mr. Gudgeon's chair.

"*Messieurs*," said the Yorkshireman, in very good French, "*decouvrez ce Monsieur la.*"

One of the *gens d'armes* immediately placed his hand on Mr. Gudgeon's wig, and the other took hold of his green spectacles; which being removed, to the astonishment of the company, and the utter amazement of Blake, the identical Slicer stood confessed!

"Now, Mr. Gudgeon, *alias* Slicer," said the Yorkshireman, had you been content with the prize you made at the 'Pigeonhole,' and not meddled with forgery, you might have saved me, Timothy Rivet, of Bow-street, the trouble of coming to France, and have prosecuted your journey undisturbed to St. Gothard, to look after your night-cap."

A few of the company laughed at the wit of the Bow-street officer, whose character for activity and shrewdness was well known; but the matter was too serious to excite general merriment. The unfortunate Slicer, conscious that bullying was of no avail, but seeing that his situation had caused some pity in the spectators, made an effort to interest them, and particularly Blake, in his cause; but it was ineffectual: they were powerless to aid him, even had they felt disposed to obstruct the proceedings of justice. Rivet showed his writ to apprehend the body of Harry Slicer, gentleman, on the charge of defrauding the firm of Messrs. Greenwood and Cox, army agents, of a large sum of money, by means of a forged draught; and his authority being unquestionable, he marched off with his prisoner, leaving the company lost in admiration of the excellence of that police which almost appeared to possess the fearful attributes of omniscience and ubiquity.

Blake was inexpressibly shocked at the crime of which his *quondam* friend had been guilty, and the dreadful consequences it was likely to produce. He had often been disgusted at the laxity of principle displayed by Slicer, but had looked upon it generally more as the effect of constitutional levity than a determined proneness to criminality. He was now, however, fearfully undeceived; and mentally offered up his thanks to that Power which had bestowed upon himself a moral firmness capable of resisting as well the insidious approaches of vice as the undisguised pressure of calamity. In the midst of our hero's reverie he recollected his engagement to Mrs. Dugan, and proceeded to attend the tea-table of that learned lady, at her residence in the Boulevard, Chaussee d'Antin; for thus he interpreted the very mysterious address she had given him in the morning.

(To be continued.)

TO-MORROW.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

To-morrow, yea, to-morrow! change and gladness,
The ripen'd harvest of our hopes, are there;
To-day has yield its own weight of sadness,
Proving how much the burden'd heart may bear;
But to its depths the morrow long has spoken
Of welcome refuge from the evil past;
Of trusts fulfill'd whose promise all seem'd broken,
Of frail affections gather'd safe at last:—
To-morrow, yea, to-morrow.

To-morrow ! we have paid the slow rewarder
A weary service through uncounted days ;
Time hath been slighted as the sole retarder,
The never pass'd besetter of our ways :
We see the wish'd for light in distance glimmer,
As o'er some far-off island of the blest ;
We see the clouds around us make it dimmer,
Yet we press onward to the promised rest,—
To-morrow, yea, to-morrow.

To-morrow ! trusted in our happy childhood,
And hail'd with rapture mid its present joy ;
It brought our merry gambol in the wildwood,
Planting a faith that years might not destroy :
What though youth's hopes lay wither'd in its keeping,
For hope even earth has one unchanging spring,
And from the ashes where the past lies sleeping,
Shoots the glad light shall its fulfilment bring,
To-morrow, still to-morrow.

To-morrow ! shrine whereon true love hath lifted
Its idols, all forgetting they are dust,
'Tis well the heart's devotion is not gifted
To search beyond to threshold of its trust ;
Well that the onward tendencies of feeling
Forbid its lingering mid the wastes of old ;
That o'er the track on which death's steps are stealing,
Sweet flowers spring up whose bloom may all unfold
To-morrow, still to-morrow.

To-morrow ! vague eternity that wanteth
Thy wondrous rule o'er the pretence of time,
Love with undying zeal thy region haunteth,
Joy, still before us, forms thy proper clime ;
What to atone for the neglected present,
The anxious past, hast thou reserved in store ?
Where are the glorious scenes, the voices pleasant,
That the tired heart may own, and cry no more
To-morrow, yet to-morrow ?

To-morrow ! broken bubble of the dreaming,
Cheat of the heart to its own trusts untrue,
Lured from its strongholds by the specious seeming
Which its own vain desires at distance drew ;
Love and contentment in the present centre,
Each forms of earthly bliss a perfect whole ;
One only rest remains wherein to enter,—
The rest of God,—there lives for hope the sole
To-morrow, glad to-morrow !

MR. JOEL BROWN'S DAY'S PLEASURE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"There is class of men who have two sets of manners—one assumed, and the other natural—which they can change at pleasure, as one does his coat. We refer to cabmen. * * * He knows the respect due to your station, and is a proficient in etiquette: he touches his hat at nearly every word you pronounce—his civility is almost troublesome. No one can open a door as politely, or close it as carefully, or offer his arm as gracefully, as your cabman. No one can exhibit a more anxious solicitude to please, to catch every word that falls from you: and no one knows the town better, or can drive you more steadily than he can."—Professional Manners.

It was a beautiful evening, in the middle of July, after an oppressively sultry day, that Mr. Joel Brown stood at his shop-door to inhale the balmy air of Tooley-street, and its adjacent fragrant localities. It was evident to the most casual observer, from the exudations streaming from every pore of his full, ruddy face, that he had just risen from his nice dish of hyson; and that, from the complaisant smile playing round his decidedly sensual mouth, he was probably, at that moment, cogitating on the *jowl* of pickled-salmon, with its verdant garniture of fresh fennel, or some other seasonal delicacy, for supper, in an hour or two; the sleekness and rotundity of his appearance clearly indicating that he had never heard of the necessity of mortifying the flesh by fasting; and that, in defiance of awful dreams, he, like the Romans of old, considered the *coëna* or supper a very important meal. It was also equally evident that he was what is expressively called amongst his class "well to do in the world;" his brow being unfurrowed by one wrinkle of care, his eye bright and confident, his cheek clear and round as a Somersetshire rustic's, and his *tout-ensemble* presenting a *fac-simile* of a well-fed, well-satisfied, small tradesman—one content with moderate profits and prompt payment, repudiating bad debts with an invincible and holy horror.

He had one, and but one, peculiarity in his dress to distinguish him from his fellows, and that was, although still quite a young man, he wore a wig; not because he was gray, or even approaching to a "sable silvered," but because nature had bestowed on him the most villainous red hair imaginable, which said hair was his wife's most profound aversion; she not like Poppæa Sabina, the "sometime wife" of Nero, esteeming hair of that vivid, golden hue as the greatest gift of the gods.

He did not stand in that obsequious, half-in-and-half-out, irre-

solute sort of manner, as if expecting a customer, and ready to dart round the counter, as swift as an arrow from a bow, to attend to her or his pleasure, as the case might be. No, his portly person filled the entire space of the wide door-way, barring, for the nonce, all egress or ingress, with an "*otium cum dignitate*" air, very independent and imposing. His hands were concealed by his clean white apron, proceeding from whence was the harmonious sound of keys and money gingled together, almost unconsciously by Mr. B., with the *digits* ensconced deeply in his pockets, as he indulged in those delightful reveries a full stomach and full pockets invariably induce: he was lost in meditation, but not of that abstruse description which perplexes the brain and causes indigestion, but those lighter and more vague speculations which quicken the circulation by dancing over the *pia-mater* fantastically as the motes were now dancing in the sunbeam, in which he was basking at that identical instant. Occasionally he glanced within the shop, and wished that the butter would display a more domestic turn, it looking uncommonly inclined to run away; the cheese also, he thought, had an excessive appearance of being French-polished, looking, indeed, too bright to last; while the bacon, like an inebriated Greenwich pensioner, wore a yellow coat from rancescentness.

Then he wondered whether the late atrocious discovery, that nearly all the pigs fattened in Algiers had been fed on dead babies, would depreciate the value of that favourite article of food very seriously—he hoped not in England, it certainly ought not, at such a distance,—still he was sufficient of a logician to be aware that people were very much influenced by the association of ideas,—he, therefore, resolved to "go the whole hog" at once, to prevent the possibility of his business being affected by such a *contre-temps* (he being one of the largest cheesemongers in that populous neighbourhood), by having placards circulated in it, to the following effect:—"To the Public in general, and to Mothers in particular. This is to give notice, that the splended stock of finely cured Flitches, now selling at prime cost by Mr. Joel Brown, did not come from Algiers, nor has he any connexion whatever with Barbary, or the Dey of Turkey." By this prompt measure he hoped to avert the coming storm, should the dreadful fact have penetrated so far, which might be apprehended in these diffusive-knowledge days,—and his chief profits arose from the promiscuous sale of rashers to the great unwashed, who luxuriated in a relish off the coals. The New Tariff, also, rather alarmed him, touching, as it did, so immediately on the commodities in which he dealt. In fact, his thoughts began to assume a gloomy and desponding tinge, and he was growing weary of "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy," when, oh relief! he beheld his friend Smith coming toward him with a rapidity of pace

rather unusual in the dog-days,—except from a pursued thief. "Ah, Brown!" "Ah, Smith! how are you?" were quickly exchanged between them, accompanied by that cordial shake of the hand, so warm and sincere amongst those who really feel what they profess.

After a brief analysis on the beauty of the weather, the productions of the season, and the flourishing state of affairs in general, Smith observed, with the profoundness of a Cobden, "Yes, Brown, to a man who travels much; and his yet content only to explore his native country; England does indeed present a superb picture of prosperity and beauty. For instance, nothing can exceed the high state of cultivation in the neighbourhood of Southampton."

"Southampton! why when were you there?"

"Only this instant returned."

"Indeed! were you there long?"

"No, only a day. But a man of an inquiring mind may see a vast deal even in one day, let me tell you. I started by railway from Nine Elms at seven o'clock yesterday morning, and reach Southampton precisely at five minutes past ten; walked from the terminus to the pier; took a boat so independent, just like your own, that is, so long as you are willing to pay for it—watermen so polite and attentive, and full of useful information respecting interesting historical events; went to Netley Abbey.—Oh! my dear fellow, such a magnificent ruin! by Jove! Ruminating amongst those time-worn towers, brings a man to his senses presently, showing, as they do, the very nothingness of earthly grandeur: how inevitably all things are swept from its surface.—

> "'The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
> And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind.'

"I thought of everything and everybody; the rise and fall of empires; the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth; the ill-fated Charles Stuart; the gifted Surrey, Spencer, Algernon Sidney, Heywood, Drayton, Decker, Haughton, Middleton, Rowley, Field, Ben Jonson, and Dryden, down to our own darling poet Shakspeare. I may say our own, he being as much *l'infant gâte* of the gentle and lovely Victoria, as he was of the vain and implacable Elizabeth.

> "'Far from the sun and summer gale,
> In thy green lap was nature's darling laid.'

"O, Brown! poetry is a most seducing thing! 'Would the gods had made thee poetical;' then you would know what it is to have the soul lapped in Elysium.

"I sat down in a grassy knoll, in full view of the abbey, and

while the gay sunshine flitted like a fairy among the ruins, read, with enthusiasm, Mr. Bowles's fine address to it.

" ' Fall'n pile; I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant.'

" You can get the poem, and finish it at your leisure. I then went to Cadlands. Sweet place! perfectly sylvan scenery, fit abode indeed for fauns and satyrs, led on by Pan. This spot Mr. Bowles's muse has also immortalized. It was there that George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales, observed to the then hospitable proprietor, while contemplating it from the drawing-room window, ' Charming place this, Mr. D.; beautiful *home* view;' then aside, *sotto voce*, to Colonel Hanger, ' Horrid, suffocating hole. I'm ———, if I'm not choked.' That inimitable aside would have made the fortune of an actor. You really should run down, Brown: you've no idea how it expands the mind."

" I *will* run down," replied Brown.

" Do: you'll never repent it; for, besides its being a place of remarkable modern beauty, Southampton is fraught with innumerable relics of antiquity. It was there that Canute the First reproved his flattering courtiers, at the risk of being drowned. It was there ' the curfew first toll'd the knell of parting day,' established by William the Conqueror throughout England. It was there that the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scrope, and Sir Thomas Grey were executed, for conspiring against the life of Henry the Fifth; and it was there that the haughty and supercilious Philip of Spain received, without deigning to utter a word, the keys of the town, previously to the solemnization of his sinister nuptials with the cruel and superstitious Mary. Methinks I see them now at the altar of the sombre and holy time-honoured Cathedral of Winchester. What a group! Mary, worn to a shadow by care and sickness, struggling in vain to hide the ravages of age, by gorgeous and fantastic dress, devouring with her eager splenetic eyes, her handsome and indifferent young bridegroom, whose eyes as eagerly and intensely devoured the fair creature who, in the disguise of a page, followed the fortunes of her ambitious and faithless lover; while the wily Gardiner, with a smile of ' pride that aped humility,' looked on at his work with the secret exultation of a demon. It is well known that Philip soon made no secret of his infidelities, and that jealousy, as much as bodily infirmity, shortened the blood-stained life of the begotted Mary. But what other result could she expect from her union with a man so much younger than herself? she being thirty-eight, and he only twenty-seven.

" 'Too old, by Heaven; let still the wo man take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.'

" Not the least pleasing, as well as painful reminiscence connected with Southampton, however, is, it being the undoubted birth-place of that great 'Naval Orpheus,' Charles Dibden, the finest sea lyrist in the world, endeared harmoniously to every loyal subject, and will be, while 'Britannia rules the waves.' And to me in particular, for, as you know, I am a slave to a good song.

" Well, after I had explored everything picturesque, historic, and poetic, I began to feel certain intimations that dinner was an essential ingredient in man's daily enjoyment; so, hastening with all possible speed to the inn the waterman recommended as being most freqnented by pleasure-parties, and which did not belie the recommendation, I ordered as good a dinner as the short time admitted of.

" I never saw the interior of Buckingham Palace, I admit; but really, upon my word, I should say it requires no great effort of imagination, after seeing the hotel of Southampton, to fancy its splendour and elegance. Situated in the centre of High-street, from the window on the left you catch a glimpse of the sparkling Southampton Waters, with a few ingenuous-looking sailors lounging on the pier, adding considerably to the effect of the scene;—not nasty, dirty, vulgar, swearing, smoking, dirty, fellows; but romantic, pirate-like Corsairs, regular T. P. Cookes in their appearance. Then, on the right, you see the amiable inhabitants strolling Above Bar for their innocent evening recreation; beautiful young ladies in pink crape bonnets; and such ringlets! and pretty little girls in frilled-trousers and Swiss plaits; all, as they pass by, looking up earnestly at the hotel windows, reading the sign with its long list of superior accommodations for biped and quadruped, with posting for nothing, as it were; such is the natural thirst for knowledge in the rising generation universally. While I was surveying all this from the window, waiting for my mock-turtle, a chaise drove up to the door, containing three young ladies and their governess, evidently.

" 'Can we stop here for the night?' inquired the latter, of the waiter who appeared.

" 'What rooms shall you require, ma'am?'

" 'Only a double-bedded room, and tea in it.'

" 'Upon my word, I'm really sorry to say we have not one vacant; never were so full, ma'am.'

" 'O, la!' exclaimed one of the young ladies. 'Ma said we must all sleep together, for fear of fire.'

" 'You'll find excellent apartments at the hotel a little higher up; *very*, miss.'

"And away drove the chaise. When the same waiter appeared with my dinner, I said to him, 'It's quite a novelty to see a chaise now.'

"'O, lawk, no, sir, not in the least, in these here parts; the mas always insisting on the precious children going by chay, not daring to trust them horrid, dangerous railroads.'

"'Well, but are you really so full, just now?'

"'Why not exactly what you call chock and block full, sir; but the truth is, sir, such customers as them does no good whatsomever to a house like this here. The moment I sets eyes on 'em, I knowd they were only for tea and bed, so where's the profit, either for landlord or waiter? Sixpence for me, at the most. No, it's such gentlemen as you as does us good, ordering a first-rate dinner and a bottle of wine or so.'

"I had intended to have brandy-and-water, but this compliment to my gentlemanly liberality was irresistible, so I ordered a bottle of the best port; for, although I am only a shoemaker, he evidently supposed me to be a person of consequence, and such, indeed, nature meant me for.

"Ah! the stage was my proper calling. I should have been a second John Kemble. I am great in Coriolanus.

"'If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, doth not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.'

That's his style exactly. But a truce to vain regrets, I must stick to my last to the *last*. Well, what with the bottle of wine, which was excellent, a couple of glasses of brandy-and-water in the coffee-room, and some capital songs, my perception grew *shady*, and I have no distinct recollection of anything after a song on 'Assam Tea and Flooring the Chinese,' until I woke about ten this morning; but, altogether, I had a most delightful intellectual day."

"No doubt; and a very expensive one, too."

"No. I only started with a five-pound note, and I've change out of it."

"Five pounds! Why, that would last me a month."

"Not to do it like a *gentleman*, Brown."

"No, but as a cheesemonger, as I ought."

"No, no; sink the shop. I always do."

"Yes, and one day the shop will sink you."

"You may, if you like, lessen the expense considerably, by taking a basket of cold provisions with you for luncheon. I don't know how it may be with you, but these sort of excursions make me ducedly hungry. I candidly confess nature loses half her attractions when viewed through the medium of an empty stomach. Ah! he was a true philosopher who knew the

advantage of never asking a favour until after a man had dined. What an El Dorado would England be if every one could command a sufficiency of wholesome food daily! That is all that is wanting, rely on it, to put down the growing spirit of radicalism and anarchy now so fearfully prevalent. With plenty there would be peace; and there *is* plenty," glancing, as Brown thought, with a sinister expression into his well-stocked shop; "there is plenty, and the people must not be starved into a rebellion; food is *all* they want."

"I deny it," exclaimed Brown, angrily, piqued at what he considered these personal allusions. "They want *shoes* quite as much as *bacon*."

"My dear fellow, you quite mistake me; you do, indeed. I had not the remotest intention of being personal in my remarks, I do assure you. I am a true patriot, love my country, and my countrymen. Would do anything for either as far as words go.

"'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still.
I own the daring subject fires my breast,
And my soul's darling passion stands confest,'

when discussing her liberty and prosperity. But your bacon and my shoes must be sold. We have wives and families to support, and 'he that will not provide for his own household is worse than an infidel. Charity begins at home.' Let the rich give away, the hardworking citizen must be paid for his labour. 'Just before your generous:' that is my motto, that is common sense, and

"'All the rest is leather and prunella.'

"But, good night! Mind you go; you will learn more in one day, than you will in a year at home.

"'The proper study of mankind is man.'"

Smith was the very extreme of Brown in every respect, although they were the most sincere friends. Tall and thin to a remarkable degree, with a sallow complexion, large black restless eyes, and long ropey hair, encouraged to grow with a wild profusion; light, mercurial, and intemperately enthusiastic in his disposition, with a fluency of words and an excellent memory, aspiring and ambitious, hating the drudgery of that counter to which a prudent and unpoetical father had nailed him, like a condemned shilling, his days passed in vain regrets after those glorious aspirations for histrionic fame he felt kindling within him, never to blaze out in the full light of popularity; and his nights, for the most part, in devouring the old poets and playwrights—hence the jumble of names and quotations his conversation presented, all enunciated with a rapidity so astonishing as to preclude the possibility of a rejoinder, however brief, from his enchanted auditors.

Once a week, by way of safety-valve, he took the chair at a

sporting club, where he was listened to with that awe and reverence superior eloquence and talents always command; and where his frothy patriotism was received as the three proof spirit of real loyalty.

CHAPTER II.

"Fie! fie! Unknit that threatening unkind brow;
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts bite the meads;
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds;
And in no sense is meet or amiable."

SHAKSPEARE.

When the young gentleman, *alias* factotum to Mr. Brown, assisting as he did in every department of his extensive porcine emporium, returned from depositing the various rashers and welsh-rabbits at their respective destinations, as well as his own game of marbles, Mr. Brown left him in charge of the shop, and descended into the kitchen, with a firm step and resolute brow, for he knew he had a battle to fight with his wife, about the expense and folly of such a trip.

He found Mrs. B. just on the eve of giving that last dash of pepper to the split mackerel, so essential to elicit the full flavour of that exquisitely delicate fish, when broiled.

Mrs. B. had no occasion to demean herself by these culinary avocations, for she kept a servant-maid besides the boy; it was a perfect matter of choice to her; but, as she once pertinently observed to a confidential female friend, "she wondered how any woman who called herself a good wife could leave the cooking entirely to a parcel of giggling girls; and that, for her part, if she kept twenty servants, she would never give up the supremacy of the kitchen—woman's true theatre of action."

"My dear," said Mr. Brown, drawing his chair near the fire, to look at his only baby, who was sleeping in its cradle close to it, covered with a genial perspiration, after the manner of fattening the livers of geese in some countries;* "what cold meat have we in the house?"

"La! Mr. B., I thought you would fancy a nice bit of fish for supper."

"So I do; but I want it to take with us to-morrow."

* Fois-gras.

"Why, good gracious me! where are you going to, B.?"

"To Southampton; and you, too, for a day's pleasure. It will expand your mind—

"'The proper study of mankind is man.'"

"What nonsense! What do we want to know more than we do—to make money, and keep it?"

"Why, to see a little of the world. Mrs. B., I have said, and expect to be obeyed, so no more words. I make the money, and if I choose to spend it, well and good."

"Yes, without considering that poor baby."

"That baby will never be injured by my extravagance, Mrs. Brown. If you are its mother, I am its father, I suppose?" replied Mr. Brown, with dignified marital importance.

Mrs. Brown had tact enough to see that her dear Joel, indulgent as he was in general, was still, like the rest of mankind, obstinate as a mule when bent on a particular object. She also had tact enough not to try to oppose that object, but make the best of the day's pleasure thus unexpectedly offered to her, and secretly congratulated herself that her new bonnet had just come home in the nick of time for the excursion. So, smoothing her ruffled brow and her black silk apron at the same time, she gave the mackerel the final turn, and then dished them up for supper; and notwithstanding the play upon her own name, or rather her husband's, was delighted to see them done *brown*; but this facetious idea she wisely kept to herself, his name being too sacred a thing to make a jest of. A joke's a joke, she thought, but not with Mr. Joel Brown's honoured patronymic.

The baby now waking, as it always did, pretty dear, just at supper time, was carried, as usual, up stairs, by ma, just to have a taste. Children, even at the earliest age, are true epicures, and they are also remarkably susceptible of social comforts, feeling the difference between the hurried business-like dinner, and the protracted cozy supper: they like the bit of sugar out of ma's glass, and they like to see the smoke curl and twist fantastically out of pa's pipe. In fact, they like enjoyment in every sense of the word, and none more so than Master Joel Brown, even at less than a year old, bless him! Brown, like every other man, who had achieved a great point, puffed his pipe with extraordinary vigour and self-satisfaction. For it was a great point for him to resolve to leave his shop an entire day, and that for pleasure, too, and that without being obliged to consult the taste of any human creature living, save his own and Mrs. B's. Indeed, his wife's was only a secondary consideration in his estimation, however; his ideas of moral dignity consisting in being (as he thought) lord and master of his own house. He certainly did rather wonder that Mrs. Brown had not offered more opposition to the scheme,

just for the sake of contradiction; but she, like a sensible woman, peared to yield a tacit obedience to anything not absolutely unreasonable, allowing him to enjoy the shadow, well content with the substance of domestic power and rule.

Never was there such a morning as the following one for a day's pleasure! It really appeared as if made on purpose; not a cloud in the sky, with the softest breeze in the world, just enough to render the air deliciously cool, without raising the smallest particle of dust.

Breakfast over, and the baby beautifully dressed in its moravian worked robe, blue mantle, and white satin hat, and, for a wonder, quiet as a lamb, "the darling, just as if it knew it was going a pleasuring!" Mr. B. in excellent spirits, and quite gallant and facetious on the splendid apperance of his dear Mrs. B. in her rich puce satin turque, black mantle, and white bonnet and roses, comparing her to all sorts of pretty and unlikely things,—men being always complimentary when bent on pleasure: the boy in high glee at being left in charge of such a "prime" shop; and the girl, for the getting rid of missus, for a whole blessed day, out of the kitchen, "as she was always a interfering so."

In fact, never was there such a group of happy, satisfied, mortals seen together, nor more propitious beginnings of a day of unalloyed enjoyment. The cab was called, the party and provisions carefully stowed in it, and orders given for the Nine Elms station. And away they drove at the dangerous pace of four miles an hour, which, when the boy saw, he turned to the the girl, and said—"Oh, crickey, Sally, I wish we was agoing, too, for a lark; I do like riding in carriages so." On reaching the station, the man demanded four-and-sixpence for his fare.

"Four-and-sixpence from Tooley-street to Nine Elms?" said Brown. "But, my good man, surely that is an imposition." And he was turning to the list of fares at the end of his new Railway Guide, when the man said—

"Now, don't go for to trouble yourself to consult that ere Railway, cos they only misleads gentleman wot is inclined to be generous to a poor man."

"Oh! give it him, Brown; I'm sure he's very polite," said Mrs. B., pleased with having her Joel called a gentleman.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm called the perlite cabman on the stand. Why, t'other day there was jest such another lady as yourself comes up to it, and says, says she, 'I wants that nice civil young man as drove me afore.' 'Oh,' says Jem Spriles, 'that's you, for certain, Joe.' Got six precious babbies at home, ma'am, as like this ere young gentleman of your'n, axing your pardon, as peas in a pod; a poor old blind father; a mother bed-rid; a sister, a wider, with an idiot; and a brother a cripple: all to keep out of what I can get with this ere oss and cab."

"Bless me, what a catalogue of miseries," cried the benevolent Brown, giving him five shillings.

"Thank you, sir; pray take care, ma'am; let me just hold the beautiful hinfant while you steps out. There, you are quite safe now."

Mrs. Brown, after this well-administered dose of flattery, felt too proud to go in the second-class carriage, as had been arranged, so Brown deposited her, the baby, and basket, in a first-class; and giving her the tickets and purse to take care of—the latter containing a Bank of England ten-pound note—and keeping only some silver in his pocket; then finding there was still some minutes to spare, he walked up and down the platform with both his hands under his coat-laps, with an air of considerable importance; when hearing the cry of "*The Times—Illustrated London News—Punch—Morning Post—Herald—Globe—Flare Up*," &c.

"How much is *The Times*, sir?"

"Fivepence, sir."

"Fivepence! why, a very respectable lad offered it to me just now, outside the gates, for fourpence."

"To-day's, sir?"

"Of course."

"Well, I can't afford to sell mine for that, I'm sure. Eight and forty columns of choice reading, folio sheet, comprising all the most atrocious murders, fires, robberies, rows, politics, ship news, and the latest state of the odds on the Derby favourites, is plenty for fivepence."

"Not if I can get it for fourpence."

"I wish you *may* get it."

"Don't be insolent, young man; that's never the way to do business. I mean to go and get it without your gratuitous advice being thrown into the scale." And away strutted the indignant cheesemonger, while the other turned on his heel, muttering, "Fourpence, indeed! a very respectable lad for a small party, I don't think!"

Unfortunately Mr. Brown had nothing less than half-a-crown, but the boy declared he would get change in a moment; so, thrusting the paper into Mr. B.'s hand, he seized the coin of the realm, and darted off like lightning. It is, I hope, needless to inform my more sapient readers, that he was *non est inventus instanter*.

Mr. Brown, however, simple as a child himself, and having implicit faith in the integrity of his fellow-creatures, waited with most admirable patience for the return of the young newsvender.

"Dear! dear! dear!" he mentally ejaculalted, scanning the paper, "that poor girl is not found yet. I fear she has destroyed herself; from blighted affection, no doubt. Nor that poor fellow

obtained the fifteen hundred, to prosecute the magnificent speculation of making a tunnel under the Atlantic Ocean, for the loan of which he offers thirty per cent.: capital interest, surely. Bless me! another child fallen from a window at Margate: what must be the feelings of its parents? Ah! another girl accidentally shot by her lover: if it had been his *wife*, I should have had my suspicions about the accidentalness of the affair. Nothing but calamities in this world. Talk of pleasure! it will be well for us if we get home without a regular smash, an out-and-out collision. To the benevolent again! Here's a case of distress, indeed. An officer's widow, with eight children, four of them incurable cripples, in a deep decline herself, without a farthing to purchase even a little arrowroot. Poor thing! I wonder whether she is the widow of an officer in the army or navy, or a policeman's relic?"

Thus he continued, regardless of Brother Jonathan's friendly admonition, of, "when you hear the bell, look out for the locomotion," or our own more imperative "take your seats," reading the paper, abusing Sir Robert Peel, for admitting the importation of American bacon, Dutch butter and cheese, Westphalia hams, and Irish pork, until civilly requested to move from the gate, as the omnibus was coming to meet the train.

"Which train? the one I'm to go by?"

"No; this is just come in."

"Where's mine, then?"

"For what place, sir?"

"Southampton."

"Oh! that's been gone more than half an hour."

"Gone! what Mrs. Brown, and the baby and the basket? Good gracious, me, whatever shall I do now?"

"Go by the next, sir, soon get there."

"You think I should?"

"Certainly."

"When does the next leave?"

"A mixed one in a quarter of an hour; so you'd better go inside, to be ready."

"But I'm waiting for the newspaper boy to bring me my change."

"What, has he done you, too, the young rascal! Can you really identify him, sir? You would be doing a public service if you could. We have been trying to catch him in the fact for the last six months."

Mr. Brown was too full of the milk of human kindness to swear a poor lad's life or liberty away; at least, for a paltry two shillings and twopence, so protested his total inability to recall the urchin's physiognomy to mind, and as for his dress, his rags were only the outward signs of his class; so, much to the chagrin

of the justice-loving policeman, the embryo convict escaped this time.

"How they do keep harping on the same subjects," querulously observed Mr. Brown, resuming the paper, while waiting in the "Gentlemen's room," for his train; when, happening to cast his eye on the date, he saw it was the identical *Times* he had read —from the "notice to shipowners, and passengers to Bombay," to the printer's name—a week ago. This was "the unkindest cut of all:" he could forgive the "sell" about the change, but he hungered and thirsted after the latest price of lard, and politics: and to be deprived of them at a moment of idleness was unendurable. When he was about to pass through, to take his place, he was stopped, with "Ticket, sir, if you please: you must show it here."

"But I have not got it."

"Then, run and get one: you haven't a minute to lose."

"I did take my place, and gave my ticket to Mrs. Brown, and she's gone on with it."

"Come, come, old fellow, *that* ticket won't do for us! Mrs. Brown, indeed. Try something newer; that dodge is worn out."

"But I protest I did."

"Well, then, when you return, produce it, and the money will be refunded; but now you must positively take another, or not go on." Finding there was no alternative, he did take one, in the second class, not having money enough for the first, in which he seated himself very disconsolately, by no means liking the beginning of his day's pleasure.

CHAPTER III.

"He has I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks, and of high fate
That almost awes me." DRYDEN.

"Appearances deceive,
And this due maxim is a standing rule,
Men are not what they seem." HAVARD.

Mrs. Brown travelled alone as far as Kingston, and very far from agreeable were her reflections, and very dull and dreary she felt without her dear, cheerful Brown. She was, therefore, not a little pleased when a gentleman got in there, although she feared, from his decidedly foreign appearance, there would not

be much chance of conversation. Still he was something to look at, and that was infinitely better than being alone.

He was a man of about thirty, tall and thin, with a pale, but not sallow, complexion; an enormous quantity of bright black hair, almost reaching to his shoulders, and a thick beard, cut in the peculiar fashion of the day. His eye was large, luminous, and restless; and his dress faultlessly *recherché*. He wore a most magnificent-looking chain round his neck, and several seemingly valuable rings on his really white, aristocratic hand. He had no luggage, except an extremely attenuated Russia leather valise, which he placed on the seat beside him.

Mrs. Brown having noted all these especial marks of superior rank, and having been, moreover, to a boarding-school at Clapham, and also read Mrs. Ratcliffe's romances, she knew from both that a tall dark gentleman, without any vulgar luggage, but with an extraordinary profusion of hair, was an Italian count travelling incognito. She therefore drew herself up, adjusted her bonnet with an air of coquetry, put the baby to rights, and, in fact, displayed all the arts to attract which woman, in every station of life, is so *au fait* in.

The august stranger, with the most bland smile imaginable, addressed her in some language which certainly was not the vernacular of Tooley-street. Finding she did not understand him, he said, in broken English, "Madame, speak not Italian? French, *n'est pas?*"

"No; that is, since my marriage I have forgotten both; Mr. B. considering one tongue enough for any woman."

"Ha! ha! vary good, *ma foi; qui est Monsieur B.?* who is Mr. B.?"

"My husband."

"*Votre mari?* happy *homme!*"

Then there was a pause, when the gentleman said, in perfectly good English, "What a lovely babe; the very image of you!"

Mrs. Brown was delighted with the compliment, and his knowledge of her mother-tongue; the Gordian knot was severed by this Alexandrian stroke; the ice was broken; and, with a volubility truly astounding, she gave her *compagnon du voyage* a true and particular account of herself, Brown, baby, their respective fathers and mothers, with every marriage, death, and all other interesting events, great or small, that she could recall to mind at so short a notice; ending with the unforeseen separation which had just taken place between her and Brown.

The gentleman was not quite so communicative: he revealed sufficient of his history, however, to convince the sagacious lady she had not been deceived in her conjectures respecting his rank and dignity.

He said, but it was in strict confidence, that he was the illus-

trissimo Conte di Boiecone Scaltro, an Italian by birth; that he had quitted his magnificent palazzo, on the Lake Maggiore, to investigate the superior manufactories of Great Britain, previously to his union with the bellissima Signora Eleanora Astula Ingannatore, of the ancient house of Furfante, which absolutely traced its pedigree from the Creation; that one of his own ancestors had distinguished himself at the seige of Maeta, in 1565, against the Turks; that he was, in fact, the bosom friend of the Grand Master, La Valette, and the identical knight who sent that memorable reply to the haughty Mustapha, by the officer he despatched to examine the fortifications, after the capture of St. Elmo. 'See here, the only spot that we can afford to your general; and there we hope soon to bury him and all his janissaries,' and he pointed to the keep ditch below the ramparts; for which gallant conduct he was invested with this massive chain by the Grand Master himself.

"I merely mention these trifles to prove to you that I am what the world calls *un homme d'importance*. The world! Ah! my dear madam, how little influence has its verdict on a really sensible mind! How sickening is its vain ostentation—its paltry forms and ceremonies! I assure you, so little regard do I pay to its opinion, that I always send forward my princely retinue and luggage, and travel with nothing except this portfolio, full of bank bills. It would ill become a descendant of the Knight of St. John to care for what the world might say or think."

Mrs. Brown, who had only heard of St. John the Evangelist, thought it must be the same, and therefore felt a proportionable degree of awe and respect for his august presence, which he perceiving, condescendingly endeavoured to relieve her from her embarrassment, by observing:—

"After all, it is neither titles nor honours which really ennoble a person: it is that *je ne sais quoi*, so indescribable, and yet so striking, which is true nobility—the nobility of nature—the nobility of a Mrs. Brown. Nay, *sans flatterie, sur ma parole d'honneur*. Yes, when I meet with a person of exquisite tact and delicacy like yourself, I immediately say, *voici*, a congenial mind; let us be friends! This is very different to going with the *canaille*."

"The canal! la! nobody goes by it now; its so very slow."

The Count smiled at the simplicity of his fair friend, who, now perfectly at her ease, drew from her bosom an old-fashioned valuable repeater, which, after consulting, said, "Ah! I thought it was time to have a bit of something; my stomach is as sinking as can be. The basket was, therefore, instantly produced, to the savoury contents of which the Count did ample justice, after which he casually inquired, yet with a tone of mortifying contempt, "Does that old thing of a watch go well?"

"Yes; only it loses sometimes."

"Ah! so I thought. Come, we will exchange watches, for remembrance of this happy day. Mine is a superb one, diamond mounted, never loses a moment. I did intend it for the Signora Leonora, but I can get her the fellow to it. Let me look, however, at your horrible warming-pan affair. I must not let my generosity overcome my prudence, much as I desire to serve you."

The watch, chain, and seals, about a dozen, were now reluctantly produced; for, after the elegant Count's sarcastic remarks, Mrs. B., like Gil Blas and his mule, would have given it away gladly.

"What an enormous weight altogether!" exclaimed the Count; "and what a chain and seals for a lady! *Mon Dieu!* You shall have mine, with this Maltese chain. There!" And in a moment the magnificent chain of the Knight of St. John, with a small Geneva watch attached to it, was gracefully placed round the neck of the bewildered Mrs. Brown by the dangerously fascinating Count.

"Oh dear! what will Brown say?"

"I do not know what Brown will say, but any sensible man would say you were extremely fortunate in making so valuable an exchange."

"But the watch belonged to his mother."

"And the chain to a Knight of St. John! Besides, have you no will of your own? Are the women, the wives of England, to be tyrannized over by your Browns, your Smiths, your Tomkinses? Why emancipate the blacks, the born slaves, when the fairest of the white population is still held in the most oppressive bondage? Oh! ye lovely, injured, captive ones, my soul bleeds for you!" And here the Count's emotion so completely overcame him, that he closed his eyes and sunk on Mrs. Brown's shoulder.

Until that fatal moment she had imagined herself the freest of the free; blest with the kindest, the most indulgent husband. What a delusion! Like the ghosts in Richard the Third's tent, act after act of domineering tyranny rose up to prove Brown a perfect bashaw, a monster, a very Turk.

Her indignation cooled upon reflection, and on arriving at the terminus her anxiety was unbounded to meet him again. Finding that he had not come on in one of the other carriages, as she had all along hoped, she became almost distracted, and it required all the Count's eloquence to moderate her grief; assuring her "that notwithstanding the mysterious disappearance of her *cara sposa*, that he must be safe, that, from the description she gave of him, there was no chance of his being enlisted, and that pressing for the navy was happily at an end; he therefore advised her, as a *brother*, to leave the basket and a message for him, that she meant to return per railway early, and allow him to have the honour of ordering dinner for her and himself at an hotel."

"Here's liberality," thought Mrs. B. "Well, people may sneer at foreigners as they like; but no English nobleman had ever offered to treat her with a dinner, nor was ever likely; speak well of the bridge that carries you safe over, then, say I."

The Count ordered dinner in a tone of authority which convinced the waiters he had money to pay for it; consequently it was soon ready, and very good.

Mrs. Brown was not astonished to hear him call her "my dear," because foreigners are so very endearing; nor yet at his once kissing her, although before the waiters, because that, too, was the custom of his country.

The dinner passed off amazingly pleasant; baby slept on the the sofa all the time; the Count was most attentive—pressing the wine, peeling the apples, cracking the nuts and some capital jokes together, and was full of those *petits soins* which always delight the female heart. He was evidently a man of great observation, and, like all really honest persons, had an insurmountable horror of being imposed upon. This Mrs. Brown discovered by his observing:—

"It is wonderful the quantity of bad money which is passed at the different stations."

"You don't say so. Why, I shall have to change a ten-pound note at the one here, to get back to London."

"If you do, at least half of it will be counterfeit. Give it to me; I will get it cashed at the bank over the way; the head clerk is a particular friend of my banker in Italy."

"But the trouble it will give you, Count."

"Trouble! what, to oblige you? You don't know me yet."

Mrs. Brown gave the note with a blush at this gallant expostulation, which the Count took with an air of indifference, saying—"Go on with your nuts; shall be with you instantly."

Mrs. Brown waited patiently for a considerable time; then she rose and looked out of the window in the direction of the bank, to see if he was coming, concluding the delay arose from the Count condescendingly chatting with the friend of his own banker, although he was but a clerk.

At this juncture the waiter entered with the bill, saying—

"Your husband, ma'am——"

"My husband? Is he really come? Send him up, pray."

"He's gone, ma'am."

"Gone? Where?"

"To Gosport, ma'am."

"To Gosport? Impossible!"

"He has, though; and said something about cutting away to America, whilst lighting his cigar."

"What! my Brown? And without me and the child? He must be mad, or you."

"Oh, that comes of marrying them foreigners."

"He's no foreigner! He's as true-born an En——"

Here the dialogue was suddenly interrupted by the unceremonious entrance of the landlord and his whole establishment, fellowed by a couple of London policemen.

"That's the lady," said Boniface.

"Where's your husband, ma'am? We're after him. He's robbed a jeweller's shop in Kent-street, Borough; but we traced him in here. So it's no use your hiding him, for we know the rascal, and must nab him soon."

"Did she dream? Brown accused of robbery? The London police after her Joel? Oh! what could tempt him to the commission of such a crime? Some evil spirit, no doubt. Ah! that accounted for his giving her the slip; the operations of the evil one are always done with astounding celerity: if he gave his victims time to reflect, he would lose them. O, Joel! Joel! so well off, so happy, so honoured as you were, to come to the gallows in the prime of life, before baby is old enough to succeed you in the shop! Oh dear! oh dear! I shall be a forlorn young widow, indeed. Ah! if the Count was not engaged! But what can detain him so, just now?"

These reflections passed with the rapidity of a rocket through poor Mrs. Brown's brain; then turning to the officers, and wringing her hands, she exclaimed, "What did he steal? And what is the punishment?"

"Hanging, or transportation, at the least. As for what he stole, that is our secret, which you must excuse our telling you, knowing wives are not very particular in concealing any articles likely to criminate their husbands. I knew one who snatched a red hot ring, which I hooked out of the fire, and swallowed it. She must have had the throat of a salamander, yet she did not make a wry face at it. I could almost have let him get off, for having such a wife, but I had others with me not so tender-hearted."

CHAPTER IV.

"But what on earth can long abide a state?
Or who can him assure of happy day?
Sith morning fair may bring foul evening late,
And least mishap the most blest alter may?
For thousand perils lie in close await
About us daily, to work our decay." SPENSER.

Brown pursued his melancholy way in profound silence, being too much distressed at the untoward events of the day to have

either courage or inclination to address a word to his fellow-travellers; all his thoughts were bent on the recovery of his dear Mrs. Brown, the baby, the basket, and the ten-pound note, and to get back as fast as he could to his precious shop, which he resolved never to leave again, till he was carried out to be buried, save and except for all lawful purposes of traffic.

As soon as he alighted at the Southampton terminus, he exclaimed, distractedly, to a knot of idlers, collected, as usual, to see the train come in, "Have you seen anything of Mrs. Brown? where shall I find her?"

"Which Mrs. Brown?" said a flyman, whom the vision of a fare, at last, rendered unusually alert. "Mrs. Brown, the milliner—Mrs. Brown, the staymaker—Mrs. Brown, the fruiterer?—Come, jump into this ere nice clean fly: I knows where they all lives." And he was hurrying poor Brown into the carriage.

"Stop!" said another, with a significant wink, "perhaps the gentleman means the pretty widder as keeps the Pipe and Punch-bowl?"

"No, no, I don't: I mean my Mrs. Brown, of Tooley-street, London."

"Avast there," said a good-natured sailor; "hold your palaver. Shiver my timbers, if he don't mean her who was piping her eye so, with the young'un in true blue."

"The same! the same," cried the delighted Brown: "her maiden name was ——."

"Well, she shipped herself off in a jiffy, by the same token, she left her basket inside."

"What! gone by water? how imprudent!"

"No, not by water; but to a tavern, with an uncommon swell. Such a downey cove I never clapped eyes on afore," said another.

After a great deal of cross examination, Brown made out that his wife was actually gone off in company with a gentleman, and that she meant to go back to London, in the evening, as she left the basket behind.

He therefore lost no time in making the most strict inquiries at every tavern he thought it likely for her to be at, never for a moment dreaming she would be extravagant enough to go to the first hotel in the place. He was, therefore, returning on the opposite side of the street, in utter despair at the hopelessness of the search he had prosecuted for two hours, when he was startled into ecstacy by hearing his own name pronounced in the shrill familiar tone of his lost wife. He darted into the hotel, and up the stairs, and received Mrs. Brown in his arms, who exclaimed, in a passion of tears, "O Brown! why have you risked your life by coming back?"

"What!" said Brown, removing her from him. "Surely the

villain does not mean to make away with me? Recollect, my will's not made yet."

"What villain? What do you mean?"

"Why, Mr. Downy Cove, Mrs. Brown."

"I don't know any one of that name. It's you who are a villain, Brown, bringing disgrace on me and the child, by thieving."

"Me thieve! Why, you must be mad."

"No; ask these policemen."

"Who is this person?" said he of the F Division, 28.

"Mr. Brown, my husband, who stole the watch, in Kent-street, Borough."

"That's capital: he's not the man; we want the husband who dined with you so snugly here to-day,"

Nothing could exceed the horror and perplexity of poor Brown at this scene. In his agitation he forgot the artificial adornment of his cranium, and in incautiously absorbing the perspiration which copiously exuded from every pore, he discomposed his wig, and revealed the deception, which the lynx-eyed policeman instantly saw, and exclaimed, exultingly, "He's a confederate. It is my opinion they're all a set of swindlers together. Come, either tell, at once, what has become of that other fellow, or I shall keep you in custody till you do."

It was in vain that Brown protested he had not the remotest idea of the affair in question; that he entered into a most minute detail of his whole life, with the full particulars of this unlucky day; and his inducement, through Smith's persuasion, to come to Southampton.

His simplicity was treated as the most consummate art, and his tears of real anguish as only tears of command, such as every detected rogue had a store of; and it was only when the handcuffs were produced, that Mrs. Brown, seeing the full danger of his situation, began to suspect that there must be some great mistake; that her Joel was cruelly wronged; and that the Count was the really guilty party after all. She therefore begged, with a flood of tears, that she might be allowed to explain matters as far as she could; which she did, by stating her meeting with the Count, their dinner, and his going to get change for the ten pounds. "But," she added, "I never can believe his absence is owing to anything but accident, or he would not have left his case of bank bills behind him."

"Let us see what the case really contains, before we decide," observed the ever-wary policeman.

Its contents by no means exonerated the Count; they consisting of two dirty false-collars, a razor, a pair of green goggles, and some gum to attach false hair with.

They were, at last, convinced of the truth of the statement of Brown and his wife, and found she had been the victim of an arrant impostor.

"How are we to get away from here, now the ten pounds are gone?" said Brown.

"And how am I to be paid?" said the landlord. "You don't budge from here till I am."

"Have you no more money with you?" inquired the waiter. "If not, you have a watch; of course, you must pledge that."

"Oh! Mrs. Brown's is more valuable; mine is only silver."

"I changed with the Count; but then I have his beautiful chain of a Knight of St. John, worth a mint of money," and she produced it with an air of triumph, thinking the sale of it would repair all their losses, and send them home the richer for their jaunt.

"Why, that's the very watch we want; as for the chain, you're welcome to that."

"But it belonged to a Knight of St. John."

"A Knight of St. Nicholas, *alias* Old Nick, the patron saint of thieves, you mean: it isn't worth sixpence."

Here was a pretty discovery! her own really valuable watch, chain, and seals gone, the other watch claimed by justice, and the chain of La Vallette, the Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, only copper gilt, made, perhaps, the week before at Birmingham!

Brown's watch, her rings, brooch, and ear-rings were all pledged to pay for the dinner and help them home; and, after being bound over before a magistrate, in forty pounds each, to appear should they ever catch the Count, they departed without having seen one thing they expected; without enjoying one moment's pleasure from the time of starting, and *minus* altogether upwards of fifty pounds. Brown thought there must be an end of the vexation; but, on reaching home, and asking how things had gone on in his absence, he had the additional mortification of learning that the steward of a large steamer had been to lay in stores for a long voyage, but finding that the master of the shop could afford to go out on pleasure, he said he would go to a steadier tradesman.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

John Bull's Trip to France, accompanied by his Wife Sally. By the Author of "Sketches in France," &c.

A LITTLE work not more distinguishable for its amusing character than for its useful information and its wholesome digressions. A worthy citizen sets out on a trip to Boulogne, accompanied by his laughing, plump, and good-hearted wife, who bears the homely soubriquet of Sal. Like husbands and wives in general, when going on a pleasure excursion, mishaps and misunderstandings take place. Simplicity characterizes the description, and truthfulness gives an interest to the quarrels and reconciliations, disasters attendant on a sea voyage, and misconceptions on landing on foreign soil. After landing, John and his lady sup, then go to bed. In the morning John rises softly, looks in his Sal's face, kisses her, then reflects—

Ah! well do I remember, now about twenty-five years ago, when I met you for the first time—met you as gay and as handsome a young creature as ever tripped on lawn. Your heart was innocent as it was light, Sally; your disposition as amiable as it was playful. Your smiling face and lively conversation soon captivated me. I was happy in my bondage; but I am still so, my lass. Often do I sit down with you of an evening, and speak of the past, and call to our recollection the happy days of youth; your mother's kindness—her stratagems to conceal our meetings from your father, who, good old man, was at first averse to me as your suitor—the doleful countenance of your mother, when telling us that we must part for ever, as Samivel would not consent to our union; and then her merry laugh at our forlorn looks, and the joy of our hearts as she uttered, "Ah, ah, ah, you silly things; why Samivel has given his consent! ah, ah, ah." Then your father's hearty shake of the hand, as he said, "Why, John, I believe I mistook you. I thought you were a scapegrace—you'll excuse me. When a father, you will understand a father's duty towards his child. May God bless and make you both happy." Then your hesitating, Sally,—hesitating even after your parents had given their consent; and my anxiety, my fears! Ah, happy past, and happy recollections! Happy moments pass unheeded in youth; but, when entering the vale of life, we look back with pleasure on the past, and fancy that we are living those blessed moments over again.

John takes a walk, has a strange *rencontre* with a dozen smiling water-nymphs: he returns to the hotel, and finds his wife engaged in close conversation with a little hump-backed philosopher, who styles himself Professor Polichinelle. John is at first angry, but is soon cheated into laughter by the quaint remarks of the pro-

fessor. Sally, finding John in such a good humour, coaxes him to give her leave to take lessons from the professor :—

"You won't refuse me, John, I know you won't," said Sally, entering the boudoir.

"Refuse you, my dear," said John, warmly, "you know I never refuse you anything."

"Ah, you are a kind man, John. Well, you know I think this professor is very clever."

John stared.

"And if he was to give me a lesson or two, I know I would enjoy Boulogne better. It's all very well for you who can speak a little French; but for me, if I want a piece of bread or more water, I have to tell the waiter a dozen times before he can understand me. You know, John, he gives '*French Courses for Two Months' Residence.*' He is a real native, John, a true professor; nor like that vile impostor that taught our Helen for two years, and she never could speak a word. No wonder; when Mr. Higgins called one day he was amazed to see this professor, and bursting into a fit of laughter, left the room. Next time he came I asked him the reason of his abrupt departure, when he told me that the great professor that I had always been extolling was an illiterate barber, who, half a year ago, used to shave him, and curl the hair of the empty headed but light hearted fops of Paris. He said that this was the sixth person that he had met in London who had leapt—one from a cobbler's stall, three from a tailor's bench, and another from a baker's oven—into professorships. Now there's no wonder that it is difficult to learn French in London. Professor Polichinelle is a real native—a real native, John. Hear him speak about Julius Cæsar, about the Etablissement de Bains, about Napoleon and his flat-bottomed flotillas, in which he was going to England to kill us all, and then the number of English people that he has taught to speak French in two lessons. It is truly wonderful, John. You won't refuse me, will you, dear?"

John consents, and into this little work is introduced Professor Polichinelle's *French Course for Two Months' Residence on the Continent.* The professor also acts as cicerone to John. He takes him to public amusements, the theatre, balls, *fêtes*, and to every place worthy of notice in the environs of Boulogne. This little work will not only be found invaluable to parties going on the Continent, but at the fireside it will force a laugh, while it gives instructions in something connected with our Gallic neighbours.

Proposal for a Grand Metropalitan Railway. A Letter to the Commissioners appointed to investigate projects for Metropolitan Railway Termini. By J. E. H. Ogier, Esq., Barrister-at-law. London: Weale, High Holborn.

Most of our readers will remember a series of papers, "Chapters on Churchyards," which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* some years back. Excellent were the tales, and beautiful the associations of which they told. The Churchyard! But of what

churchyard did they speak? Was it the damp crowded charnel-house of cities, where exhalations of the dead are mingled with the breath of the living—was this a place for holy thoughts and soft remembrances to take their birth? Was it not rather in some hallowed spot, far from the thronged haunts of men, where the grass grows fresh and undisturbed, save the soft foot of childhood, and where the green leaves above tremble fondly o'er the grave? The day we trust is near when the abuse which now calls so loudly for redress of bringing corpses in the midst of a city's thoroughfare, will be one more custom (preserved only from its antiquity), added to the list of others which the advance of reason and enlightenment has driven from its path. We were drawn into these reflections by the perusal of the above pamphlet. The definite object of the letter is one with which our pages have little concern, but with one argument which the author brings forward in favour of his scheme, every thinking and feeling mind should have the strongest interest. The passage we allude to, is this:—"The connexion of various cemeteries with the heart of the metropolis, which would enable persons of small means to convey a corpse to a decent place of interment."

The practice of burying in cemeteries must soon become general, and we see not how this is to be brought down to the means of the poorer classes, save by the construction of a metropolitan railway, which should pass in the immediate vicinity of the various cemeteries now existing in the environs of London, or which may hereafter be formed by parishes at the line of the proposed railway. This has been attempted to be effected by Mr. Ogier in his plan, and we can only wish him success in carrying out his scheme.

Mental Discipline; or, Hints on the Cultivation of Intellectual and Moral Habits. By Henry Foster Burder, D.D.

This little work, which has attained a fifth edition, is one of the best which has come under our notice on the subject to which it relates, and we would recommend it to the careful perusal of our young readers. Every page is replete with valuable advice. The best proof of the excellence of Mr. Burder's book, is to be found in the fact of its having passed through so many editions in a comparatively brief period of time.

SCENES IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

It was during the earlier part of the present century, while the winter in London still began before Easter, and morning dawned on its fashionables at two instead of five o'clock; and while the brilliant array of vehicles, now gliding at ease, like gold fish, along the splendid river of Regent-street, was still diurnally jammed amid the dingy defiles of Bond-street, that one of the plainest, though best appointed, of these equipages, with "dowager" stamped as legibly on its grave aspect as on its ample lozenge, excited for a moment the attention even of the habitual loungers on the *pavé*, to the pale features and agitated demeanour of a pretty young creature who seemed alone inside, and whose out-stretched form, and urgent entreaties to an old, staid-looking, family coachman, had for their evident object instant extrication from their present durance.

This, by a freemasonry peculiar to the craft (for a true London whip, taken civilly, will squeeze his carriage and horses into a nutshell, for the man whose panels one word of rudeness would make him risk his neck to demolish), was miraculously accomplished; and amid a chorus of conjectures which nobody was chivalrous enough to attempt to verify, the bottle-green chariot, pretty young lady, and old coachman (Welsh wig and all) disappeared from the eyes and memory of the fashionable throng.

They soon drew up, according to the sensible though agitated directions of the youthful inmate, at the door of the first apothecary's shop: and it having occurred to the no less judicious and scarce less attached elderly footman behind, to hail in their progress the well-known carriage of one of the first physicians in town, that benevolent individual had jumped out of his own vehicle with professional alertness, and was ready, at the door of the other, to administer aid in any shape in which it might be required.

It was a novel sight, even to Dr. F——, which the interior of the carriage exhibited; nor was it, for a moment, easy to decide whether his assistance was most urgently called for by a portly-looking elderly lady (the victim apparently of fatal apoplectic seizure), or by the pale fair girl, alike overstrained in body and mind, who endeavoured to support, from entirely sinking into the bottom of the carriage, her already stiffening companion.

To lift the younger patient out, however, and consign her to the restoratives of the apothecary, was plainly the easiest as well

the best thing to be done; while a similar attempt in the case of the elder lady would have been equally injudicious and ill-timed. In a second, Dr. F—— was on his knees in the carriage beside her, her arm bound, and a vein opened, but with so little success that all the slight hopes the first glance had allowed the doctor to cherish soon vanished from the good man's mind.

His solicitudes instantly reverted to the poor girl; and anticipating her half frantic efforts to return to her "dear grandmamma," he lifted her once more, unceremoniously, into his own carriage, shut the door on her, and, bidding his coachman follow in the wake of the other chariot, took his own place beside its dying mistress, and gave to the distressed and bewildered servants the, for the first time, unwelcome order, "Home!"

At the door of a handsome, though old-fashioned mansion, secluded by a high brick wall from plebeian associations, in the then almost rural neighbourhood of Chelsea, a whole household of the same venerable stamp were soon drawn together by the sad arrival. In the mistress whom they loved, it was evident, with no hireling regard, life was, alas! extinct as she reached her own threshold; and to keep the sad consciousness of the event awhile from her fainting grand-daughter became the chief object with every one. The doctor evaded, with all the melancholy tact of long experience, her anxious inquiries; and stating the most perfect quiet (he did not, alas! specify for whom) to be absolutely necessary, consigned the enforcing of his decree to the silent cares of the heart-broken housekeeper.

There was not a dry eye in the whole establishment when she who, in all the green vigour of sixty, had tripped down the steps to her usual airing was lifted, a mass of inanimate clay, across her own threshold, and temporarily extended in that cheerful dining parlour, where covers had already been laid for a social meal, to be graced by the presence of a long-cherished and familiar friend. The contrast of the clear wood-fire (so genial in a chill spring afternoon)—the massy sideboard of old family plate—the comfortable and even convivial air of the whole apartment—above all, of the fine full-length picture, redolent of health and beauty, over the mantel-piece, with the sad object which, in utter oblivion of them all, reposed on a distant couch—was felt peculiarly by every one.

Death steals so gradually on the sick chamber, that he sobers rather than startles. In the tumult of battle he is gazed at and defied. In the crowded mart he comes sometimes an unwelcome bidder, awes for a moment the busy traffickers, and is forgotten. But to breathe no more, to feel no more, to listen no more, to be a thing of nought in that domestic sanctuary where, one short hour before, the spirit now fled pervaded, animated, formed the master-spring of every joy, and grief, and incident—who

can know that such things are and may be, and not feel the spot which one moment may thus leave a wilderness no home for beings on whom may dawn no earthly morrow?

The task of Dr. F—— was soon, too soon, fulfilled. But he was not one to depart satisfied till assured that comforters more judicious than distracted servants were at hand to communicate the sad bereavement to the youthful mourner. Instead of feeling jealous that the first impulse of all in the household had been to send for his friendly rival, Dr. T——, their late mistress's confidential relative as well as medical adviser, it was with satisfaction he resigned to him the superintendence of a house of mourning, where, two hours later, he would have taken a place (rarely allowed him by professional avocations) at the social board!

At no time was Dr. T—— a man of many words. The few he would now have exchanged with his brother practitioner stuck in his throat. A cordial pressure of the hand was all he could afford; and when left alone by his departure in the room where he had spent his lightest-hearted hours with that friend of his youth now stretched before him, the old man, hard, blunt, and odd as he was thought by nine-tenths of the world, sobbed like a child.

In a moment, all the incidents of a long life seemed to crowd upon him. Before him, as he sunk unconsciously in a chair at the yet uncleared board, hung its hostess: gay, handsome, and commanding, as when at nineteen he witnessed the marriage of his heiress-cousin with her late husband. Behind him, every lineament sharpened into strong relief by the stern chisel of death, lay all that remained of the far more inestimable matron friend of his old age! Between, what long buried griefs and forgotten incidents rose on his busy memory! Their long, almost fraternal, attachment—their thousand little playful disputes—the knotty point on which, that very day, her keen and not a little formidable antagonist had boasted he would "bring her to reason"—all combined to overwhelm the solitary, friendless, childless survivor. "God help and pity me, Anne!" said he (apostrophising in his uncontrollable sorrow the mute picture before him), "and the poor little girl you have left me to keep for your sake! How am I ever to tell her she has no friend on earth but an awkward, clumsy, good-for-nothing old man, that knows less than a babe unborn about young girls and their ways, is more than I can compass."

While, however, the necessity for disclosure was, mournfully for all, postponed till the morrow, by the effects of Dr. F——'s judiciously prescribed opiates—and while by hands, more hitherto raised but to bless her, the inanimate remains of their mistress were deposited on that bed whence she had risen a few hours

before, with years of health and usefulness apparently b efore her—we must revert, with the melancholy mourner beside the relics of perhaps all he had ever loved on earth, to the early history and subsequent career of Mrs. Ellesmere.

The amiable and accomplished, though in some points eccentric person whose death has formed the somewhat unusual introduction to her life, was the only daughter of an opulent banker, and left at an early age, with a fortune of fifty or sixty thousand pounds, a prey to the various matrimonial speculations of which young women similarly circumstanced are usually the objects. These her unprotected situation, for she was an orphan with few or no near relations, rendered her peculiarly miscellaneous and obtrusive; and it was positive relief to escape from them all, at this age of nineteen, by a marriage with the only one of her suitors to whom disinterestedness in the pursuit could, even by the utmost credulity of self-love, be ascribed.

Mr. Ellesmere, though no hero, was sufficiently manly, good-looking, and gentleman-like, to have rebuked into insignificance a whole host of city admirers. His high birth and old family were peculiarly desirable to one possessing neither; and his fine park and Gothic mansion were romantic enough to compensate for the absence of romance in their master. But the chief charm which, in the eyes of the heiress, cast a halo of perfection around its hitherto vainly sought possessor, was the obvious indifference of Mr. Ellesmere, of Ellesmere Hall, about her money; that idol to which she had seen hecatombs of devotees bowing in the dust, while the poor hand annexed to the dross seemed only valued, or rather sought, as a matter of course, as the key to its possession.

That Mr. Ellesmere did not marry Miss Britton's fortune was evident from his high-minded indifference to its amount, and his insisting on its being settled unreservedly on herself; and this superiority on the one point to which the poor heiress's suspicions had so long been painfully directed, sufficed to blind her as to what it *was* that Mr. Ellesmere did want and marry;—*videlicet*—not the beloved and preferred and indispensable object of discriminating affection, but the first handsome, commanding-looking, eligible young lady whom fate had thrown, with evident absence of all design on her part, in the wealthy bachelor's way. For if the Scylla from which Anne thus blindly rushed had been a bevy of fortune-hunters, the Charybdis against which Mr. Ellesmere had long manfully struggled was a vortex of match-making mothers and daughters; in the joy of extrication from whom, by his chance meeting with the persecuted heiress, he overlooked, like herself, all minor incompatibilities between two of the most dissimilar people, whom avoidance of others ever taught to run into each other's arms.

Anne Britton, though clever in no ordinary degree, had, from living among common-place people, been driven almost entirely on her own resources for education and amusement. It was the age of romances, of that perhaps most preposterous kind which invests poor human nature with an ideal perfection in character and conduct impossible to be realized, and yet narrated with so much of truth and circumstantiality as to deceive unwary youth into the belief of the existence of beings such as a Grandison. On this imaginary standard all Anne's matrimonial hopes, nay, expectations, were founded; and because honest John Ellesmere, thanks to a tall figure, good features, and good clothes, always looked like, at least, a *country* gentleman, and on the rare and dreaded occasion of making his proposal was betrayed, by agitation, into something which might be mistaken for habitual sensibility, Anne erected on this foundation (substantial enough, perhaps, for more solid comfort) a "baseless fabric" of generosity and romance and sentiment, which the good man was as incapable of comprehending as he would have been of assuming it to mislead.

To many girls, even in that day—to *too* many I fear in our own—the unlimited command and undisturbed possession of a fine house, large establishment, and splendid income, with good-humoured indulgence, nay, blunt kindness from its master, would have seemed a happy lot. But when, after the usual privileged period, during which nonsense or even silence passes for wit, and when the passiveness of bridegrooms keeps pace with the caprice and unreasonableness of brides—things fell into their wonted channel, and John Ellesmere left his wife to the *then* lady-like resources of her tambour-frame and china closet, to return to the dogs and horses which formed his *summum bonum* of felicity. Anne began to wonder that, in her horror of fortune-hunters, the inconvenience of a fox-hunting husband had never crossed her imagination.

Exactly on the same principle which made Mr. Ellesmere's stud and kennel the object of pride to himself, and envy to all his neighbours, he had enriched his hitherto imperfect establishment with a "crack" wife; and precisely that share in his hearty and constitutional "liking" (for affection would have been equally inapplicable in either case), which was not already engrossed by the ten best hunters and twenty best couple of hounds in the next three counties, had John to bestow on the "nice clever woman," who looked so well at the head of his table, that it was a deuced shame her cockney education had prevented her learning to ride!

It was not John's fault that, "better late than never," this accomplishment, so precious in his eyes, was not acquired. And much as Amazonian habits are in our more refined days to be

deprecated, Anne is perhaps not the only woman who might have cheaply purchased such humble matrimonial happiness as she had chosen to carve out for herself, by occasionally mounting her husband's hobby abroad, instead of riding full tilt against it at home, to the hourly damage of his temper, and ultimate danger of her own too susceptible heart.

It is and must be felt a grievous disappointment to an intellectual sensitive woman, to find that with her partner in life she has no one idea in common. But the best chance of reciprocity in his admission of such as she may most feel desirous gently to insinuate, lies in her cheerful and dutiful adoption of the harmless pursuits of him whom she has taken "for better for worse."

Of all this wordly, nay, it is to be hoped as springing from a far higher source, at times unworldly wisdom, poor Anne knew nothing. She only knew that John Ellesmere was not a hero: and felt and acted like an ill-used heroine accordingly. In vain did her good-natured husband testify as amiable solicitude in the selection of his four matchless grays, as in the pedigree of his own beloved hunters and racers; in vain did he seek to light up her eyes at her own diamonds, or purchase her smiles on the hunting comrades who frequented his table by decking it with costly plate; its mistress sat, civil but stately, like a creature from another sphere amid inferior creatures.

John was puzzled, distressed, and vexed; he might, perhaps, had he been less thoroughly good-natured, or his wife less young and pretty, have been angry; but before any sentiment of the sort had time to arise, the promise of an heir turned the feelings of both into a softer and more kindly channel.

Anne ceased to think John so very unlike Sir Charles Grandison when he staid at home sometimes on a fine scenting morning, because she had looked pale and out of spirits when he went out last; nay, she began to think reading Sir Charles but dull work compared with working frocks and baby caps for the expected heir of Ellesmere. The effect of these said frocks and caps (not always put aside with sufficient alertness on the approach of feet which no longer came booted and spurred into her boudoir) on the soft heart of John was that of absolute magic. If "eating gold" would have coaxed the sickly appetite of "poor dear Anne," he would have crossed the globe in quest of it; and he did far more when, in deference to her anxious looks and increased nervousness, he turned his hunters to grass, and lent his hounds for a season to a friend in another county.

But horses were, after all, to be the death of poor John, though nothing could be more characteristic of the revolution achieved by anticipated parental feelings than the manner of the catastrophe. It was in the humble task, which nothing would induce him to delegate, of breaking a Lilliputian pony to draw his wife

in a garden-chair, that the despiser of five-barred gates, and survivor of an hundred falls, ignobly met his fate. The unconquerable viciousness of the beautiful little animal had, as usual, been kept secret by the dear friend who sold it; and the best whip in England, seated in a tiny vehicle, on a level with the heels of the veriest devil ever Araby sent forth, was laid low by a kick from a creature not twelve hands high! The reins had, in a fit of delusive quietude on the part of the animal, been allowed to drop, and in stooping forward to recover them, Mr. Ellesmere received a blow on the chest, by which a blood-vessel on the lungs was ruptured, and his herculean frame prostrated in a moment.

There was no one near; powerless as an infant, he fell entangled among the *debris* of the shattered carriage, was dragged a considerable way with accumulated injury, and, when taken up at length, could only articulate with difficulty, "Don't tell Anne," ere he expired in the cottage to which he had been carried.

But from Anne, alas! not even her husband's dying kindness could avert the knowledge of his death, and in her cause; though she owed, perhaps, to his consideration her ignorance of its more distressing features. The premature birth of a boy was the natural consequence of an event which it alone, perhaps, prevented her from brooding on to madness; for all her romantic feelings had now taken the turn of remorse for inadequate appreciation of him who had died to promote her health and convenience. Death is the most flattering as well as durable of all limners; and, under his mellowing and indelible touch, the father of her child became once more a hero in the mind's eye of his inconsolable widow.

But how were these feelings enhanced when, on the opening of his will, executed on the day when his bosom first swelled with paternal anticipations, she found the sole guardianship and unlimited control of his unborn heir committed (by one to whom the casualties of the hunting field had for once taught the lesson of his mortality) to his "faithful and beloved wife," with every expression of deference for her superior abilities, and esteem for her character which the limited vocabulary of a plain man could dictate. We leave it to those who have keen feelings, not unmingled with self-upbraidings for injustice to a departed object, to imagine the degree of devotion to the memory of a husband, and the interests of a child, which such an unexpected proof of confidence was calculated to inspire.

Left a widow at one-and-twenty, with youth and beauty, with the full enjoyment of her husband's fortune, and the unlimited disposal of all that had belonged to herself, the world contained for the fond heart of Anne but two spots, the grave of the man

who in death, if not in life, had understood and appreciated her, and the cradle of his precious, delicate boy. No; I forget there was a third! the paddock where, when the first burst of grief occasioned by the sight of them was past, his once proscribed hunters were daily fed and petted by her who, in the waywardness of youth and inexperience, had often denounced them as the bane of her own happiness, and probable shortener of her husband's existence.

It is not to be supposed that a widow, young, handsome, and thus richly endowed, could remain long unassailed by temptations to a second union. But the romance inherent in her character had now invested with inviolable sanctity the ties which bound her to her husband's grave. Destitute of near relations of her own, and on barely civil terms with those of Mr. Ellesmere, she had unluckily no friend to suggest that she would perhaps best consult the welfare of his infant heir, by giving him, from the cradle, a judicious and disinterested protector.

The only person by whom the advice was volunteered was a humorist cousin of her own, a student of medicine, for whom, almost from childhood, she had cherished a girlish fancy, whose dormant reminiscences might even now have been fanned into a sober flame. But the same bugbear of wealth which had formerly driven the odd and independent spirited boy from the side of his heiress cousin, still kept him aloof in manhood, amid the struggles of a rising profession, from the wealthy widow; and his playful exhortations, not being backed either by the personal suit or example of one who professed himself (for whose sake he never hinted) a determined bachelor, only rivetted Mrs. Ellesmere more firmly to the memory of her husband and the care of her boy.

That this precious child was spoiled, in that vulgar sense of the word which is held to mean unlimited indulgence, and the power of making himself and all around him unhappy, would be a libel on even a widowed mother. But the unceasing attention, nay even the vigilance of reproof with which the slightest actions and faults of the sole heir to thousands are necessarily visited, is only one degree less pernicious than reckless partiality; and whoever knows anything of the pride inherent in our nature is aware that there are few children who would not prefer the consequence inferred by being watched and punished, to the insignificance implied by utter neglect.

Walter Ellesmere, however, whose disposition, like that of his father, was quiet and phlymatic, was much more given to sins of omission than commission; and happily, as she thought, for his mother, required rather the spur than the rein. For study he displayed not one jot more energy or relish than his father had done before him; and the clever tutor whom, at the earliest pos-

sible age, Mrs. Ellesmere bribed away from college, with a noble salary in hand, and a rectory in prospect, to inspire her darling with the love of learning, felt half ashamed to pocket the one, so utterly hopeless was the other.

At the same time the heir of Ellesmere, though no scholar, was a gentle, pleasing, well-behaved boy; and if, bending to the decrees of fate, his mother had been content to make of him, like honest John, a better sort of gentlemanlike 'squire, success was easy and certain. But what would then have become of the lofty visions of fame and superiority in the senate and councils of his country, with which, like the mother of the Gracchi, Mrs. Ellesmere had fed her solitary and anxious hours? Why had she remained single, and directed to one object all the energies of an active and powerful mind, but that the fruits of her education should do credit to its maternal conductress? It was the fashion, she knew, to decry female guardianship and management, and in the talents and perfections of her son she had hoped to see the slander amply refuted. To attain this object, however visionary, there was, to do her justice, no sacrifice which she deemed too great; and those similarly circumstanced, who have staked, like her, their all of honour and happiness on some frail human idol, can alone appreciate the feeling of self-renunciation with which she consigned her precious Walter to the emulation and contentions of a public school.

She reaped her reward in the increased manliness with which he returned to her arms; and the limited portion of Greek and Latin which, under any process, his memory could be made to receive (not to retain or digest) was, by dint of necessity or emulation, slowly and reluctantly acquired. But as years advanced, there came with the Greek and Latin, other acquirements less creditable to Harrow, and less profitable to the young heir, in the shape of precisely that extreme of idleness and expense to which both are carried, when indulged in, rather at the suggestion of other and bolder spirits, than of the transgressor's own inclination.

Boys (men they called themselves) first found out themselves, and then told Walter, that he was heir to 10,000*l.* a year; reminded him (which he was in no danger of forgetting) that he had a fond and wealthy mother: and inferred from these premises that any limit either to his follies or expenses would be, to say the least of it, superfluous.

The conclusion, however natural, was, as it proved, erroneous. Shocked and terrified by exaggerated rumours of her son's debts and excesses, Mrs. Ellesmere resolved, though with an aching heart, to emulate in severity the austerest male guardian on record. She not only sanctioned, without one symptom of external relenting, the dismissal from school of her darling, but pro-

nouncing his late conduct a bar alike to his proceeding to college, or returning under her own roof, consigned him, unseen, and ostensibly unpardoned, to the care of a clergyman of acknowledged learning and strict morals, in a remote part of England.

There was more perhaps of outraged maternal pride than wholesome maternal feeling in this act of bitter self-denial. Walter, like his late father, was accessible to kindness; though phlegmatic and passive under a severity which he could scarcely believe to be real, and of which he felt sure his mother would be the first to tire. For contrition under his late misdemeanours, was substituted resentment, at being disgraced and banished from home; and Walter Ellesmere at nineteen, weak, proud, and wavering, with no other companion or counsellor than a stern unbending pedagogue, was quite at the mercy of any one who would take the trouble to persuade him that he was extremely ill-used, and fully entitled to retaliate.

This office was ere long assumed by a mother, who, the antipodes in character, conduct, and principles of poor Mrs. Ellesmere, was on that very account the more suited, first, to undermine her in the opinion, and then supersede her in the affections, of her son. Poor Walter's evil genius had, some time before, sent into the cheap neighbourhood of S——, to recruit her own finances, and her daughter's bloom after a winter's campaign, the wife of a Captain Chudleigh, who, with this good travelling name, derived from some fencible or militia commission, had long since carried on, with varying prosperity, the trade of a gambler, at the then head-quarters of the honourable fraternity—Bath.

Here, even during the dulness of summer, the captain found it convenient for his purpose, as well as congenial to his habits, to linger; angling in a small way among invalids and dowagers till the returning shoal of the succeeding season should make it worth his while to spread his nets in earnest. His wife and daughter, meanwhile, whose matrimonial vocation lay exclusively in the gay world of Bath, shifted as best they might, during the interval, in rustic seclusion, which they little suspected, when selecting its locality, would be broken in upon by a *rencontre* more exciting to both than all the unsuccessful manœuvres of the late Bath season.

Walter Ellesmere, the boyish heir to 10,000*l.* per annum, exiled, disgraced, and consequently accessible to consolation in its softest form, was not, it may be believed, long within four miles of Mrs. Chudleigh without a determination on her part to make his acquaintance. But though to select a pew at church directly in view of Dr. O——'s gallery, and place in it, every Sunday, to distract the devotions of its youthful occupant, one of the loveliest faces and figures in England, was a very good and hopeful preliminary measure; to attempt getting within the

precincts of the doctor's dull prison-like mansion, or high brick-walled grounds, would have baffled the skill even of Mrs. Chudleigh. But to establish within those awful walls sufficient intelligence to gain a complete knowledge of the young man's habits and pursuits, was to so able a tactician no difficult matter; and she soon learned enough to anticipate not only a fair field for her intended attack, but almost the certainty of victory.

The only indulgence which, as conducive alike to his health and recreation, Mrs. Ellesmere did not deem it necessary to punish herself by withholding from her son, was his appendage, ever since he could clamber on its back, a quiet pony; by the benefit derived from long rides, on which to his pupil's delicate frame Dr. O—— was fain to indemnify himself for the little of voluntary cultivation he could persuade him to bestow on his mind. To be sure, Dr. O——'s powers of persuasion were not of the highest order; nor, though a man of great classical attainments, was he in the least gifted with the art of rendering his pursuits attractive to others. It may easily be imagined, then, with what delight the un-literary Walter Ellesmere exchanged the Horace, over which for the few previous hours he had been yawning, for a scamper through the forest lanes, or over the hills of D——, on the animal with which, of all others, he claimed hereditary affinity.

But agreeable and congenial as was riding in itself, it soon became only the means towards a still pleasanter end. In the course of the second week after the apparition in church of a vision of surpassing loveliness had diversified the monotony of Walter's dull existence with an object at least for conjecture, the same vision crossed his forest path, in the shape of all others most calculated to awaken his dormant sympathies, viz., in the guise of a fair equestrian, equipped in the most becoming of riding habits, and mounted on a lady's pad of great beauty, which she managed with singular skill.

The first lightning glimpse of this etherial horsewoman was so rapid as scarcely to suffice to identify her with the pensive shy votary of the preceding Sabbath; but if, on decrying her a second time afar off, Walter Ellesmere instinctively checked his pony, and slackened its usually reckless paces in the hope of a more leisurely *rencontre*, the feeling seemed to be mutual, and time was afforded for a more satisfactory contemplation of the inimitable grace on horseback and excellent seat of the young lady unknown, whose only attendant, a village clodpole on a farmer's market pony, seemed chosen on purpose for a foil to the grace and elegance of his mistress and her palfry.

Never before did Walter Ellesmere, on whom like other shy lads when at home during vacations the presence of ladies had hitherto imposed a feeling of penance, absolutely long for an

opportunity of addressing one; and never surely did accident more complaisantly second the wishes of a bashful youth than when, in a remote part of the forest, three miles at least from Dr. O——'s, the saddle which the unpractised hands of clodpole had neglected to fasten properly, turned round with its fair occupant, who, entangled in the stirrup, only escaped being dragged by the opportune aid of Walter Ellesmere.

The accident was laughed at, blushed over, and gaily pronounced of no consequence; but the girth on examination having proved to be broken, and remounting consequently impossible, a walk home to her mother's cottage, not a quarter of a mile from the spot, became Miss Chudleigh's only alternative. A lady, one in distress especially, could not be allowed to walk in a wood unattended; and while clodpole, not too much of a clown to improve an opportunity, hinted, as he rode alongside of Walter's youthful groom, amid praises of his nag, what a pity it would be if Dr. O——, in consequence of any report of the day's adventure, were to prevent them having many a future pleasant ride together, his mistress's eyes, in less direct terms, insinuated that the *rencontre* was anything but disagreeable.

This, on their reaching the cottage, was so flatteringly confirmed by Mrs. Chudleigh's rapturous praises of a chivalrous gallantry which honest John Ellesmere's son was unaware (as his father would have been before him) till then of having at all manifested, that a feeling of gratified vanity soon mingled with the young man's natural admiration for *les plus beaux jeux du monde.* Regrets that the unavoidable absence of her father should condemn her dear Julia to lonely rides, could only be answered by a request that they might be no longer lonely; and if all appointments of a more profitable nature were as scrupulously kept as henceforth those between the ward of Dr. O—— and the more apt pupil of a far abler instructress, life would not be the tissue of vexations and disappointments which those who have known it longest pronounce it to be.

Dr. O——, in the meantime, knew no more of these equestrian assignations than his pupil did of algebra. Satisfied that Mr. Ellesmere was always home for what the doctor certainly deemed a late dinner hour, that he spent no more than his allowance, forgot no Latin if he acquired none, and after his long rural rides came in with a glow on his cheek—attributable, of course, to amended health alone—the doctor's letters to his mother were such as would have lulled into a complete fool's paradise a more suspicious and less partial parent. Had Dr. O—— been married—had the sharp ears and acute eyes of womankind in any branch of relationship presided over his household, rumours would ere long have reached it, and the manœuvres of rival female tactics have been infallibly disconcerted. But a bachelor of recluse and

studious habits, with an old deaf housekeeper and one pupil, too much interested in keeping him in ignorance to suffer an unguarded word to escape, might have lived in utter unconsciousness in the love-haunted precincts of Arcadia itself.

When the long rides of the two young people came to terminate, as they soon regularly did, at Mrs. Chudleigh's, over a *recherché* luncheon (oh! how unlike and superior in attractions to the doctor's rude ill-appointed bachelor table!) conversation usually turned on the sad hardship of Mr. Ellesmere's present position; the unaccountable estrangement of his once doating parent; and, by degrees, though with caution, on the propriety of his asserting his filial privileges by some vigorous effort at independence.

From servants at home, and schoolfellows abroad, Walter had first learned the amount of his own future expectations; but it was a novel and proud sensation for him to confide to his disinterested and amiably sympathizing new acquaintance, that in a couple of years the disgraced and exiled pupil of Dr. O—— would come into uncontrolled possession of ten thousand a year. The indignation and surprise of his, of course, wholly unconscious friends may be imagined, as well as their effect in awakening—to do him justice, for the first time—feelings of exasperation against his mother in the breast of the young man. Weak people are always prone to jealousy, and open to *inuendo*; and the kindness and devotion of a parent's life-time began to fade before a few months of well-meant, if not judicious, severity, commented on by persons to whom practising on human foibles was as much matter of successful calculation, as the doctrine of the chances to the worthy head of the firm.

Further to trace their machinations would be unprofitable as well as superfluous. Suffice it, that Mrs. Ellesmere—who had only resisted one or two violent maternal impulses, and schooled many a rebellious emotion, that the triumphant return of her banished darling, on his nineteenth birthday, to his paternal halls, might be shortened with somewhat of the solemnity shed over its recurrence in her own eyes by its being the anniversary of the loss of a father—was awaiting with breathless anxiety the arrival of the carriage, despatched three days before to Dr. O——'s, when a letter was put into her hand by a splashed and jaded outrider, the shock inflicted by which was only inferior to that which, nineteen years before, had ushered prematurely into the world its thoughtless and undutiful writer.

It told her that Walter Ellesmere, for whose sake she had even on that day been resigned to live, and to whom every day since had been devoted—for whose future consequence, nay, respectability in life, even a mother's partiality had of late learned to look chiefly to some superior and redeeming connexion—and the

whole complexion of whose yet unformed and even unstable disposition was sure to reflect like a mirror the opinions and character of those with whom he was fated to associate—was united, and for life, to the daughter (no matter how lovely, or, if possible, amiable) of the most profligate father and match-making mother in England!—persons against whom she had heard the indignant tide of warning poured into the ear of novices about to proceed to Bath—persons against whom her whole soul revolted, and whom no ties of affinity, however close, could ever induce her to admit under her roof.

To those who know what it is for a proud mind to see annihilated, as if by some invisible and mocking demon, the whole towering fabric to which one crowning and easily found stone seemed alone wanting, or for a heart overflowiug with the warmest affections to have them suddenly frozen at its core by the chill blast of filial ingratitude, it will not seem exaggeration to say that there was more of bitterness in the thought of Walter Ellesmere as a bridegroom, than when nineteen years before the tears of a new-made widow had fallen like rain on the cradle of the infant heir! Oh! how the long appreciated, long idolized, image of the husband who had died to gratify, rose in bitter rebuke of the son who for strangers could thus sacrifice her happiness, and defy her displeasure!

And deeply, fearfully, in proportion to its rarity and the extent of the provocation, was that displeasure manifested and persevered in! Misled by calculating on the usual relentings of a mother towards her only son, and by their own eagerness to secure so precarious a prize, the Chudleighs had added to the most indecent precipitation in the clandestine marriage of a minor, a total recklessness of its immediate consequences, which, for once, did as little credit to their policy as their feelings. Walter's letter to his mother, instead of breathing penitence and conciliation, bore, perhaps from the mere clumsy abruptness of his school-boy style, an air of cruel defiance, which, attributable no doubt to the influence of his unworthy new connexions, proved but too plainly and painfully on what ductile materials that influence was henceforth to be paramount.

Is it, under such accumulated provocations, to be wondered that a woman, accustomed from the cradle to implicit deference from all around her, surrounded, on the desecrated threshold of a proud line of ancestry, by all the accessories of birth and consequence which the worse than folly of her son had, in her eyes, for ever forfeited; alienated, too, for a time, by his own previous misdeeds, from one whose presence, or voice (the only point in which the puny slender looking heir of Ellesmere recalled his stalwart sire) might have touched a tender chord in her breast—should not be the first at least to proffer reconcilia-

tion? Nor was her resentment the less deep or natural, thus, in part at least, conscience directed it within? or that little used to exaggerate her own imperfections, something yet whispered that by less exclusive reliance on her own judgment throughout the whole of her son's education, the disastrous result might probably been averted.

Under these mingled, though every way better, feelings, the letter announcing Walter's marriage remained unanswered. A mother's malediction even worse misconduct would hardly have sufficed to draw forth: and to bless the surreptitious and unhallowed bond which had made her son an alien, was impossible! What might have been her softened and far different feelings, had time and penitence brought him in person to sue forgiveness—nay, had time alone been allowed to give scope to the yearnings of maternal affection—can only be conjectured; for Walter Ellesmere lived not to solve the problem!

The rapid journey to Gretna, which his minority rendered indispensible, followed by imprudent exposure to night-air during the excursion which followed, and, above all, the effects of a thorough wetting, in a plunge into the water occasioned by mismanagement of a boat on the lakes, proved too much for a constitution which it was hard to say whether over care in childhood had hitherto preserved or injured. A fatal quinsey was the consequence, which, in a few days' illness, at a distance from all superior medical advice, carried off the young bridegroom; and annihilated, at one blow, the secretly cherished visions of reconciliation of his poor mother, and the more ambitious and selfish views of the family of a bride, for whom, of course, being under age, he had been able to make no provision.

Nor was this an omission which, in the first grievous laceration of her feelings, even a mother was disposed to supply towards those whom she regarded as the murderers alike of her peace and her son. Perhaps there were moments of unsanctified sorrow when the utter frustration of their mercenary projects was grasped at as a source of stern consolation. But the proud heart of Mrs. Ellesmere, like the hitherto cold one of her late husband, was destined to be unlocked by the anticipated claims of helpless infancy; and when a person signing herself (and legitimately) her poor boy's wife, implored in abject terms, from his mother, subsistence for his unborn child—one feeling only preponderated—ardent desire to rescue, at any cost, the already precious babe from the hands of its unworthy relatives. An annual settlement (the object of the petition) was determinedly refused; but a sum, ample enough to secure the mother's speedy second marriage, was cheerfully tendered as the price of the unconditional surrender to its grandmother of the expected child.

With this proposal Captain Chudleigh was too good a calcu-

lator of chances to permit the widow to close until the event had determined the sex of her offspring. But as the daughter to whom she gave birth was incapable of succeeding, even at the grandmother's death, to the landed estates of the family; and as her only prospect of being an heiress at all depended on that grandmother's good will and partiality, she was—with many professions of the magnitude of so disinterested a sacrifice to her own future welfare—duly handed over to Mrs. Ellesmere, and all future claims on her formally relinquished on immediate payment of five thousand pounds.

A portion of this sum, with the appropriation of which Mrs. Ellesmere disdained to interfere, enabled Captain Chudleigh to fly at higher game in the pursuit of his disgraceful vocation, and thus paved the way for his removal, by the pistol of a right honourable pigeon, from the earthly scene of its exercise. The remaining and larger part was employed by the mother and daughter in seeking the protection of an only brother of Mrs. Chudleigh, in India, from whose high-standing in the service, as well as his niece's beauty and splendid outfit, the ambitious parent anticipated a brilliant connexion.

The fate of the younger aspirant was sealed ere she reached the shores of India, and perhaps in just retribution for the mercenary character of her former marriage; the second was one of signal imprudence. A handsome subaltern, returning from furlough in Europe, succeeded, in spite of all Mrs. Chudleigh's vigilance, in appropriating, during a short landing at the Cape, the hand and dowry of the youthful widow; and fifteen months from the date of little Anne Ellesmere's assignment to the care of her grandmother on the banks of the Thames, a little sister laid claim, on those of the Ganges, to the name of Julia Neville.

If the former was an orphan even before her birth, it was not long ere the latter became so likewise. Lieutenant Neville was killed at the storming of a fort, almost before he himself was aware of his parental character; and his wife left to console herself with the reflection of his and her own beauty, as blended in the person of their child.

It was not, to do Mrs. Neville justice, till this pretty plaything's consignment to the care of Mrs. Chudleigh for education in England, left her a second time, a childless mother, that thoughts of a third connexion found serious admission to her mind. But the fatality which in her case, seemed to attend on young husbands, made her listen perhaps more readily to the addresses of an old one; and if at nineteen she had married Walter Ellesmere from ambition, and Dick Neville at two-and-twenty for love—his lacks and rupees formed to herself, as well as others, the sole and sufficient reason for accepting, while yet in the bloom of youth and beauty, the sexagenarian Mr. Mills.

Among other uses of the fortune which the enamoured Crœsus suffered his still lovely wife to squander, maternal pride in her sole offspring (for her third union was childless) dictated the most lavish expenditure on her daughter's education; whose return to India the reports of her exquisite beauty induced her to look forward to, with all the impatience of an indulged child for a costly new toy.

But these proud anticipations were destined to be frustrated (as if retribution also) in a way little expected by a mother, who knew that in the naturally vain mind of the conscious beauty, Grandmama Chudleigh's lessons of worldly wisdom were likely to find a congenial soil. Juliet, at seventeen, fresh from a fashionable boarding school, was as romantic as she was vain, and as wilful as she was romantic; and emulating on this point only the example of her mother, suffered her affections, or rather her fancy, to be hopelessly entangled on board ship, by a young Scottish civil servant returning to his duties in India; who, at a time when all the European world was ringing with the poetry of Walter Scott, and bowing in homage to the newly discovered attractions of his country, rejoiced with all a Scotsman's enthusiasm in the famed traditions of his native land, and, above all, in the classic name of Oswald.

But if these charms, added to a fine person, frank manners, and the best of tempers, made Juliet fancy herself in love with the young civilian, he idolized rather than loved the "bright particular star," at whose shrine all the male population of the ship were more or less worshippers,—her loveliness was so rare and transcendent,—from the gruff old captain, who bent to her whims, and let her brow-beat him with school-girl sauciness, on his own quarter-deck, to the youngest middy, who lingered behind, when admitted to the cuddy-table, to kiss the very glass her lips had honoured.

Miss Neville reigned on board the Asia with an universality of empire which made the favoured Oswald tremble for his chances on shore, and gladly avail himself of the precedent afforded by her mother's history, to secure at the Cape his perilous prize. Reckless of duties which she had never heard enforced, and of consequences she was too volatile to anticipate, Juliet gave her hand, unsanctioned by maternal authority, with the thorough thoughtlessness of a spoiled child. But even in the act of calling his own, the being whose possession love forbade him to hazard by delay; the better principled Oswald ——— felt misgivings, which, if recalled in after times by memory, would have seemed but too prophetic!

They found their first fulfilment in the storm which raged on their arrival in the breast of Juliet's disappointed mother, and for a time estranged her daughter from her heart and roof

Better, far better, had it been for both, had relenting never usurped the place of harshness, or reconciliation of estrangement; for, towards Oswald at least, the feeling was ever a hollow one, while productive to his wife of an indulgence more fatal to her welfare and his peace than the bitterest resentment.

The situation of young ——— was, for his standing, rather high, and its emoluments respectable. But placed unhappily in the close vicinity of his *millionaire* father-in-law, and his wife goaded on to profusion alike by the counsels and example of her reckless mother, it was not long ere pecuniary difficulties came, to try the strength of ties hastily cemented, without the guarantee of principle, or even one point of essential conformity in mind or disposition.

Oswald, straightforward, honest, and independent, abhorred debt and despised show, as much as his silly wife disregarded the one and adored the other. His high Scottish spirit could not long brook the ostentatious superiority assumed by the contemptible nabob, or the insolent dictation in his family affairs of his meddling mother-in-law. An open quarrel was the consequence; and the revenge adopted by the latter was to pique his wife, by her example and emissaries, to acts of rival extravagance, for which she had ceased to afford even her former capricious supplies.

The birth of a boy Oswald fondly hoped would operate a salutary diversion in his favour; and for a time, certainly, the smiles of a little Oswald seemed to revive in his mother's breast dormant feelings of affection and deference towards his father.

But the event was made a pretext for drawing Juliet once more within the destructive vortex of her mother's fascinations; and five years from his inauspicious marriage saw the hitherto prudent and exemplary young Scotsman broken in health and spirits by inextricable embarrassments; while the constitution of his wife, yet more shattered by dissipation, and the drooping of his little infant boy, rendered it imperative for them to proceed without delay to Europe. Thus stood matters at the period of that demise of Mrs. Ellesmere, which so suddenly deprived of the protectress of her infancy the elder and widely different sister of the vain, foolish Mrs.———, and to whose consequence to the amiable child of her adoption, it is high time to revert.

(To be continued.)

LINES ON SYMPATHY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Bless thee, for the spontaneous tear
  Shed o'er an old man's woes,
Benignant sympathy,—so dear,—
  So soothing,—as it flows.

Too late, too late in life, methought,
  New friends to seek or find!
But thy sweet witchery has wrought
  A change within my mind,

And now I am most grieved to part—
  Grieved thou must go away,
The mere acquaintance as thou art
  Of but the present day.

What secret charm dost thou possess
  Which can the fount unseal
Of sorrow,—making me confess
  Pangs I would fain conceal?

Thou hast no hallow'd memories
  Of that ecstatic past,
When, to the sanguine, visions rise
  Of joys, for aye to last.

Thou knowest not the angel thing
  Affection's vows bound mine,
Who o'er each shade could sunshine fling,—
  A mortal, yet divine!

The wife who strew'd life's path of gloom
  With flow'rs that never fade,
The Eden of the heart, whose bloom
  A paradise still made.

Thou mourn'd not when my sunshine, flow'rs,
  From which I pleasure drank,
Sped to adorn celestial bow'rs
  And earth remain'd a blank;

Save, for the drooping buds she left
  To my fond fost'ring care,
Yet, soon of them I was bereft;
  A tree storm rent and bare,

Blasted upon the desert wild
  I stood in lone despair,
Except for one seraphic child
  Who stay'd, my wo to share.

They, time hath honoured, count their gains,
  Love-ties of priceless cost;
Which HERE the craving heart retains:—
  I only count the lost.

Who now, alas! 'neath foreign skies
Bow the dejected head,
Who bid the home fraught pray'r arise,
Whose eyes home tear-drops shed,

My children!—Oh, the mortal strife,
The long and fierce debate
They suffer; who are DEAD in LIFE,
Struggling with adverse fate!

A stranger to the noxious blight—
The plague-cloud and the pest—
That nipp'd the blossoms of delight
Upspringing in my breast,

Thou yet in sympathy canst weep
And soothe my vain distress,
And with me the obsequies keep
Of buried happiness,

The stricken heart alone is mine—
The being's weariness—
But, oh! the heav'nlier pow'r is thine
To make its anguish less;

Like angel Hope, who ne'er forsakes
The abject and forlorn,
Thou on my soul in radiance breaks,
As breaks the vernal morn,

Resplendent with the ruddy light
From the empyrean realm,
While cherub wings, like fleece-cloud white,
Or nuptial diadem,

Partially veil its glowing beams,
Yet to its beauty add;
So, do thy sympathetic gleams
Make me unwonted glad,

Illumining the distant sphere
Where I shall meet again
The dead, the exiled, and the dear,
Whose absence cause such pain.

Thou art a woman,— and to thee
God the blest mission gave
To mitigate man's misery,
To comfort and to save.

And well thy task thou hast fulfill'd;
And lovingly to me,
And on my aching heart distill'd
The balm of sympathy.

Sanction'd by age, accept this kiss,
'Tis all I can bestow
In gratitude, for hours of bliss
To thee alone I owe;

Yet, yet not all!—in fondest pray'r
Thy cherish'd name shall blend
With those who deep affection share,
Dear, gentle, pitying Friend!

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI. BY MRS. MACKESEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Is it you, Messer Ghino? My heart had already revealed it to me," exclaimed the Knight Firstcome, lowering his visor; and Ghino, at those words, ran to him with open arms, crying, "You here, Prince Rogiero?" and they mutually embraced with great affection.

"But, cavalier," resumed Ghino, "you were the friend of France; how have you become her enemy?"

"You must know, Messer Ghino, that when I brought the letters from Naples to the Countess Beatrice, on the banks of the Oglio, Montford looked up to Heaven, and said in an irritable tone, 'Good Lord, we shall have Italy without striking a blow.' Now he has learned, to his cost, that the Italians can strike."

"Petulance! But you have not conquered thus. Conceive what will be the pride of these men when they domineer over Naples! Oh, if our patriots!—— But come, cavalier, you must be weary and wounded; and never did I fear to fail in arms as this day. With the help of Heaven we have done enough for this time."

They went together towards a hut, situate in a remote part of the forest, where Ghino, for the second time, became the host of Rogiero.

After some days of repose and of remedies, Rogiero recovered from his wounds; and it happening one morning that Ghino was absent, attending to the wants of his band, Rogiero went out to walk alone in the forest. His arms were crossed on his bosom; his head was bent down. He wandered heedlessly along, sometimes with slow, sometimes with quick steps. The remembrance of his past adventures assailed his mind with a sense of melancholy, then with a painful irritation, and at last with an excess of rage. Then he might have been seen striding rapidly, tearing his hair, his countenance changed, his eyes rolling, crying out

* Continued from page 22, vol. xlvii.

and execrating like a creature labouring under the assault of demons. With streaming brows he leaned against a tree, and panting with the anguish he had endured, said:—

"Who shall deny that I am the slave of destiny? Turn where I will, crime stands before me: if I remain inactive, it is crime: if I act, there is crime also. The blood of my father cries from the grave; if I shut my heart and my ears, that will be an accusation against me before the throne of Heaven, and a disgrace before the eyes of men. Let it be avenged! but how?—challenge King Manfred to the duello! Fool! even those who feel in their inmost souls the justice of my cause, will cast upon me the reproach of folly. I should be slain without fruits: I should leave to posterity a fresh injury to avenge. If I call in foreign aid, my father will be avenged, but my country will be oppressed. If I slay Manfred with the assassin's stroke, *that* the world has pronounced infamous. Alas! I see the contempt of the world, like a monster, ready to tear my renown; I see arrayed before my eyes present crimes, future faults, but *mine* amidst all that multitude appear distinct in their own colours. I see my name like a plate of brass inserted into the memory of posterity, becoming brighter with all my efforts to obliterate it, and to divert the attention of ages. There is one crowning anguish, but it is the end of all sufferings—death. What is my life that I need preserve it? Hitherto every moment has been a groan, every day an anguish. Now every year will become a crime."

Thus he meditated as he leaned against the tree; and his meditations might have ended in his raising his hand against his own life, but that a sonorous voice smote his ear, crying, "Remember your father." Rogiero shuddered, looked affrighted round, sought about all the environs, there was no vestige of any human being. His reason was on the point of being overthrown: he uttered frantic and blasphemous expressions, and, carried away by vehement impulse, he ran through the forest like one smitten with that hideous malady lycanthropy.* Following his course, blind alike in mind and eye, he suddenly heard some one cry out to him, "Stop, man! if you do not want to fall into the grave before your time."

Rogiero, then obliged to combine his mind with his senses, found himself about a foot distant from a grave, in a direct line from which were many others dug in the same ground, and open, as if ready to swallow up the race destined to die. The words had been uttered by an old friar, who seemed not to have opened his lips, so entirely was his attention devoted to digging his cell of death. I know well that the science of Lavater, to discover the recondite thoughts of the soul, by the external expression and

* A species of madness in which a man rambles about at night, howling like a wolf, and sometimes biting and grinning like a dog.

features of the face, is uncertain; yet we are so constituted, that we stop to contemplate the vase before we drink the liquor that it contains: thus, we consider, as well as we can, human countenances, not because they teach knowledge, but, because they instruct in doubting. This friar was upwards of ninety years old: his form appeared to have been once as majestic and as straight as the pines that surrounded his holy abbey; but now, age had bowed it to the earth which he was opening with his own hand, to be hidden therein on the not distant day of his death. The motion of his lips, his smile, the gesture of his hand, were courteous and pleasing; his voice was sonorous and solemn; in his eyes sparkled a fire which seemed to be eternal, since neither age, nor vigils, nor tears, were able to diminish, much less extinguish it. Michael Angelo would have copied the solemn, and Raphael the mild, from his air. Rogiero, feeling himself soothed by the beauty of his aspect, though somewhat abashed, addressed him.

"Holy father, if my question be not importune, tell me, I pray you, why are your hands busied in such an humiliating work? The fall of the snow, the crumbling of the earth, must perpetually fill up this grave, which on the day of your dissolution might be made by any man, in one short hour. It appears to me that your time might be better employed."

"My son," replied the friar, planting his spade in the earth, and laying his hands on the top, while he gravely rested his chin upon his hands; "my son, certainly you would speak wisely if the object of my labour was so trifling. Know, that far different was the opinion of our glorious founder, when he ordained this daily toil. True it is that the custom is now nearly obsolete among the cenobites of this monastery, and I am almost the only one who still continues it. Let man but consider that his body must form two or three clods of earth, and if his implacable passions do not become mute, they will at least rage less fiercely in his soul. Our natural constitution is such, that, needing pleasure, we fly affrighted not merely from suffering, but from labour; can you conceive, then, that our meditations would fix themselves on the image of death which is the height of our pains?—therefore it is necessary to force them to it by the perceptions. The time would, indeed, be better employed in any work of importance: but the opportunities of labouring sublimely are rare, my son, very rare; and while we wait for them to occur, what study is more profitable than that which reveals to us the weakness of our nature, and which warns us that all conditions are equal in the balance of death; and that, perhaps a better earth will be produced from the members of a man made robust by assiduous labour, and wholesome by temperate food, than from the corrup-

tion of him who lived in luxury? O, my son, it is not useless to open the earth in which we shall be buried."

"I should have thought, that returning daily to this work, man would become habituated to it, and his feeling would be as it was before he commenced it. But, father, what is life, that so much preparation is needed for its termination? I do not fear death; on the contrary, I seek it as a hidden treasure, but I do not find it: I desire it as the recompense for having lived, but I do not obtain it. Why is not there some place of repose upon this toilsome road? Why amid so much sorrow is there not some asylum of peace?"

Rogiero remained for some time in meditation; he looked round and saw a solemn solitude, he perceived a holy silence, interrupted only by the whispering of the distant leaves or the voice of the passing lark, that, with a rapid curve, swept over the holy ground: his blood, as it cooled, flowed more placidly through his veins: his pulse beat more quickly; his respiration was more free.

"Oh! here is peace indeed," he said, with a sigh. "If the cry of revenge would not reach to the altar of the Lord—if the divine hymns would banish that voice from my ears—if the shades of the dead did not enter into the sanctuary ——"

"Certainly they would not enter there, unless you brought them."

"I? I would hide myself beneath the earth, not to be persecuted by them."

"Have you committed a crime?"

"No!"

"Are you about to commit one?"

"Yes!"

"And what do you seek from the Lord?"

"That he would save me from the force which drags me into guilt."

"What force? Christian, pray to resist it, and you will resist."

"Oh, friar, friar! you are incredulous; but night and day I am condemned to hear the voice of my betrayed father."

"What does he demand?"

"A crime."

"Beyond this," said the friar, pointing to the grave, "there remains not vengeance, but only forgiveness. All that you relate to me is but the illusion of your spirit inclined to sin."

"Perhaps the house of religion, if I were there, would cure me?"

"It might."

"Father, I will become a friar."

"Because silence is yonder," said the old man, looking towards the abbey, "do you think that all is peace within? Know you not that despair is mute?—know you not that tears become exhausted, but not the anguish that called them forth? The walls of the convent are not a rampart that can defend you from the passions of the world; if you carry them thither, there will you find them; if you bring guilt thither, you will find remorse; if anxious desire, you will find mental warfare. There have been those who, deceived by appearances, or rather, who trusted too much in retirement, men dismayed by misfortune, angry with the world, but not satiated with it, who assumed the habit, but not the spirit of our order; then by degrees their desires awakening in them more lively than ever, and becoming initiated by the difficulty of satisfying them, they either changed from weak men to wicked men, or ended their lives in the fury of despair. Let the circumstances of their crimes be hidden within those silent walls. Take heed, if you would be happy, that you lay aside there every desire of glory, every hate, every love. You must be like the dead, or like the unborn; your virtues must pass away unknown; you must figure to yourself as vanities the applause of men, the crown of knowledge, or of power; and as the only reality, the earth which will cover you; and you will drop into the grave unknown, unheeded, as the drop of water that falls into the ocean."

"Father, do not repel me from the sanctuary of religion."

"I repel you! Oh, if my body could become the stepping-stone for you to ascend to the celestial joys, I would lay it down in the dust a thousand times, with a thousand thanksgivings to the eternal wisdom for having elected it to such high destiny. But I am a sinner: it is not vouchsafed to me to divert a soul from the path of perdition, and gain it for Paradise: no, that is not vouchsafed to me. Who knows but in encouraging you to enter into a religious order I should destroy your soul. A man may lose his soul as a friar, who might have saved it as a knight. In all circumstances it is necessary to reflect well upon the consequences."

While he spoke the abbey bell began to toll slowly and solemnly: the friar raised his eyes to Heaven, and prayed fervently:—

"May it please thee, O Lord, to pardon the soul of poor brother Egidio." Then turning to Rogiero: "Hearken, my son; this bell warns us that a soul is about to pass away. Poor brother Egidio! It is not eight months since he assumed the habit, and he has so exhausted himself with fasting and penances, that his frame was unable to sustain it. He must certainly have been a great sinner; but the mercy of the Eternal is more in magnitude than our sin, and surely he is saved. I met him, like you, upon

the way, and I brought him in yonder. But his aspect was different from yours: his voice, his words, were different. Now he is dying. Who is brother Egidio? No one knows: no one mourns for him. By the light in your eye I discern that you could not endure such oblivion: your eyes betray an unrestrained passion, with which no power is able to cope. If you restrain it, then it will break your heart. I know not whither it will lead you, but I am certain that if you now become a friar you will be but plunging prematurely into hell. Peace be with you!"

"Cruel man," said Rogiero, "you wish me peace, and you will not stretch forth a hand to aid me. You repel me from the place where I would take refuge, telling me that it is not the way, and you will point out to me no other. But let the Lord look once upon his creature! Let us go and prostrate ourselves before his altar. I will pray, I will conjure him, as much as man can do, that he will at last look upon me, and answer me." Thus saying, he deliberately followed the friar, reached a wicket-door of the abbey, pushed it open, and passed through a corridore into an apartment on the ground floor, at the end of which was a staircase. He mounted it, and gained the first story; and after he had long wandered about fruitlessly in search of a friar to show him the way to the church, he found himself before a door, through which he heard the low voice of some person reciting the prayers for the dead. He opened the door, and paused upon the threshold. The sun, which was near setting, was hidden behind a thick darkness, and coloured, with the vermilion hue of blood, a stray cloud upon the zenith; and the cloud reflected back on the various objects its red light in a fearful manner: that light passed through a narrow window, and illuminated the face and part of the bosom of a dying man, in a sitting posture, with his back supported by a folded mattress. One hand was stretched out upon the bed, motionless, white as the colour of death, save at the tips of the fingers, which were of a purple hue; the other hand was hidden under the sheet. On the left side of the pallet lay a crucifix; but the dying man kept his head turned to the right, as if to avoid seeing it. From time to time he opened his eyes, which were now veiled with a gray mist, and now bright as crystal, but wandering, fixed on nothing, and seeming to perceive nothing, like those of a man afflicted with the *gutta serena*. The hair pushed back behind his ears displayed his forehead, where sat the demon of death: his compressed lips were covered with a livid foam, which dropped upon his beard: his throat labouring with a sob, stretched, lengthened, and, after a painful exertion, compelled the mouth to open as wide as it could, and to breath out a sigh, so weak, so very weak! The rest of the scene was hidden in darkness, which alike concealed the garment reach-

ing to the dying man's feet, and the friar who, kneeling by the bed, was reciting the holy prayers.

Rogiero entered noiselessly. Why does he change colour? Why does his heart beat so languidly? He goes hastily forward, leans over the dying man. "Good Heaven! Roberto!"

The dulled senses of the dying man responded unwillingly to the call: he raised his eyes, and looked at the knight. A sudden revulsion of blood ran through his whole frame, his hair stood erect, he trembled so violently that the bed shook under him, and with a lamentable cry he exclaimed—

"The betrayed! the betrayed? Father, you have deceived me. Why did you tell me that Heaven had pardoned my sins? Do you not see that he has burst open the stone of the sepulchre, and sent the dead to bid me despair in my agony?"

The friar, who was kneeling at the foot of the bed, praying for his soul, was astonished at hearing him cry so loud, and went to comfort him.

"These are illusions of the evil one: fix your mind on the image of the Redeemer."

Hardly had the friar come within reach, when Roberto clung round his neck, and hid his face in his bosom, saying, incoherently, "There he is! there! at the other side of the bed. For the love of Heaven conjure him—I cannot think of Paradise unless he departs."

The friar, who, absorbed in his sacred office, had not observed what had passed, now looked through the gloom, and discovered the knight. In truth, a shudder thrilled through his limbs, but it was a slight one; trusting in the Divine assistance, and immediately re-assured, he began, "I conjure you in the name ——"

"Father, I am not the spirit of a dead man, that you need to exorcise me."

"Heed him not, father, heed him not; continue to conjure him. Do you not see that he endeavours to deceive you, that he may remain?"

"Unhappy man!" said Rogiero. "Roberto, do you not know my voice?"

"Oh, that I had never heard it."

"The last time that we parted I pressed your hand, and we promised each other that if we ever met again on earth we should be friends; and now you receive me thus. Dismiss your fears. See! I am a living man." Thus saying he laid his hand on Roberto's arm in a kindly manner.

"It burns me, father; it burns me. Throw the holy water on it. I can bear it no longer. Make him depart, or I shall die blaspheming."

"My son, say not such impious words. Praise Heaven's good providence, for the cavalier who stands before you is living."

"Is he living?"

"He is above the eternal decrees. Perhaps he has been sent to alleviate your death by his forgiveness."

"He is alive," cried Roberto, and turning from the neck of the friar he took Rogiero's hand, and touched it several times, as if to be certain that it was no delusion. "He is, indeed, living;" and he raised the hand to his lips, and shed on it a torrent of tears.

"Courage now, Roberto. Take heart: do not weep thus. Many greater sinners than you have been pardoned."

Roberto, still holding the hand of Rogiero, looked up in his face, and, with a lamentable voice, cried him "Pardon, pardon!"

"You have done me no injury, Roberto; why do you need my pardon?"

"Oh, my crimes are too great; and I have need of all the virtues of hope not to despair of forgiveness; and there is need of all the mercy of Heaven to forgive me. I have committed those crimes against the innocent, against you, for I have betrayed you."

"Why did you betray me? what have I ever done to you?" said Rogiero, with an accent that would have moved the hardest heart. "Then, never to have injured any one, does not suffice to render us secure!"

"But—I have betrayed you!"

"O, courteous knight," said the friar, "if your heart is as benign as your mein, do not suffer this soul to depart comfortless without your forgiveness: he has offended you, but his penitence makes amends for his offence; and now he is about to appear before the judgment-seat of the Eternal."

"Good father, I cannot remember that this man has ever done me any injury; but as he says that he *has* betrayed me, I forgive him. An injury, as you know, can only be obliterated by two modes—either by avenging or forgiving it. The first I cannot do: the second only remains for me—I forgive him."

"Father, do you hear? He forgives me."

"Yes! Rejoice! Man has pardoned: trust now that God will pardon. He is so much more merciful than man."

"Amen!"

"Roberto, I pray you tell me how you have betrayed me."

"And why should I not tell you? Oh! that the whole world were present to hear my confessions, and see what a sinner I have been in the sight of Heaven; my humiliation might induce them to look upon me more compassionately in this my hour of exceeding bitterness—my hour of death; and many might amend. But, no. Perhaps you will withdraw your pardon, and repent of having given it to me, and curse me for ever! No! I will not tell you how I betrayed you."

"Roberto, I am more accustomed to misfortune than you think. You cannot relate to me anything which I have not already either imagined or experienced. I have long been prepared for everything. Speak. I promise not to retract my pardon."

"Do you swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Father! I pray you receive his oath."

Rogiero laid his hand on the crucifix, and took the oath after the friar's dictation.

"Now you cannot retract, Rogiero," said Roberto to Rogiero, who assented by a gesture. "Come here, sit on my bed-side. I will speak softly, for I feel life failing; who knows if I shall be able to finish my confession? Rogiero, hear the story of a crime which allows neither sighs nor tears; for it is greater than all such. Tears will not congeal in your eyes: groans will not convulse your bosom. Why do you turn pale, Rogiero? Oh, it is too soon yet. If you lose your courage now, I protest to you that you will die before I can finish my narration."

Rogiero, laying his hand on Roberto's, to prove that it did tremble, desired him to proceed in his confession.

CHAPTER XV.

Roberto's Confession.

"It was a winter's night; we were gathered round the hearth listening to a terrific tale from the major-domo; struck with an unusual panic, I often drew closer to my next companion, and pressed his hand, as if in kindness, but in truth, because I was afraid. The story of the major-domo was really a frightful one; the fire was dying away, the darkness was increasing, yet I felt myself in a state of discomposure, which I could not attribute to the existing circumstances. I have heard ridicule cast upon those secret voices with which an internal power seems to warn us of an impending misfortune; yet I have never suffered any calamity of which my heart has not forwarned me. That night was destined by the infernal powers for the commencement of my misdeeds. A light touch on the shoulder made me turn round my head —the face of the Baron Odrisio the Bloody, my feudal lord, was always austere. but that night it appeared terrible—perhaps it

was the ruddy light of the expiring fire, which, reflecting on his deeply lined countenance, imparted to him this expression; or perhaps it was derived from the thoughts that he was revolving in his mind. At the sight of those white hairs erect on his livid forehead, those dark eyebrows closely knit together, that glow upon those cheeks, I was about to cry aloud. He opened his eyes widely, and displayed to me, sparkling with rage, the pupils which were half hidden by the lids, and I caught at once from their expression, that I should be silent. He leaned over the back of my seat, and whispered closely in my ear, 'Follow me; but in such a guarded manner that no one may perceive it.' And he departed as noiselessly as he had entered. Desirous to obey my master, I moved back a little from the hearth; the fire no longer threw any light on me, and my comrades forgot me,—I concealed myself in the darkness, and rose to leave the apartment. I had hardly reached the middle of the corridor when the baron's voice asked :—

"'Is that Roberto?'

"'It is.'

"'Tell me, Roberto, how do you esteem your lord?'

"'As a man wise, benign, and courteous.'

"'In truth?'

"'True as the mass.'

"'The saints forbid that I should seek to remind you of my benefits; but how have I comported myself towards you?'

"'As a father to a dear son.'

"'In truth?'

"'On the faith of a vassal.'

"'Then, if I asked a favour from you, you would grant it to me?'

"'Sir, I am ready to do for your service anything that may be asked of a Christian man, and that would not endanger my soul.'

"'Have you a corslet?'

"'No, signor.'

"'Have you a dagger?'

"'I have.'

"'All I ask from you is the death of a man.'*

"'By treachery?'

"'As you please; it is enough for me that you slay him. But I think it will be better to use subtilty.'

"'Signor, it is for you to command; to me, it is all one.'

"'Then do you, Roberto, take care that an hour before day

* It appears, from this passage, that the author intended to represent the characteristic feelings of the thirteenth century, when, to commit a treacherous murder, at the command of a feudal master, was not considered unworthy of a Christian, or as endangering the soul; and when the crimes which principally (if not solely) came under these imputations were witchcraft, heresy, and resistance to ecclesiastical authority.—Translator's note.

you are upon the right-hand terrace of my castle, looking towards the garden—the terrace that leads from the avenue of pines.'

"'If I understand rightly, it is the terrace whereon stands the wing of the castle containing the apartments of the lady your daughter?'

"'Yes;' but this affirmative he expressed with a melancholy sigh, and with hesitation, as if he forced himself to utter it. The baron continued: 'An hour before day take heed to be on that terrace—an hour before day, dagger in hand; you will hear some one descending from the window above; wait till he comes near the ground—then——'

"'Then the dagger in his heart, signor?'

"'Even so. I will come to you immediately; we will dig a grave; no other will know the fact but yourself.'

"'And with me it shall be buried like the corpse in the earth.'

"'I hope so—yet the case hardly requires it. He is a thief, who, for several nights, has been attempting to steal my family treasure, and, perhaps——yet, nevertheless, as you value my good will, keep it secret. Good night, Roberto.'

"'Heaven be with you, signor.' I returned into the apartment where the vassals were still listening with attention to the legend of the major-domo, and, without any one perceiving it, I drew my seat once more near the fire; there, drooping my head forwards, I began to ruminate. 'What can all this be? Certainly it is not a thief, for then the baron would have placed his servants in such an array that the thief could not escape, and he might take him alive, and execute him at his convenience. It is certainly some concealed lover of his daughter. Oh! would it not be better for him to yield to the wishes of the lovers, than to stain his hands with blood in his old age? But perhaps the man is not of equal rank; perhaps he is some servant of the house; perhaps he is now beside me.' I turned, and saw near me an old falconer, almost blind from age, and I felt re-assured, and recommenced my meditations. From one thought to another, my mind wandered away so completely from the scene before my eyes, that when I recovered myself I perceived that my companions had left me alone, and were gone to bed without calling me. I set out groping my way for the garden. I was watching there for about an hour, which, to my impatience, appeared an entire night, when I heard a slight sound. I strained my sight, and perceived a dark form suspended as it were, in the air, I unsheathed my danger, I drew near, and when I thought him close within reach, I struck at him a desperate blow; happily for the unknown, when he was about three yards distant from the ground, he thought proper to let himself drop at once with a spring, so that my dagger struck against the wall,

and gave out sparks; wo to him, had it reached his heart, it would have split it in twain. I know not how it happened, perhaps he was holding his sword between his teeth, I felt myself attacked, on the moment, in a most furious manner; we exchanged some blows, but I being overcome by superior strength, and still superior dexterity, was obliged to let go my dagger, and I received a blow on the head that prostrated me on the ground. Though I was much stunned, I remember that a window was opened above; I saw a female arm, bared, and holding a candle, then a face pale as death; and I heard a shrill cry, 'Let me die with him.' And another voice within said;—'Holy Mother Mary! what are you doing, dear lady? you will lose your life—Madonna, perhaps he is safe.' A distant cry, as if to affirm these words, exclaimed: 'I am safe!' Whilst I was trying to rise, I heard the sound of steps coming hastily towards me, and, the baron's voice, inquiring:—

"'Where is the corpse?'

"'I have not been able to slay him, signor, and he has fled, after nearly wounding me.'

"The baron uttered an oath, and retired, muttering to himself. It was a mystery. For eight days the baron secluded himself in his chamber, spoke to no one, and did nothing, except send a messenger to a certain Rinaldo d'Aquino, Count di Caserta, who in times past had been very intimate at the castle, and who, the servants said, was an unaccepted suitor of the Lady Spina. At the expiration of eight days the vassals were commanded to prepare for the marriage of the baron's daughter, which was to take place next morning. Although we were accustomed to obey the commands of the baron suddenly, and without uttering a word, still this hasty resolution appeared to us very strange; and we dared to express it; and still more, we dared to suspect that this resolution was taken without the consent of our Lady Spina. True it is she rarely came into our presence, yet we always beheld that lovely form with a smile, and saw her depart with a sigh. She appeared an angel among demons; and, convinced that prayer from our lips would not be heard, we entreated *her* to pray for us. We viewed her as the link between our souls and Paradise. Never was prayer offered up by a creature more beautiful or more excellent; never, perhaps, was prayer more acceptable.

"I remember, as if it were only to-day (for I was near her when she knelt at the altar)—I remember that she shook with a tremour, which, however, might have escaped less anxious and less affectionate eyes than mine. The nuptial veil, embroidered with gold, covered her face, yet I am certain she was weeping: her bosom heaved beneath her robe as though it would burst; yet I heard no sigh, but a long drawn breath, like the diver

when he inhales air before he plunges beneath the wave. Scandal might have pronounced her figure a little more rounded than was becoming in a maiden; perhaps my eyes were deceived, but at that moment I suspected so much. That awful moment had arrived when the priest demands from the kneeling couple the sacrifice of all passions, hopes, regrets, in favour of one sole being in the world; that moment in which he binds their souls together with a chain, the end of which is held in the hand of death. She raised her veil and looked at her father, and he at her. Holy Mary! What looks were those! That of La Spina seemed like the trembling flutter of the swallow fallen from the nest before it is fully fledged: curious to behold, and yet afraid to meet, the object of its search; it revealed a resignation despairing in a more than earthly loss; it craved pity. The look of Baron Odrisio appeared at first kindly, and, if I mistake not, the springing of a tear began to glitter in his eye; but it suddenly changed into a hellish glance. Who knows but that he was at that moment possessed by the evil one! She became motionless, testifying an intense reproachfulness, a profound disdain, and yet a seeking for compassion. My heart perceived, though I cannot express it, the sensations that agitated her. The fatal consent was extorted from her pale lips, and the benediction was given. I heard the consent and the benediction, like the clang of the axe, which as it strikes off the head resounds upon the block. I left the chapel: and those nuptials were not festive ones.

"The next morning Baron Odrisio was found dead in his bed. We mourned for him as for a man who had done us neither good nor evil. The Count Rinaldo came to live at the castle; and for us vassals these new nuptials had only made us change our yoke. If during the life-time of Baron Odrisio the Lady Spina had seldom appeared before us, she was now become wholly invisible. A month after the fatal nuptials I saw her through the grating in the chapel; her eyes were red and swollen, her face pale, her lips purple; the skin tightly covered her bones. I crossed myself in pity and dismay: for if *death* can be *without terrors* on the face of beauty, *sickness* cannot. And Count Rinaldo? he used to be a cheerful man: fond of the chace, of the tournament, and every chivalrous exercise; now neglected in his person, and discomposed in his air, he wandered among the avenues of pines, uttering doleful exclamations. Every day he lost his colour and his appearance of health; his horses fed idle in the pastures; his dogs lay in the court-yard or about the hearth; nor was he diverted from his mortal melancholy by the frequent visits which King Manfred paid him, nor by the office of constable, the highest in the kingdom, to which he was elevated ere long. The servants,

assuming the habits of their master, went about drooping their heads, without greeting one another. It was a house filled with sadness and prepared for misfortune. Returning one night very late to my chamber, I was seized with a fancy to approach the apartments of the count. Hardly had I entered the saloon when I heard the voices of persons conversing: I advanced cautiously, listening to them. The wind, which blew furiously that night, prevented me from hearing the words distinctly and consecutively, yet I heard—'Baron Odrisio deceived me: if it were in my power his soul should never rest in peace.' The wind overpowered the sound of whatever followed; when it lulled I heard a different voice say—'Irreparable!' Again the violence of the wind prevented me from hearing. Then I distinguished the first voice, that of the Count Rinaldo di Caserta, saying—'She rose from her bed; I watched her, though I feigned to be sleeping'—(a fresh interruption)—'I rose before her. I discovered the letter and read: your Majesty's surprise at my obstinate repugnance to violate the sacrament of marriage is full of reproach to me; but it is just; for the woman who has violated her first duty, may violate the second, and all others. But I do not complain; for I consider it one of the highest punishments with which Heaven can visit me for the death of my father. Happy if——' A violent gust of wind swept the rest from my ears; and afterwards I could only hear by fits and starts, through the shaking of the windows and the howling of the boisterous wind round the room. Sometimes it was the voice of the Count di Caserta, sometimes that of the other speaker. 'I may be deprived of life, but not of honour; that child shall never bear the arms of Aquino—it was a deception, a crime—you need only say one word, in my opinion. It is finished: it is finished—the dead do not speak.' I retired, giving heed to the sound of the footsteps which seemed to be coming in my direction. I had discovered enough relative to Madonna Spina: the adventure of the night on which I was struck down, her rounded figure, that hurried wedding, the words that I had overheard—all told me enough. One evening as I was proceeding, alone, to see if the gate of the castle was duly shut, I met a certain Count della Cerra, a poor nobleman, who was in the habit of resorting to the castle of my master, and who greatly insinuated himself into his favour, so that the Count di Caserta had admitted him into the closest confidence.

"'Vassal,' said he to me, 'what would you do to obtain your liberty?'

"'How? Tell me what I should do; for my own part I know not.'

"'It is but a trifling undertaking that is required of you, vas-

sal; one that your lord might command of you, but he prefers requesting it, and offers you, in recompense, your liberty and a comfortable independence.'

"'What is it?'

"'A dagger thrust.'

"'I have given many a one to my injury: do you think I would not give one to my benefit?'

"'But, observe; it must be given to a person sleeping, with great caution, at night, and with no other weapon about you than a dagger.'

"'Is not the question that of stabbing a man? A dagger is all that is needed for that—is this any difficulty to you?'

"'It is not for me, Roberto, but for you who are accustomed to arms, as a loyal man should be.'

"'If I have struck by day, do not doubt that I can strike as willingly at night; and if I strike in the heart, doubt not that I can strike still better in the back. When I can go on plain ground, signor, I am not one of those who choose the steep and rugged path.'

"'Well said, vassal! Be ready to-morrow at this hour; I myself will lead you to your post. I grant you some time for the preparation of the dagger.'

"'Certainly, noble sir; these are matters which require a little *examination of conscience.*'

"See, father," said Roberto, addressing the friar, "to what a height my impiety had reached in those days, when I used the words of devotion in a jesting sense, and feigned to apply religious practices to the consummation of a crime."

"'Yet,' I continued, addressing myself to the Count della Cerra; 'yet, fair sir, I cannot obey you without the certainty that the Count di Caserta will free me from the vassallage in which I was born.'

"'Vassal! do you doubt your lord's good faith?'

"'Not my lord's, but——'

"'Whose?'

"'Yours.'

"'And what cause have you, vassal, to distrust me?'

"'What cause have I to trust you?'

"'Do you not see me daily at your lord's side? Do you think I would tell you anything which he had not desired me?'

"'Is the race of traitors extinct?'

"Here I saw the eyes of della Cerra look askance, and his cheeks glowed; but he dared not show his wrath, for I had the reputation of a ferocious man, and he was of a pusillanimous disposition.

"'Come, now,' said della Cerra, 'to waste no more words,

what shall I bring you as an assurance of your master's will? Shall it be his signet ring?'

"'That will suffice, signor.'

"I need repeat no farther. The next day della Cerra brought me my lord's own ring. I looked at it again and again, to discover if there was any deception; but it was indeed his ring. The Count della Cerra led me for a long time blindfolded, and introduced me into a subterraneous chamber.

"'Do you tremble?' said he to me.

"'Yes; but only with cold.'

"'One may tremble also with fear.'

"'Yes; but by the blow it will be seen whether the tremour arose from fear or from cold.'

"'We shall see that now, for we are arrived at the spot.'

"He took off the bandage from my eyes; I was all in darkness—darkness suitable to the deed.

"'Now go down as quietly as you can through this aperture, which is about two feet from the ground; pass first one leg, then the other. Advance three paces to the right, and you will find the bed where sleeps——'

"'Who?'

"'What matters it to you? you need mind nothing but to strike.'

"'What matters it to me? Holy Mary! but it matters a great deal. It may be one of my comrades.'

"'Did I not know you were afraid? Let me blindfold you again, and lead you back to the castle.'

"'Answer me'—I swore a tremendous oath—'answer me; is it one of my comrades?'

"'It is not.'

"'Or one of my friends?'

"'No.'

"'Surely not?'

"'As surely as that it is a deed that condemns us.'

"'Now you shall see if I am afraid.' I descended softly, groping in the dark with my left hand, and holding the dagger in my right. I felt some person lying down; I sought for the heart, laid my dagger's point upon it, raised the weapon—struck—O! what a piercing shriek!" The dying narrator put his hands to his ears as if he heard it in that moment. He continued: "The Count Anselmo della Cerra appeared at the opening above; he turned round a dark lantern and asked, '*Is she dead yet?*' O! misery; a ray of light fell on the ensanguined bed, and displayed to me the Lady Spina in the stricken one. Blind with anguish I ran round the chamber, yelling in despair; when the wail of an infant mingled with that

tempest of rage, horror, and terror. I sprang to the bed and raised the coverlet. Lamentable sight! a child was wallowing in its mother's blood. The dying woman raised it in her arms, and kissed it; the blood that was streaming from her wound stained the infant's face; and the lady said, interruptedly and in pain, 'Take it, poor innocent; this is the milk which she who broke her father's heart ought to give to her son;' and as she spoke she fell. I wrapped up the infant in a sheet; I ran to the Count della Cerra, and, scarcely knowing what I did, I placed it in his hands, and narrowly escaped dropping down with it and dashing it on the ground.

"'Anselmo, what have you done? Anselmo!' cried the Count di Caserta, who had now reached the bottom of the corridore; and who, at that frightful spectacle, fell almost lifeless to the earth.

"'I have not exceeded the limits of your commission, Rinaldo,' replied della Cerra, smiling, 'and you are bound to guarantee me from every trouble on the subject, both in this world and in the next.'

"Why need I relate to you anything farther of that infernal soul? Taking advantage of the Count di Caserta's fainting state, della Cerra proposed to me to dash the infant against the wall, to get rid of the annoyance of it, as he said; but I refused, and saved the child. The Count Rinaldo recovered from his swoon with the loss of a great part of his reason. He remembered the death of his wife, because he felt it at every moment; but he forgot her errors, or if they presented themselves to his mind, he believed that they were the creation of his own distempered fancy. Anselmo della Cerra, changing his mind shortly afterwards, induced by a subtle design, instead of hindering me from saving the child, recommended me to bring him up well, and aided me with the means of doing so, but first compelling me to swear by the Saints that I would never reveal his birth to any living being. The boy grew up in favour with men and with nature; he was taken to court, where he pleased Manfred so well that the king placed him at first among his pages, and, when he grew older, among his squires. He would be amongst them now if——"

"Proceed."

"If he were not now standing before me."

Rogiero found himself suddenly bereft of one father, without being made acquainted with any other; torn from a sad certainty to be precipitated into a still more sad doubt; transferred from misfortune to sin. Up to this moment he had despised the nature of man and of himself; now he abhorred it, since he saw the impulses which he had considered magnanimous converted into instruments of infamy. His innocence had induced him to

trust the words of one of his own kind; compassion had led him to receive as a father one who was not so; filial love had impelled him to betray his king in order to avenge an injured parent. Such a complication of mysterious circumstances, so many snares set to draw him into crime; his dearest affections sported with—rage, shame, anguish agonized him so strongly, that he seized the bars of the bed by an irresistible impulse, and shook them till the dying man, the coverlet, and all that was on the bed was displaced, and the crucifix fell to the ground. Roberto clung to the confessor, and hid his face again on his bosom.

"Has not justice yet avenged this crime? Can it be concealed from the vengeance of man?"

"Father! I pray you tell him with what penances I have laboured to expiate my guilt."

"That fratricide of Manfred which they related to me?"

"It was false."

"And my birth from Henry the Lame?"

"False."

"And Henry?——"

"He was preserved, as I believe, to oppose Manfred in the contest for the kingdom; but having lost his reason from extreme suffering, he was still permitted to live, because they dared not slay him, or because they had planned to feign him your father, and thus excite you to betray your king."

"This is a miracle of malignity! And you knew it, Roberto?"

"I knew it."

"And you betrayed me."

"They had sworn to aggrandize *me* and to preserve *you*."

"Infernal soul! Be thou accursed for ever!"

"Father, do you hear him? Have you not pardoned me? Have you not sworn to pardon me?"

"If I have, I forswear myself now. I give you my everlasting malediction!"

"Do not say so, Rogiero. Remember, I saved your life."

"If you had done me no other injury, I execrate you for preserving it. Despair and die!"

"Pitiless man! a day will come when you will pay dearly for your cruelty. On the point as I am of appearing before the tribunal of Heaven, I feel that my crimes are too many and too great for pardon. Your forgiveness might not have availed me, but it would have pleaded for yourself when you are judged in your own turn. Yet once more—will you keep your oath?"

"No."

"Go, then, and let me die in peace."

"No! Until the veil of death falls over your eyes, you shall behold me; and despair and die."

Rogiero had scarcely uttered these bitter words when the door

of the cell opened, and two files of monks appeared, bearing in their hands many lighted tapers; last of all came, with a solemn aspect, the friar whom Rogiero had met in the burial-ground: he bore, under a silken covering, the elements for extreme unction. And here it may be observed that the religious discipline of that age adopted the use of that sacrament with great caution, only administering it when the sick person was on the point of expiring. The friar advanced, and perceiving Rogiero with his hand raised in the act of malediction, and Roberto (in religion called Egidio) supplicating, terrified, streaming with perspiration, and appearing to have exhausted all the means whereby one man moves another to pity, he understood the case at once, and, turning to Rogiero, laid his hand on his head, and with that dignity which zeal imparts, said to him: "Creature born to die, can you preserve an undying hate?"

"I know not, father, whether I *can*; but I *will* it."

"Worthy son of a fallen race! your sentiment partakes of the vileness of the worms which are your brothers; your thoughts are of the dust from whence you were born and to which you will return."

"He slew my mother," cried Rogiero, pointing to the dying man. "How can I forbear to curse him?"

"He," replied the friar, pointing up to Heaven, "He suffered his son to be slain in order to bless thee."

"My nature is not divine."

"I know thou art but of clay; but there dwells in thee a spark of divinity, a particle of the celestial intellect which ought to devote all its cares to following the example of its Creator; to pleasing him, and rendering itself capable of the glory to which he calls us by all the portents of creation. The Eternal and Sinless forgave sin unasked; do thou, who art a sinner, forgive it, and we will supplicate thee at thy knees."

He fell at Rogiero's feet, and, raising his clasped hands, besought him with a touching air. The other friars, following the example of their abbot, did the same, and all in concert exclaimed, "Pardon!"

"Though you could give me the dominion of the thunder; though you could bestow on me empire over all minds; though all creation with one voice should exalt my praise, I will not renounce my malediction."*

He repulsed the old abbot, who was embracing his knees, and with a prodigious bound sprang from the cell. The abbot arose from the ground, and advanced to administer his pious office.

* Here follows, in the original Italian, a curse, uttered by Rogiero, so very hideous in its expressions that I scruple to translate it—to the English mind it would be too revolting. In this chapter many expressions occur in the original which I have omitted, as savouring of profaneness.—Translator.

With his hand raised over the brow of the dying man, he had already began to recite "*Per istam sanctam unctionem et suam,*" when the confessor at the other side of the bed whispered, "He is dead."

The abbot looked attentively, and saw Roberto with his eyes open, and his lips apart; a slight flush tinging his cheek. He appeared as if still living. The abbot laid his hand upon his heart; it was the same as if he had laid it on a stone. He raised a corner of the sheet and covered the face, saying, "He has departed in peace."

MUSIC AT SEA.

BY MRS. ABDY.

The boats swiftly skimmed from the ship to the shore,
And the boatmen plied gaily and gladly the oar,
The wind blew against them, the billows were strong,
But they lightened their task by the magic of song.

Anon, they suspended their lay for a while,
And methought that they wearily flagged in their toil,
Till soon they renewed in full chorus the strain,
And the oar lightly dipped in the waters again.

A moral to me in the music there seemed,
Since an art, vain and trifling by many esteemed,
Thus aptly, I found, could a hardship surmount,
When promptly and cheerfully turned to account.

Our talents oft serve an excuse to convey
For indolent languor, or boastful display;
Yet to blend them with duties we ever should aim:
They should strengthen, not soften, the mind and the frame.

And the graceful attainments that decorate life
Should lighten its labours and lessen its strife;
And bid our frail bark o'er its waves smoothly glide,
Though sometimes opposed by the wind and the tide.

THE WILL AND THE DEED.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

There lies a gulf, a wide deep gulf,
  Betwixt the will and deed;
Betwixt the failing mortal strength,
  And the immortal need.
How small a part at last is done
  Of all we deem'd to do,
When time's unwasted wealth was ours,
  And faith and hope were new—
And fancy still was wont to spring,
Like Psyche, ever on the wing!

We know not what they should have brought,
  Those faithless dreams of bliss,
We only feel their promised world
  Was all unlike to this;
We know not what that strong resolve
  To do has left undone,
Or where might lie the shore we sought—
  It was not that we've won!
Our El Dorado of the mind,
Alas! like earth's, is yet to find!

Prometheus stole the fire from Heaven,
  How vainly fables tell—
Ah! those brave master-minds of old,
  They knew man's heart full well!—
The bold immortal's deed might not
  The mortal's doom elude,
Fate left the culprit tortured, chain'd,
  But left him unsubdued:
Those visions of the better part
Could not be crush'd from out the heart.

For ever thus, disdaining rest,
  With him, our type, we dare;
With him hold fast our fruitless faith,
  Untamed amid despair.
That consciousness of hidden power
  Which here the spirit brings,
Is vain unless it still pursue
  The light of hidden things—
And all the impotence of dust
Can never shake that native trust!

It should be so, it should be so!
  And this alone is ill—
That where the heathen left of old,
  Christ's love should find us still!
If now denied to bring down Heaven
  Upon the wastes of earth,
We yet may wield a mightier power
  To prove our Heavenly birth;
And, faith-directed, upward flee,
And dwell, O God, for aye with Thee!

SHADE OF MY BROTHER, HEAR!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

A requiem for the dead!
A solemn chaunt of wo,
Accompanied by the tears we shed;
In sad Adagio!

My Brother, though we're plunged in tears,
Thou, now rejoicing in the spheres;
Released from that dire agony
Which shuddering humanity,
Can but with deep emotion name,
Racking, for years, thy precious frame;
Must deem the grief almost a crime:
Pursuing thee in realms sublime.
Yet, O my Brother! hearts must feel,
And tears their anguish must reveal;
As, musing, that the grave to-day
Snatches our brightest hopes away.
Hopes long indulged, beloved, for thee,
When thou, at last, from suffering free;
Should'st change the soul's appalling groan
For health's exhilarating tone,
And sit 'mong gratulating friends;
Whilst pray'r on pray'r, to God ascends
Of holy gratitude and praise,
For blessing thee with lengthen'd days!
Such were our hopes! Affection's dreams!
The wintry ray that brightly beams
Is not more fleeting,—yet we trust
The bubbles, which BUT rise to burst!
Martha and Mary lov'd not more
The Lazarus, Christ did restore,
Than we love thee! thou art—thou art,—
Indeed the brother of our heart!
Yet, ah! no miracle appears
To turn to smiles of joy, our tears,
To call our brother from the tomb;
And change for us the march of doom!
Murmurs profane! impious complaints!
Bear them not upward, list'ning Saints!
Hath Heav'n not granted our request?
Art thou not free from pain? —at rest?
Among exulting angels, thou,
With health restored, art seated now,
Singing the song of the "I Am:"
And Jesus, the Redeeming Lamb!
Then, oh! our grief for thee wherefore?
Thou, who now wantest nothing more!
Worthless all HERE, thou must agnize,*
Enriched as thou art, in the Skies!

* Agnize—acknowledge, confess.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.*

A TALE.

CHAPTER VI.

Upon Madame de la Regnie's return to the saloon, she found her husband listening with earnest attention to the details which Monsieur Derval was giving him of his old friend's sudden illness and lamentable decease, and of various particulars of his affairs, any allusion to which Nathalie's presence had until then rendered impracticable.

Often did the speaker's own painful emotions manifest themselves during the melancholy recital, for Monsieur d'Aubray had been to him a kind friend and generous benefactor, and he felt the greatest sorrow at his loss. But it was especially when Nathalie's name escaped his lips that his agitation became the most apparent, and when pronounced in reference to her matrimonal engagement, which it necessarily often was, in the course of the narration, his voice grew husky, and his assumed composure more than once well nigh played him false during his listener's numerous queries upon the subject.

However, he did support the trial bravely, and answered them without the slightest reference to his own individual feelings and sensations; for he felt the sacred importance of the charge committed to him, and proudly scorned to take advantage of his position, and excite a prejudice against one whom his mind involuntarily pictured to him as a rival and an enemy.

"These are the private papers and memoranda of your lamented friend, sir" concluded he, after Madame de la Regnie had re-entered the apartment; and drawing a sealed packet from his bosom, "and I doubt not that they contain ample instruction respecting the administration of Mademoiselle d'Aubray's fortune and everything connected with her affairs. Pardon me, madam," added he, turning to Madame de la Regnie, "for discoursing of business in a lady's presence, but I know Monsieur le Comte's time is rarely at his own disposal, and I was anxious to unburden my mind of the melancholy details I had to communicate."

"No excuse is necessary, be assured, sir," answered Madame de la Regnie kindly. "Without having been personally acquainted

* Continued from page 48, vol. xlvii.

with my husband's friend, I have heard too much of his amiability of character, not to participate in your sorrow at his loss, and believe me, in aught regarding Mademoiselle d'Aubray, you would always find in me an attentive listener; for her misfortune causes me heartfelt sorrow, and I should ever regard it as a happiness to administer to her comfort and consolation in all that lies in my power."

There was a candour, a sincerity in the tone in which these words were uttered which was at once touching and impressive, and which went to the very soul of Alfred Derval, arousing in him mingled feelings of esteem and reliance, and at once removing the tormenting doubts and fears which had possessed his mind ever since his arrival, and which were engendered by the stiffness and cold formality of the first interview between Nathalie and her new protectors.

"I trust, sir, that you will favour me by accepting such poor accommodation as my abode affords during your stay in Paris," said Monsieur de la Regnie to the young man, shaking him by the hand with very unusual warmth and cordiality. "As the intimate friend of poor d'Aubray you will be doubly welcome."

"I thank you from my heart, Monsieur le President," answered Derval; "but an important affair I have in hand will detain me longer in Paris than I could think of trespassing upon your kindness and hospitality, and ——"

But Monsieur de la Regnie would accept of no refusal, for his new acquaintance's gentlemanlike deportment and courteous urbanity of manner had strongly prepossessed him in his favour, and Madame de la Regnie joining her entreaties to those of her husband, he was at length induced to accept their offer; and although impressed with the hopelessness of his passion, and convinced as he was that further intercourse with the object of it would render yet more agonizing the pang of separation, he felt a proud satisfaction in still lingering near the helpless orphan, to avert all evil from her path, to vie in solicitude for her welfare with her newly appointed protectors, and aid in discharging the sacred trust reposed in them up to the fatal moment which would render all farther care superfluous, and consign her to a husband's protection.

Late in the evening of the day upon which the events just recorded occurred, the fortune-teller might be seen regaining her remotely situated abode with a light and rapid step, and threading her way through the tortuous and dimly lighted alleys of the suburb in which it was situated, with marvellous ease and accuracy. Upon entering her apartment she found Raoul de Bussy reposing in an arm-chair by the fireside. The moody air with which he gazed upon the glowing embers, the scowl upon his brow, the sullen thoughtfulness of his fixed regard, showed that

his cogitations were of a gloomy and perplexing nature, and that something had recently occurred to dispel his usual reckless levity of manners, and imbue his mind with apprehension and mistrust.

"What now, Raoul?" said Orsola bluntly, upon her entrance. "Something has gone wrong. I know it has, for you are not wont to look so downcast and disheartened."

"All has gone wrong," answered he vehemently. "Every thing conspires to prostrate our schemes. Indeed, I fear me that we must renounce them altogether, and then our ruin is complete, and beggary stares us in the face. Not that I fear our visitor of last night, as you perhaps imagine" added he quickly, "*she* is effectually silenced I am sure, and you should have seen her scared look when I followed her to the street and laid my hand upon her shoulder: but know you whose abode contains the girl? Know you who the guardian is to whom she is confided? The President le Regnie himself!"

For a moment Orsola looked aghast at this intelligence. "Impossible!" she at length exclaimed. "You would impose upon my credulity; but mind, all efforts to terrify me are fruitless. Shame upon you, for thus idly jesting upon a matter of such importance."

"I jest not, Orsola, believe me," answered he gravely; "and would to God that my intelligence were false; but a letter I received from Bordeaux, a few hours since, informed me of the fact, and a man I had stationed on the road, to tell me of the traveller's arrival, tracked the carriage up to the very door of the hotel."

"And what if it be so?" exclaimed the fortune-teller, after a short pause, and with her usual stern decision of manner. "Why should our scheme be relinquished upon so slight a pretext?"

Long as Raoul had known the fortune-teller, often as they had been associated in daring enterprises, in which her temerity had ever taken the lead and far surpassed his own, he felt quite astounded at the undaunted composure she exhibited upon this occasion, and the resolute tone in which she pronounced these words.

"Why should we relinquish it?" cried he at length, springing up and wildly pacing the apartment. "Would you have me put my head within the lion's very jaws?—the very clutches of the Bourreau?"

"I have ever known you false and treacherous, Raoul," answered Orsola, angrily, "and ever ready basely to desert your friends when apprehensive of discovery; but still I had not thought you capable of evincing this abject cowardice, this contemptible irresolution, especially when the game is all our own, and the prize within our very grasp."

"You would have us then continue?" rejoined he, astonishment still depicted in his looks.

"Ay, to be sure I would," replied she; "and shame upon you for asking such a question. Did you ever know me draw back in aught I had projected? Acknowledge a defeat, renounce my purpose, ere I had struck one blow to gain the victory! You know not us Italians; you know not that once resolved, we never recede, but doggedly pursue our aim, by *ruse* or violence, through fair weather or foul, peace or strife, sunshine or bloodshed, it matters not."

"But consider the risk, good Orsola," rejoined Raoul, irresolutely. "You know that suspicion is already awakened, and rumours afloat."

"And if they are," answered she, "know you not that hardihood ever vanquishes suspicion? Come, come, be a man, Raoul, and lay aside these childish fears; you know that she, the wife, would rather screen us from danger, than expose us to the law's severity, involved as she is alike with ourselves. But you must be bold and resolute; no trembling, no faltering, mind, or then indeed is our ruin inevitable."

"It is not any impediment being offered to the marriage that I fear," rejoined he, "but discovery of our subsequent proceedings," and he could not suppress a shudder at the thought.

"You know my skill, Raoul," answered she; "you know the subtle nature of my wares, and that their tardy influence and almost imperceptible effects, have, whilst they completely baffled the physician's art, always eluded the most vigilant scrutiny."

"Well," said Raoul, somewhat re-assured, "we have, I believe, gone too far to draw back, whatever may be the risk; and now that we are agreed, and that you find me so subservient to your will," continued he, in a gentle tone of entreaty, "you ought to show your confidence in me, and reward my obedience by giving up the letter. You know I dare not break my promise to you, even if I would. Have I not the most urgent need of your assistance? and without it would not my whole scheme fall to the ground?"

"Upon our wedding-day it shall be yours," answered she, resolutely; "but hope not for it before. Urge me no farther, my resolution is irrevocable."

Raoul knew full well that all entreaties would be useless, and therefore sought not to pursue the matter further.

"And the diamonds you said you could procure to lure our pretty bird, and keep up my character for generosity and gallantry," continued he, striving to hide his ill-humour under a sardonic smile——

"Are here," answered she, drawing a small leather case from under the folds of her mantle. "You see how true I am to my word. You will begin to think that I have inherited Fortunatus's cap," continued she, gaily. "Ask me not where I got them,

but take the glittering baubles, and put them out to interest, until we can inherit both principal and produce;" and she placed the jewels in his hand.

"A thousand thanks! good Orsola," replied he, depositing them in his breast-pocket. "And now I must away," continued he, "for it grows late; and to-morrow I must be stirring betimes, to hire apartments suitable to my rank and dignity in the world, and idle varlets to slumber in my ante-chamber and dangle at my heels in tawdry liveries, and horses and equipages, and I know not what beside. Good night, my charmer! my faithful ally! my golden genius!" and he tripped lightly up to the fortune-teller's side.

"Good night, Raoul," returned she, grasping his proffered hand. "Be bold, be resolute, let me again conjure you, and our success is certain: I would stake my life upon it."

But Raoul's assumed gaiety speedily forsook him after he quitted the fortune-teller's presence. "Curses on her vile cupidity! her blood-thirsty avarice!" muttered he between his teeth, as he descended the staircase. "And must I ever be her slave? ever writhe under her tyranny? and scheme and toil, and risk my very life for her advantage? And, once her husband, who knows whether she will restore the letter, and leave me at peace, as she promises? I would have her beware though;" and his hand involuntarily clenched the hilt of the small poignard he always wore concealed within his vest. Rudely brushing past the old fortress as he was wont, he quickly regained the obscure tavern in which he had taken up his abode.

CHAPTER VII.

Madame de la Regnie had risen betimes on the following morning, and was impatiently awaiting the hour at which she might betake herself to the apartments of Mademoiselle d'Aubray, and offer her her salutations.

Reclining upon a velvet *causense* in her boudoir, which was furnished and fitted up with all the massive splendour and florid costliness of that age which forms so important an epoch in the annals of the decorator's art, the lady appeared absorbed in meditation. Beside her lay a fine *bouquet* of exotics, freshly culled from off the fragrant nurslings in the richly ornamented *jardin*, and destined as a present for her newly-welcomed guest; and before her stood an embroidery frame, from which

the divers-coloured threads hung down in confused tresses. And whilst the objects which lay around testified to the lady's efforts to wile away the tedious interval which must elapse ere she could seek the orphan's lonely chamber, the open missal, the chiselled rosary, the richly sculptured crucifix which lay upon the *prie Dieu* in an adjoining recess, alike indicated that she had been seeking resignment in her affliction, and fortitude in her sufferings, at the true fountain of consolation; and humbly soliciting aid and assistance at the throne of grace by prayer and pious devotion.

At length the lady was awakened out of her abstraction by the entrance of a little page, who alone, of all the male domestics of the household, was allowed to enter her favourite retreat.

"Monsieur Derval," said he, upon his entrance, "begs the favour of a few minutes' interview with Madame la Comtesse."

"Admit the gentleman, Alexis," she replied, and the boy quickly disappeared.

The acute mental uneasiness under which Madame de la Regnie laboured, the dire forebodings, the unceasing apprehensions which tortured and distracted her timid mind, had naturally produced extreme nervous susceptibility, so that any unexpected occurrence, however irrelevant it might in reality be with the all-engrossing subject of her anxiety, immediately inspired her with a vague feeling of terror, an agonizing presentiment of approaching evil, which incorporated itself with her former train of perplexing thoughts and bitter recollections.

"What can he, a stranger, have to communicate to me," thought she. "Why should he thus seek to confer with me in private? Can aught have transpired to make him suspect! Would he offer me advice and assistance? or comes he to taunt and threaten me like the rest?" and she quaked with fear, and had scarcely time to regain her composure before Alfred Derval entered the apartment.

"Madame la Comtesse will, I trust, forgive this early intrusion upon her privacy," began he, with a courteous reverence; "but I was resolved to acquit myself with all possible expedition of a commission I was charged with for her by my lamented friend and patron."

"Be seated, sir," answered Madame de la Regnie, coldly. "As Monsieur de la Regnie's guest, all apologies are superfluous. Pardon me, also, if I remind you that we have met before."

"Let me explain, madam," rejoined he hastily, and drawing a small packet from his bosom. "I was requested by Monsieur d'Aubray, upon his death-bed, privately to deliver this letter into your hand; I was therefore forced to seek an opportunity of finding you alone," and he rose to hand her the letter.

All Madame de la Regnie's tormenting doubts and fears as-

sailed her with redoubled violence at these words; the earnestness of the young man's manner impressed her with a dread and uneasiness, and although the frank expression of his countenance at once dispelled all doubt of his loyalty and sincerity, she still experienced an invincible repugnance to involve herself anew in bonds of secresy, and to admit a stranger into her confidence. She felt that an unembarrassed manner and openness in all her proceedings were her strongest safeguards in the perilous position in which she was placed. Refusing the packet, therefore, she replied. "Oblige me, sir, by giving it to Monsieur de la Regnie. We have no secrets from each other, and he is surely more capable of executing his deceased friend's wishes than I am, be they what they may."

"Monsieur d'Aubrey charged me to give it into your own hand, madam," returned he gravely, and still holding the letter between his fingers; "and nearly his last words were to that effect."

"As I have before told you, sir," answered Madame de la Regnie, "I never had the pleasure of being acquainted with your deceased friend, and cannot receive a communication which I am convinced concerns my husband more than it does me; he will doubtless impart to me the contents of the letter, and may I beg you will comply with my request."

"I solemnly swore to fulfil Monsieur d'Aubray's dying injunctions, madam," persisted the young man, "and my conscience would for ever smite me were I——"

"But if I authorize you to deliver the letter to my husband—I, to whom it is addressed—I whom, doubtless, it regards!" interrupted the lady, somewhat petulantly, and confirmed in her refusal by the young man's increased earnestness of manner—"you are absolved from all responsibility, and the breach of confidence, if any there be, rests with me and not with you. Nay, sir, be not thus cast down," continued she, observing the uneasiness depicted upon his countenance; "rest assured that Monsieur de la Regnie will follow his poor friend's wishes with the strictest exactitude, and that I shall be ever ready to assist him as far as I am able."

"I will obey your commands, madam," answered Alfred, replacing the letter with evident reluctance within his vest; "and I pray you forgive my importunity in favour of my desire of strictly obeying my benefactor's injunctions."

"Your zeal is commendable, sir," answered she, "and proves that Monsieur d'Aubray's confidence was not misplaced. We shall meet again at dinner time," she continued, "and then I trust that you will aid my husband and myself in our efforts to dispel the embarrassment which Mademoiselle d'Aubray naturally feels at thus being consigned to the

care of strangers. You, as her friend—as the constant inmate of her father's house—can do much towards reconciling her to her new mode of life; and you are, I trust, convinced of our sincere desire to make her happy."

Again did Derval's heart beat high with thankfulness; again did his grateful enthusiasm well nigh get the better of his prudence, and cause him to avow the passion which consumed him, and seek the sympathy and compassion of one whose heart seemed ever opened to the woes of others, and whose gentle nature seemed to court reliance. Stifling his emotions, however, he answered gravely that Madame la Comtesse might depend upon his exerting himself to obey her wishes in all things, and shortly afterwards retired from her presence.

For a while the lady relapsed into her reverie. "I have adopted the prudent course," thought she to herself, "in refusing to open this mysterious despatch; and pray Heaven that my frankness upon this occasion may ever shut my husband's ear to the voice of rumour, and steel his heart against suspicion;" and she inwardly exulted in the opportunity affording her of proving her honesty and candour; even felt to a degree re-assured and comforted, and it was with considerably less uneasiness of mind that she at length repaired to Mademoiselle d'Aubray's apartments.

As she entered Nathalie was sitting beside a table, upon which were scattered various books, prints, and drawings, together with divers ornamental trifles and miscellaneous articles of utility, which Katharina was busily occupied in unpacking and spreading out under her young mistress's direction, and distributing in different parts of the *salon* in accordance with the changeable suggestions of her own fancy. Cheerfully did the old woman fulfil her task, and bustle about arranging and dis-arranging, settling and unsettling; expatiating, with all the garrulity of old age, upon the elegance of their new abode, its cheerfulness, its convenience; enlarging upon its similarity in luxuriousness and spaciousness to the one they had left, and striving to heighten the fancied resemblance by an analogous arrangement of the furniture and distribution of the ornaments; and ever and anon pausing in her labours to gaze in tenderness and devotion upon the young girl's pallid countenance, and try to win one passing smile of recompense.

"I trust you have slept well, my love," began Madame de la Regnie, in a soothing tone of interest, and leaning familiarly upon the arm of the chair in which Nathalie was seated; "and that you have recovered your fatigue. I am come to wish you good morning, and to present you with these flowers," added she, cheerfully.

"You are too kind, madam, answered Nathalie, in a faltering

tone. "I thank you from my heart for all your goodness, and feel my inability to express my gratitude."

"Accord me but your confidence in return, my dear child, and I am fully repaid," answered the lady, imprinting a kiss upon the orphan's forehead. "Believe me, my heart bleeds at your affliction, and would to God that I could afford you consolation!"

Nathalie's tears flowed anew at these demonstrations of affection on the part of a perfect stranger, and one whose somewhat rigid aspect had, at the first glance, rather inspired her with a feeling of awe that of confidence. Her conscience smote her at the injustice of her first impressions, and obeying the irresistible impulse of atonement, she threw herself into the arms of her new protectress, and wept aloud.

"My poor father told me of your benevolence upon his death bed," sobbed she, "and said I was to love and honour you as a parent; and never shall I forget the tone in which he uttered it, and ——"

"What did he say, my child?" exclaimed Madame de la Regnie, wildly, and tottering to the table for support. "Repeat his words, I implore you."

"He said that you would be a second mother to me; that he died in peace leaving me under your protection; that I might look to you for counsel and advice, and that even after I was married ——" and here Nathalie's voice failed her, and a sob precluded farther utterance.

Madame de la Regnie stood aghast; a thousand fearful doubts, a thousand torturing misgivings, assailed her affrighted spirit. "This is childish weakness: this is worse than folly," thought she, at length. "Is not *she* dead? did not the fortune-teller declare it?"—and the lady shuddered at the remembrance of that dreadful night—"and he; has he not long since forgotten the doating victim of his youthful days? No! no! it cannot be! But the letter! Could it be possible?" And again she relapsed into her former state of agonizing suspense and perplexity.

"I have pained you with my melancholy reflections, madam," said Nathalie, resuming her formal tone, and half ashamed at her recent ebullition of sensibility: "pardon my indiscretion. Heavens! how pale you look!" continued she, in amazement. "What ails you, madam? Shall I not summon assistance? Here, Katharina! Katharina!"

"My dear child," replied Madame de la Regnie, "it is nothing. A glass of water is all I require. The heat of the room —the smell of the flowers, made me a little faint. That is all. Pray be not alarmed."

Darting across the room into an adjoining apartment, Nathalie quickly returned with an enamel scent-box and a glass of water

in her hand, which she presented to the trembling woman. Scarce had the latter raised the glass to her lips, when her eye suddenly became fixed and rivetted upon the young girl, and her whole physiognimy assumed a ghastly expression of suppressed agony.

Nathalie's sudden movement had slightly disarranged the collar of the flowing *peignoir* in which she was attired, disclosing to view a small gold cross, which was suspended round her neck by a black riband.

"That cross you wear!" cried Madame de la Regnie, wildly. "Whence came you by it?"

"It was my mother's, dear madam," answered Nathalie, in a solemn tone; "and my father made me promise it should never quit me when he hung it round my neck in his last moments, and ——"

But the half-suppressed shriek, the convulsive sob, which issued from her listener's lips, caused the timid girl to pause in her recital, and gaze upon her in silent dismay. The truth, the whole truth, had now burst upon the agitated woman's mind. The cherished dreams, the fond expectancies of years of doubt and bitterness were fulfilled and realized! Yes! the malicious fortune-teller had deceived her. The child she had so long deplored did live, and stood before her—and a train of smiling visions, a crowd of fond anticipations, invaded her benumbed and torpid spirit, dispelling the withering vapour which had so long obscured its every joy, and stifled its every quickening impulse; and a thousand recollections of her early youth, the ardent dreams, the joyous fantasies of blooming girlhood, with all their fond aspirings and vivid hallucinations, came crowding in upon her mind, and the past became identified with the future, and maternal pride seemed to cast a bright and cheering halo around her every sensation, to form a rampart against the attacks of enmity, and lend her strength to repulse the rude assaults of malice or adversity; for would not she be there? her beloved child! to gaze upon in eager admiration—in all-engrossing tenderness—in devoted love? And for a moment the lady blindly followed the impulse of her gladdening emotions, and allowed her imagination to soar unguided into the blissful sphere her rapture had opened to view; and she had well nigh thrown herself upon the neck of her long-lost child, and called her by the soft, the endearing name of daughter, and revealed to her all the agony their tedious separation had occasioned her, when the recollection of the danger attending such an avowal forced itself upon her mind —the consciousness of the perilous position in which she was placed regained possession of her soul, and destroyed in an instant the captivating delusions of unfettered joy. And the letter —she now saw it all;—it was from him, from D'Arcy! and his

last thoughts had been of her, and in a spirit of atonement he had restored the child to a doating mother's arms! And she had spurned his dying communication—had refused to receive the bitter outpourings of his repentant heart! and her husband! perhaps he had already encountered Derval, and the paper was even now within his grasp! And her heart sickened and her brain reeled.

By a desperate effort, however, mastering her emotion, she at length regained the state of assumed tranquillity, which years of concealment and forced composure had rendered habitual, and grasping the hand of the affrighted girl she hastily quitted the apartment, alleging the sudden attack of a nervous complaint, to which she was subject, as her excuse for thus abruptly leaving her.

"Alexis!" cried she, as she traversed the ante-chamber of her boudoir, in which the little page, as usual, awaited her commands, "go and request Monsieur Derval to return hither, I would speak with him instantly."

Away ran the boy to fulfil his errand, and the unhappy lady sank into an arm-chair by the fire side to await his return. In a few moments he was back again, "Monsieur Derval has been gone out a few minutes, madam," said he, upon his entrance.

"Monsieur le Comte?" rejoined she quickly.

"He also went out about the same time," answered the lad.

Could they have met, after her interview with the young advocate? Had he already found an opportunity of complying with her request, and placed the fatal document beneath her husband's eye? Such were the fearful surmises, the all-engrossing misgivings which assailed the lady's desponding mind, and banished every tranquil feeling from her heart, but now so proud, so joyous, and so replete with soft emotions.

"Remain in the porter's *loge* until you see Monsieur Derval enter," said she to the page, who stood respectfully awaiting her further orders; "and beg of him to come to me instantly upon his return."

The lad bowed and withdrew.

Drearily did the hours of the day roll on, and the lady's doubts acquired even consistency with every succeeding moment. In vain did she cast her eyes upon the gilded time-piece—in vain did she count the dull pulsations of the sluggish pendulum, and pace the room and wring her hands in bitter repentance and feverish despair. It was not until evening was near at hand that the creaking of the outer door and a heavy step upon the oaken flooring of the ante-room announced a visitor's approach, and then her heart beat convulsively, and she almost regretted her former state of anxiety and apprehensions, for she felt that

the crisis in her fate was near, and dreaded to learn the stern decree of destiny.

Springing from her seat, she leant upon the mantlepiece for support, and fixed her regard upon the door as it opened slowly, and the venerable form of Monsieur de la Regnie met her bewildered gaze!

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was nothing unusual, however, in the old count's manner, or aught which denoted resentment or mistrust; and reviving confidence quickly restored the lady to her wonted composure, and allowed her tender spirit to revert to the recollection of the felicity which awaited her.

The purport of her husband's visit also, striking in as it did in perfect unison with her happy sensations, caused her heart to bound with joy and thankfulness.

"I am so anxious to hear some tidings of our charge," began the count, after he had saluted Madame de le Regnie with his usual ceremonious politeness. "I feared to disturb her, or I should myself have repaired to her apartments. You, however, Estelle, have doubtless been to inquire after her."

"I went as early as I discreetly could," answered she, placidly, "and found her much recovered from her fatigue, and as composed as one could hope so soon after her sad bereavement."

"I thank you, Estelle, for the affectionate solicitude you testify towards the poor child, and for your alacrity in obeying my injunctions," said the old man, with very unusual warmth of manner. "I observed last night how kind and attentive you were to her. Your tenderness will not be misplaced, however, that I am sure of," continued he, "for so interesting a young creature I never beheld, nor one more calculated to inspire affection."

The lady started at these energetic expressions of admiration, from one usually so reserved. How completely did her own sentiments respond to those of her husband, and how thoroughly did her maternal devotion comprehend the endearing influence of her daughter's charms! "She is indeed a lovely girl," answered she fervently, "and, I doubt not, is as amiable as she is beautiful."

"I trust her future husband may be worthy of her," continued

Monsieur de la Regnie. "From what I hear, I confess my poor friend appears to me to have been somewhat precipitate in his choice; but, however, he possessed great discrimination, and I dare say had some very potent reasons for thus so hastily accepting the offer of a comparative stranger. We lawyers also," continued he, "are perhaps rendered over scrupulous and suspicious by the very nature of our calling, which brings us into constant collision with the most depraved and deceitful of our species, and thus often awakens our mistrust even when appearances assume the most auspicious colouring."

The lady turned aside to conceal the involuntary shudder her husband's words produced.

"You would scarcely credit me, Estelle" continued he, "were I to narrate to you the details of some of the horrible crimes which come before me to pronounce upon. This dreadful system of poisoning especially, scourge as it is of our times, is far from being eradicated, notwithstanding all the examples we have made, and the blood-thirsty spirit of retaliation manifested by the populace, not only against the wretches who pursue this horrible traffic, but even against those who are suspected of holding the slightest communication with them. Our exertions, however, continue unremitting to discover the offenders."

The turn the conversation had taken caused Madame de la Regnie to look aghast with terror and surprise.

"Yes," continued the old man, and his countenance assumed a withering expression of stoical energy and resolute severity, "well may you look dismayed, Estelle, well may your gentle mind revolt against the conviction of such atrocious villany, and that too at our very doors, upon our very thresholds! The business also which caused Derval to remain in Paris," continued he, "is connected with a most abominable case of seduction and robbery which happened in the family of some old friends of his. The daughter, a young girl of seventeen, was sent for by her parents from the convent at Chartres, in which she was educated, and was accompanied upon the journey by the old governess who was despatched to escort her. When a few leagues upon the way, their carriage was overturned with great violence, owing to some unperceived obstacle no doubt purposely placed upon the road. The young lady was but slightly hurt; the governess was so severely injured that she expired almost immediately in the miserable *auberge* into which the travellers were conveyed. A gaily-attired individual, who was upon the spot, was most prompt in his offers of assistance, and zealous in his attentions to the forlorn maiden: in fact, he contrived so completely to win over the romantic fancy of the inexperienced and giddy young creature, by his blandishments and fascinating dis-

course, that all her parents' persuasion to induce her to accept the husband they had chosen for her, proved unavailing, and shortly after her arrival in Paris she one night disappeared from her father's abode, taking with her the jewels which had been purchased for her *trousseau*, as it was supposed to wear at the carnival ball at which she was afterwards ascertained to have been present, in company with a man whose description answered perfectly to that given by the *aubergiste* of the stranger she had met at his house. Nothing was heard of her until late in the evening of the following day, when she was discovered wandering along a bye-road in the outskirts of the town, in a state of raving madness, quite alone; her hair dishevelled, her *domino* and flaunting garments soiled and tattered, and her jewels gone! A few days after, the unhappy girl died in a mad-house, without having mentioned the name of her seducer; to whom in her delirium she persisted she had written, to reproach him with his treachery. No such letter was ever found, however, nor any other clue to the discovery of the miscreant; and I a mafraid all Monsieur Derval's exertions to bring him to justice will prove unavailing."

"I trust not," answered the lady, in a faltering tone. "Heaven will surely not permit such depravity to remain unpunished."

At this moment the door opened, and Alfred Derval hastily entered.

With the penetration which the study of the law naturally engenders, he had instantly upon the reception of the little page's commission, divined the change in the lady's determination, and inwardly exulting at being at length enabled satisfactorily to discharge his patron's dying injunctions, had lost no time in repairing to her apartments. The unexpected presence of the count, however, renewed his uneasiness, and caused him to doubt the truth of his conjectures; determining also to be ruled in his line of conduct entirely by the lady's own will and pleasure, he silently accepted the chair which Monsieur de la Regnie handed him, and calmly awaited further instructions.

"How kind of you Monsieur Derval!" cried the lady to him, with an expressive smile, "to obey my wishes with so much alacrity. I have all sorts of things to ask you about Mademoiselle d'Aubray, and therefore bethought me of requesting you to spare me a few moments of your valuable time. My husband's presence, however," continued she gaily, "will not permit me to satisfy my foolish curiosity, and indulge in the thousand frivolous questions a confidential *tête à tête* might have emboldened me to torment you with. The object of our interview is therefore frustrated."

A significant glance from Alfred showed that he had seized

the purport of the concluding words. "You will ever find me ready to obey your wishes in all things, Madame la Comtesse," answered he respectfully.

"Nay, nay, you will give my friend here a terrible idea of my severity, and compromise me in his good opinion," said the count, turning to his wife, and a faint smile played around his inflexible features.

"That would be difficult, Monsieur le Comte," rejoined the young man, politely, "especially at the very moment I am experiencing so much kindness and hospitality from you."

"I have just been narrating the terrible history you this morning confided to me, Monsieur Derval," continued the count. "I trust your inquiries during the day, may have thrown some light upon the business."

"None, sir, unfortunately," answered the young man: "it still remains enveloped in the most impenetrable mystery. According to your suggestions, however, I have caused the minutest description of the stolen property to be printed and circulated, as also that of the villain himself, from the disclosures of the *aubergiste*, whom I have been engaged in interrogating the greater part of the day."

"Be assured of my cordial assistance in this matter, Monsieur Derval,"continued Monsieur de la Regnie; "for my satisfaction would equal your own in discovering the perpetrator of so shocking a crime."

"I am sure it would, Monsieur le President," answered Derval, "and I am too well aware of the advantage of your judgment and experience not to submit to you all the information I am able to elucidate, and not to be guided entirely by your advice."

"You may always command it, my young friend," answered the count; "and now we had better adjourn to the *salle à manger*," continued he, turning to his wife. "Monsieur Derval, be good enough to conduct Madame de la Regnie through the corridor, the dinner-hour is at hand."

Alfred obeyed, and the gentle pressure of the hand he held, distinctly manifested the lady's acknowledgment of the discretion he had evinced in still withholding the precious document.

They were shortly afterwards joined by Nathalie, whose satisfaction was great at perceiving her new protectress apparently quite restored from the indisposition which had so much alarmed her, for her affectionate heart had obeyed the impulse given to it by the tenderness of the lady's manner, and she felt irresistibly drawn towards her by a sentiment of esteem and sympathy.

And Madame de la Regnie! with what rapture, with what devotion, did she gaze upon her long-lost child, and conjure up a thousand blissful anticipations of happiness and joy to come;

it was only by a vigorous effort indeed that she could control her transports, and keep within the narrow boundaries of conventional decorum; and in spite of all her exertions, and notwithstanding her powers of dissimulation, which years of hidden sorrow had matured, she could not entirely conceal the sincerity of mind to which she had been so long a stranger, nor completely hide the exuberant contentment of realized hope.

Monsieur de la Regnie also became in some degree infected with his wife's vivacity, at least as far as his natural stateliness of demeanour would permit, and inwardly exulted in the sudden change in her manner, which he naturally enough attributed to the new and powerful source of interest awakened in her breast by the orphan's arrival.

Tenderly attached to her as he in reality was, although his reserved disposition would not permit him to exhibit many outward demonstrations of affection, it was with the warmest satisfaction that he hailed her manifestation of a heart at ease, and detected the absence of the silent gloom and tearful sensibility which had often pained and perplexed him.

Nathalie also, as the cause of the change, however unconsciously on her part it might be, acquired great additional attractions in his eyes, and the favourable impression her all-conquering loveliness had already produced upon the old man, became strengthened and confirmed.

How differently from the last did the ensuing evening pass away. Soothed and comforted by the benevolent looks which reciprocated her timid regard on every side, and encouraged by the interest displayed in every word she uttered by her admiring and attentive auditors, Nathalie was emboldened now and then to hazard a passing observation upon the various topics which occupied the conversation around her; and although still far too much absorbed in the remembrance of the loss she had sustained to exhibit any of the natural buoyancy and liveliness of her disposition, she acquired sufficient composure to interest herself to a certain degree in irrelevant subjects, and her former wo-begone feeling of loneliness and desolation gradually faded away before the fostering attention and kindly sympathy of her new protectors.

Even Derval participated in the social freedom which prevailed, flattered, as he felt himself, at the deference which was paid to his talent, by his hospitable entertainers, and proud as he was of the acquisition of the regard and esteem they took so little pains to conceal. And with what adoration did he gaze upon the object in which his every thought, his every care was centered, and strive to banish the conviction of the delusive nature of his fond emotions! Whilst Nathalie, in artless innocence, and unconscious of the pang she dealt, would appeal to him in corroboration

of any little event of former happy days she might relate, and call in his aid in the recapitulation of the trifling incidents which marked their progress during their recent long and dismal journey.

In the course of the evening, Madame de la Regnie rising from her seat, and approaching a table in the embrasure of one of the lofty windows of the saloon, upon which a number of prints and drawings were displayed, Derval contrived during her apparently attentive contemplation of these objects, secretly to glide the letter he had before proffered her into her trembling hand. Carefully concealing it in her bosom, a grateful look was tendered in acknowledgment of his penetration and trusty discretion, and the general conversation was resumed.

When the hour for retiring arrived, Madame de la Regnie conducted her charge to her apartment as before; but this time she did enter, for she felt that her place was there, beside the couch of her sorrowing child, and feared not to intrude upon the hallowed sanctuary of her affliction.

Notwithstanding her impatience to peruse the document she held in her possession, it was not until the night was far advanced that she could persuade herself to resign her guardianship in favour of the old and faithful attendant of her daughter's early years, and betake herself to her own apartments.

Hastily dismissing her domestics, she sank down upon the sofa in her boudoir, and snatching the momentous epistle from her bosom, she read as follows:—

"Dare I crave your forgiveness, Estelle, for all the sorrow and misery I have occasioned you, in treacherously betraying your confiding innocence, under an assumed name, and then ruthlessly tearing from your arms the helpless offspring of ill-requited love?

"Believe me, I am aware how deeply I have wrongedyou, and may Heaven have mercy upon my repentant soul! Pride has been the bane of my existence, for that it was that hindered me from offering you my hand when the disorder in my affairs obliged me to depart for the colonies; for I loved you tenderly, Estelle, and years of bereavement have never cooled the ardent passion of my youthful days. I could not leave you then, with nought to mitigate my grief, with nought to soften the bitter pang of separation. I dared not sever the only remaining link between the happy past and the dismal future; I bethought me of our child, and wickedly sacrificed your peace of mind to my own selfishness.

"Repentence came too late! Just as I had determined to return, and sue for pity and repair the injury I had wrought, I learned that you had become the wife of my old friend, la Regnie.

"Fain would I describe my despair at this intelligence, but the words fail me, and my eye grows dim.

"Thanks be to God, that I at length resolved to return to France, and can now restore my precious child to its mother's arms, and that the brilliant destiny which awaits her can now be accomplished under the watchful regard of her remaining parent.

"Have pity on me, Estelle! for my repentance is sincere. Oh! for one last lingering gaze upon your mild and gentle countenance! Oh! for one soft word of pardon from your lips,—one compassionate look from your soft and beaming eye! But no! all solace is denied to me, the sorrowing sinner! the trembling criminal! Pray for me, Estelle! I can write no more, my head whirls, my hand stiffens. Adieu, Estelle, adieu for ever. In death, as in life, your devotedly attached,

"MATTHIEU D'AUBRAY."

Many times did the lady's tears interrupt the perusal of the sorrowing effusions of the beloved one of her youth; nor was the gentle sentiment of pity she experienced sullied by aught of acrimony, aught of resentment. Her soul was filled with Christian charity, and her wrongs were forgotten and—forgiven.

(To be continued.)

THE TRIUMPH OF TASSO.*

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

Vain, bitter glory! the fruit of grief.
MRS. HEMANS.

Brightly that unforgotten sun
On Rome's stately walls looked down,
While the capitol was proudly deck'd,
A poet king to crown.
But they withered, dropped there piecemeal—
The garland and the wreath;
And the faded leaves and flowers fell fast
On an anxious crowd beneath!
For the poet from that triumph
With a sick heart turned away,
As men impatient waited there
His coming, day by day!

* Tasso died in the convent of St. Onuphrio, in his 51st year, while preparations were yet making for his being solemnly crowned in the capitol. His long imprisonment at Ferrara, the persecution and neglect he had suffered, together with the virulent attacks of his enemies, served, happily, to draw his thoughts from a world in which he wished to be forgotten. His last request, expressed to Cardinal Cynthio, was that all his works, particularly the "Jerusalem Delivered," should be collected together and committed to the flames.

As they lifted up their voices
To the chamber, dim and lone,
Where the bard held fast that better hope,
Through conflict made his own.

And they cried, "Come forth, we pray thee,
In thy glory's noon-day strength,
For thy magic words have touched our hearts
With a master-power at length!

"And our spirits long to render
The homage thou hast won,
And to taste the rest we may not seek
Till our work of love be done!"

Then a low, sad voice, in answer,
From a bed of death was heard:—
"Leave, leave me to the surer trust
Of God's unchanging word!

"Leave me! leave me! I am weary,
And my spirit longs to soar
To the realms where lonely trial
And endurance are no more!"

Then again that shout was lifted
From the eager crowd below—
"Thou hast suffered wrong and sorrow,
Through a waste of years, we know.

"And we yearn to heal the bruises
That thy noble heart hath borne;
To bring thee triumph for neglect,
And sympathy for scorn!"

The voice came back, that low, sad voice,
And its accents now were stern—
"Mine hours are all too brief on earth,
Earth's lessons to unlearn!

"Leave me! leave me! I am weary
Of the bootless strife with fate;
And the hope ye bring is all too cold,
And the sympathy too late.

"Ye came not to me with such words
When their breath had chased my fear,
And crowned earth's promise with a faith
That had chained my spirit here!

"True, ye have brought me forth at last
To the sunshine and the breeze,—
But ye bring not back the strength that drooped
While I vainly prayed for these!"

Yet once more rose that world-ward cry,
With a louder, deeper tone,—
"Leave us not now we've learned to know
That thy glory is our own!

"As a light for all the nations,
We lift up thy name with pride;
And here wait thee with the earnest love
That may not be denied!"

But there came no further answer
From the heart that had found rest,
Breathing one prayer of thankfulness
That life's last hope was the best!

DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

No. XI.

The Statue of Lord Nelson, on the Column in Trafalgar-square, to the Statue of Lord Collingwood, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

"So Nelson, 'the man and the boy' have 'sent you aloft,' at last."

"Yes, they have. That sounds like Collingwood's voice?" said the stone statue of Lord Nelson, on the top of its column in Trafalgar-square.

"Collingwood's voice, sure enough—or his statue's—which is the same thing now," answered the figure in the south transept of St. Paul's. "In spite of the abuse, Nelson, which has been heaped upon you and your column, I think that now you are nearly finished you will nevertheless be very creditable to Railton and Baily—take you for all in all."

"So people will say after a little while. But you know, Collingwood, that in this country every new statue has to endure a certain ordeal, or term of purgatory, or running of the gauntlet, through the public opinion. John Bull loves abusing everything new—not because it is bad, but because it is new: especially statues. Even Pope says of books:—

> 'It makes me angry, and I own it too,
> When books are censured, not as bad, but new.'

As soon as every new peice of sculpture is removed from the atelier to its pedestal, then the public wrath is forthwith poured out upon it. The unwashed connoisseurs leave their desks, their counters, and their workshops, to scrutinize and to pick to pieces. They think that by condemning wholesale, they show how much their ideas are exalted above the work they are looking at. They learnedly denounce its conception and its execution, as not coming up to *their* standard of excellence. They quite forget the fact that a fine work of art may be altogether above their comprehension. I grieve to see that the diurnal and hebdomadal press—which ought to be better informed—is not without its blind paragraphs of carping and backbiting on that which is newly erected."

"Oh," rejoined Lord Collingwood, "you must not expect much deep erudition from the short periodicals on subjects which are manifestly so foreign to their ritual routine—subjects academical, which a passing glance cannot qualify any one to form a

judgment of; except in some few instances. Their editors—unless those editors are very numerous—are necessitated to write so rapidly, and the daily or weekly recurrence of their labours leaving them so little leisure for mature reflection, for re-consideration of their subject, and for perfecting their taste, that their criticisms are necessarily crude, hasty, often erroneous and and unjust, and sometimes rediculous. But mark me—I say there are exceptions. No wonder the great bulk of the short periodical press, then, makes such egregious mistakes as we see it frequently do. Why, I recollect one paper, which has a very large circulation, and which is looked upon as an oracle by a host of correspondents, tell one of them, in answer to an inquiry, that you, Nelson, are made out of granite."

"You don't say that?"

"True, as sure as I'm a statue."

"Shiver my timbers, what a geologist! Why, that is making me of Plutonic origin instead of aqueous,—as if a sailor could be anything but aqueous! Me—a concrete of quartz, mica, and felspar! Me—not a uniform body of fine, compact, close-grained, and hard siliceous sandstone. Ithink Baily would have had miserable work in driving his chisels against such a mass of unworkable rock, especially when he came to carve the niceties of the decorations on my coat."

"I think so, indeed," said Collingwood. "But many," he added, "have got hold of the erudite idea, that granite is a generic term for any hard stone, whether it belong to the primary formations or the tertiary strata. This may lead one to conjecture that they have not had much time to go over the works of Buckland, Lyell, Murchison, Conybeare, De la Beche, or Mantell."

"And I dare say they have not," said Nelson. "And so, in pursuance of the usual custom, my person and proportions were not only critised, but awful quizzed. My hat was designated a 'rum tile,' and the hemp cable, or coil of rope against which I am leaning, has been spoken of as resembling the Great Sea Serpent, or the convolutions of a tail, nearly as long as O'Connell's, emanating from my own body. Yet some more, with ideas verging towards the classical, have mistaken me for a second Laocöon. All this has been peculiarly annoying. How have you fared?"

"I?" said Collingwood. "Oh, don't suppose that I have got off with compliments any more than yourself. Westmacott has represented me lying on the deck of a man-of-war—for you know I died on board the Ville de Paris: but as the hull of the ship from stem to stern very little exceeds the length of my own body, people said that it was Saturday night with Collingwood, and that he had put me into a washing-tub."

"Well, I never!"

"No, I should think not."

"My body," continued the statue of Lord Nelson, "is made out of two blocks of stone, united at the waist by an indigestible great cubic dowel stuck right in the middle of my stomach. If I were made of amber, people would say that that was the fly. As to my column, it has been as grievously overhauled as myself. I don't pretend to know anything about architectural proportions, or how many diameters high a composite column ought to be. I stick to my trade, as a shoemaker ought to his last; and I will tell you how tall a mast ought to be in any two or three decker in the navy. But the learned in masonry say that my pedestel was designed for one height, and finished another; and that instead of running it up ten diameters high, as previously intended, and as the laws of architecture are said to require, they stopped a top-gallant-mast short of that elevation. When they got to the top-mast head, they declared it would be dangerous to carry my spars any higher, lest I should be so crank that the least puff of wind would send me on my beam-ends; and, of course, without the possibility of luffing up, even against a cat's-paw. My column is consequently too short."

"I suppose, then, they have given her a jury-mast instead of your true rigging?"

"That's just it. And it was a matter of some censure that John Bull should have allowed himself to be indebted to the Emperor of Russia for £500, to carry out the works during the long delay that occurred owing to the want of money. But it must be remembered that John Bull has nobody to censure but himself alone; for if he had liberally subscribed towards a national monument, the emperor would have had no opportunity of offering the gratuity."

"There is something in that," said Collingwood's figure.

"I know a gentleman," contined the hero of Trafalgar, "here in London, who some months ago tried to get up a penny subscription in my behalf. I watched him go into Drummond's bank, close by, and also into Coutts's, in the Strand, to ask permission of them to allow a box to contain the money to stand on their counters, into which persons might drop their contributions. After sundry consultations amongst confidential clerks, it was resolved that, though there was no objection to a subscription in my favour; but, on the contrary, that it was highly laudable; there was nevertheless, one serious objection to the proposed plan of having contributions received within the walls of their banks. The very fact of the donation being so small, pointed out that persons of all classes, even the lowest, were expected to assist; and it was feared that much inconvenience would arise to the quiet, regular, and important business of the bank or banks,

if their doors were to be always on the swing for the admittance of the Tag-rag and Bob-tail."

"I see," observed Collingwood, assentingly.

"This objection, when pointed out," continued Nelson, "seeming valid, the subject dropped, as the parliamentary reporters say. They thought a better plan would be, in order to answer all purposes, and steer clear of similar objections, to employ a man to whom should be confided a wheelbarrow, in which might be fixed a box duly placarded, 'A Penny for Nelson,' and 'England expects every man to do his duty,' or something to the same effect. This man's duty should be, to wheel his barrow about Trafalgar-square, or that neighbourhood; and every evening should render an account of his takings."

"If such a being were a real man and not a statue, I think both himself and the plan would escape without censure. But even real men get censure sometimes: you did whilst you were alive. You remember the to-do there was because you hanged Caraccioli, the Neapolitan rebel?"

"Do I? Don't I?" said Nelson.

"Many," continued the other, "who have come forward to defend you, think the circumstance can scarcely be justified, although something in extenuation may be advanced."

"Why, hang that rebel!" cried Nelson, "and hang him I did: he had conspired against his king at a most critical moment, when the greatest danger was threatening Naples. Perilous times require prompt measures. He had actually turned his guns against those to whom he owed allegiance: and with such dangers, and with so many foreign enemies hovering round the kingdom, nothing but decision, if not severity, could insure safety. We shall have the mutineers at the Nore justified next. There were those, too, who have tried to make out that he was executed at the instigation of the Queen of Naples and Lady Hamilton; and that the latter came off to the ship to feast her eyes on his body, as it was hanging at the fore yard-arm. I never heard such disgusting lies in my life!"

"You seem annoyed."

"Of course, I am. My name was strangely mixed up with the names of those ladies,—especially with that of one of them: and Lord Brougham talks of—[aside, Collingwood,—what dosn't Lord Brougham talk of?] but what I was going to say,—Lord Brougham talks of *the profligate arts* of the one, and *the perilous fascinations* of the other. Strong words—ay? I say, Collingwood—a word in your ear. There is always mischief where there is a petticoat—don't you think?"

"Too often. The fact is, Nelson, if a woman chooses, she has it in her power to seduce from the right path almost any man living; for as men do not run that risk with their characters

which women do, the most moral of them make but small resistance when they are tempted. Besides, according to the usual course of things, man is the tempter, and woman the one to demur and resist. But when this order is reversed, and woman becomes the tempter, the novelty itself is in most men's eyes irresistible. A word, a hint, a turn of the eye from her, is enough to undermine him; for such and so much is the power of the *petticoat*, as you call it. However, I am not now arguing to cast all the blame of your *liason* with Lady Hamilton entirely on her shoulders (which were very beautiful and white). Perhaps you tempted her first?"

"Hush, Collingwood; do hold your tongue. I declare you are getting as scandalous as an old maid over her tea-tray. Can't you talk of nautical affairs like a sailor? Have you nothing to say of your gallant exploits in the West Indies, in 1783, when you assisted me in compelling the American traders to abide by the existing treaties between the two countries, which they were daily infringing? Nothing about your share in Lord Howe's action in the report of which your name was shamefully overlooked? Nothing of the way in which you distinguished yourself with Jervis at the battle of St. Vincent? and, lastly, nothing of Trafalgar, where I was shot?"

"Oh, plenty, plenty, if I choose to be my own trumpeter. You remember that I was very much hurt at my name being overlooked when medals were given to those who had taken part in Lord Howe's victory? This action was, in part, commenced by Sir William Parker, then commanding the Audacious, when he fell in with the Revolutionnaire, of superior force, a few days before, and knocked her to pieces. When, therefore, a medal was offered me after the battle of St. Vincent, I declined it, not without some feeling of dudgeon, until what I considered justice should be done me, by awarding a medal for the first of June. This justice was certainly done me, for two medals were soon afterwards sent. But you, Nelson, scarcely got your deserts from the government for your victory at the Nile, if we only draw a comparison between the amount of your reward obtained there, and what that mad fellow Jervis got at St. Vincent—and mad, no doubt, he was. He got an earldom, though half the success of the victory was owing to you: whereas, for your splendid affair at the Nile, you only got put on the lowest step of the peerage. But then, as Lord St. Vincent was the commander-in-chief in the Mediterranean, he was *presumed* to have got *your* victory, though he was at the very time some two thousand miles away!"

"It annoyed me very much," said the figure on the column.

"No doubt it did," replied the white marble in St. Paul's. "When this unjust award was severely commented on, the First

Lord of the Admiralty tried to excuse it by a contemptable quibble, such as I have mentioned about his being presumed to have got *your* victory, and therefore that you must not be too liberally rewarded. I think you afterwards quarrelled with St. Vincent, about prize money?"

"I did."

"But you were not the only officers in the fleet who were discontented with him on that matter. Most of them were very indignant with him owing to the way in which he appropriated it, though they were afraid to say so. Inferior officers like to have their just share of the prizes that are taken, without suffering their superiors to grasp all of it. But Sir William Parker, who was not afraid of the devil, went on board the Admiral's own ship to remonstrate, and spoke his mind to him there to his face. This was something like baiting the lion in his very den. He flew into a towering passion and said, 'He'd be d—d if he would share prize money with anybody.' To which Sir William replied, that when they returned to England, the laws of their country should decide that point. In due time a law-suit followed; and, in spite of his rank and glory, the old Earl lost his cause. Of course, he never forgave this. In 1800 Sir William Parker went to Halifax as Commander-in-Chief; but he had not been there long before his enemy was made First Lord of the Admiralty. 'Mark my words,' said Sir William, when he heard of it; 'the first frigate that comes from England will bring my recall.' He was right. He was recalled in a twelvemonth; and died in England not very long after of a paralytic seizure, which first took him whilst he was eating the leg of a chicken. It should seem that Jervis was somewhat stricken with compunction on hearing of this event; for, unasked by the family, he promoted the son, who was then a midshipman in the West Indies."

"You are taking great liberties with my name, I think," said the statue of Lord St. Vincent in St. Paul's Cathedral.

"I think they are, indeed," echoed the Earl's bust in the church of Stone, in Staffordshire.

"Never mind," rejoined Nelson's figure, near the organ-loft in the Cathedral, "as long as we speak the truth."

"You must be altogether mistaken," continued Jervis, in his defence. "I refer you to my biography, recently published. In that work you will find no mention whatever of the sinister circumstances you mention."

"I should think not, indeed," cried the hero of Trafalgar, shaking his dowel with laughing. "Your private secretary was judicious enough to skip over all that affair, and only bring forward such points as he knew would be agreeable to the family in his life of you."

"Poo, poo," was the answer.

"Your 'poo, poo,' is but a weak argument against what I say. But don't suppose that I am sticking up, through thick and thin, for Sir William Parker; for we were rivals in the same profession, remember. He and Sir John Orde could have eaten me up with vexation, when I was appointed Rear-Admiral over their heads, whilst in your fleet. True, I did not appoint myself; but, nevertheless, they were as jealous as the very deuce, to say the least of it. You recollect these circumstances, Collingwood, I dare say?"

"To be sure I do," answered the recumbent alabaster," as well as I remember Trafalgar, and I was going to say, as well as I remember the Nile,—but I forget I was not there."

"No, it is a pity you were on other service. You may recollect that people tried to take away from me all the credit of that victory. They said that the whole thing happened by accident, and not plan; or that if any plan belonged to it at all, the merit rested on Sir Thomas Foley. Sir Charles Napier has tried to make this out; but Sir Harris Nicholas, in my despatches and letters, contends that Sir Charles has made out no case for Sir Thomas. The disputed points are two. The first is—whether the attack from the inside was according to my plans, and in obedience to my orders, or the spontaneous and unauthorized act of Sir Thomas Foley of the Goliath, the leading ship of the squadron? And, secondly—whether the Orient actually surrendered before she blew up? As to the first question, Captain Sir Edward Berry, who commanded my own ship, I being the admiral, he has shown in his authentic narrative, that my plans were laid two months before an opportunity offered of executing them; and that it had been constantly my practice, whenever the weather permitted it, of having all the captains in the fleet on board my ship, and of explaining to them what they should immediately do when the enemy should be discovered—whatever position the enemy might be in, either during the night or the day. Every commander, therefore, always knew what my ideas and intentions were, without the aid of any further instructions, when the moment to act should arrive."

"Certainly," said Lord Collingwood's statue, "the whole of the merit rests with you."

"As to the second point," continued the former, "I recollect writing a letter to Mr. Wyndham, the English minister at Florence, in which I say 'L'Orient certainly struck her colours, and did not fire a shot for a quarter of an hour before, unfortunately for us, she took fire.' G. P. R. James, in his *Naval History*, states that the tricolour was flying at the maintopgallant-mast-head when she blew up—a most egregious error, for before that event occurred, the Orient had lost both her main and mizen-

masts, as I mention in my letter to Lord Minto! I am surprised that the historigrapher should have made such a blunder. The only place for the flag was the staff at the stern: but Hood cut this spar from the wreck, yet he could not discover a rag of bunting attached to it. So there is an end of that."

"However," observed Collingwood, "the satisfaction was every-where general at so splendid an achievement. It is even said that both the Queen of Naples and Lady Hamilton fainted when they heard of it. Swords, snuff-boxes, and decorations, were presented to you on all sides; but the most curious present of all, was Captain Halloway's: he gave you a coffin made out of the mast of the Orient!"

"Ay," said Nelson; "but the joke didn't end there. I was actually buried in that coffin! My body is in it; there, under the dome of St. Paul's."

"But that ended the joke, in good earnest," said Collingwood.

"Exactly. When the Queen and Prince Albert were aboard the Victory, some time ago, they went below and examined the cabin where I died. There is a beam runs across it, about five feet above the deck, and the Queen was able to stand upright under it, though it came to Prince Albert's shoulder. It is surprising how many people go over that ship, and contemplate the brass-plate let into the deck, on the spot where I was standing when I was shot!"

"That was an awkward hit," observed the other.

"It proved so to me," was the rejoinder, "for it did my business; but he who did it, was immediately picked off; so he did not long vaunt his deed. I then left you to take the chief command, and collect the shattered fleet. 'Pon my soul—'Pon my dowel, Collingwood, I mean,—you went into battle beautifully. when I saw you leading the Excellent into the midst of the enemy, I couldn't help exclaiming to Captain Blackwood, See how that noble fellow Collingwood takes his ship into action! How I envy him!"

"Ay," cried the recumbent marble, in St. Paul's, "and, curious enough, about the same time I exclaimed to one of my officers—'What would Nelson give to be here!'"

"Strange coincidence! For a long time we thought that you and your ship had perished, until we at last descried your colours flying above the smoke."

"I assure you I was in the thick of it. After your death, and when the chief command devolved upon me, I got blamed for destroying some of the captured ships, instead of trying to save them. But to save them was impossible—it was as much as we could do to save ourselves, we were so knocked to pieces. Besides, it was blowing hard, and we had only a lee shore to

anchor on. I shall long remember the 21st of October, 1805. The Spanish Admiral struck at half past two: and the civilities that passed between the conquerors and the conquered, afterwards, were extraordinary. The most studied good breeding, and an interchange of presents in the form of sundry eatables and drinkables—— "

"Aint you tired of talking?" added Nelson's statue.

"My lips are rather rigid," answered the white marble.

"Considering that you are two men, I think you have had a good gossip," said a new voice. It issued from the clay model of Nelson, now standing in the entrance hall of the Admiralty, from which the colossal stone figureon the column was sculptured. So the dialogue terminated.

DIVISION LEAVE.*

A FRAGMENT OF EXILE.

CHAPTER IV.

These cuttack bearers, "they will be the death of me," as poor Mathews' Entertainment says. I feel as though I had penetrated an entirely new country. The language now becomes that of Hindostan, generally, among all classes near the sea-coast, but such Hindostanee, and so funnily expressed, and such strange allusions! I ran along, or rather the bearers ran along with me, at a capital pace, as far as Nursingpatum, where, as usual, the extortion system was essayed in the unrivalled way of which every self-constituted functionary at these post-villages is a complete master. The place appears dirty enough, and the people, seen by torchlight, have no prepossessing looks to recommend them. Despatching a couple of runners to Pooree, several miles further on, I waited patiently until my people had taken refreshment. Not being aware of the collector's name, nor liking to disturb him, at a very late hour, for lodging and accommodation to a perfect stranger, I took the precaution of

* Continued from page 27, vol. xlvii.

addressing him by his official designation, in a small pencil note, explaining that the letter of introduction which I possessed was only of avail as a transfer from the late collector to himself; moreover, that I was a stranger at the place, and had, at least, to request the favour of a shelter until return bearers could be procured. My chief, almost only, reason for visiting the place being to see the huge temple of Juggernauth, of which I had heard so much, I felt a little more delicacy in the step than if I had been a traveller on positive business. However, as events subsequently showed, I experienced a very kind reception, and beg to record it accordingly. The fact of my application having been mistaken for a common "traveller's request" for bearers, from the late hour at which the lazy runners delivered it, and of my having to sleep in a palanquin, deposited near the sea-beach, for the night, in consequence—are matters, the like of which all Indian travellers must make up their minds to find in their note-books; my subsequent day at Pooree brought relief to all inconveniences. I was enabled to take a sketch of the temple, in the day-time, from a small kind of summer-house; and in the afternoon I rode round and inspected its vast proportions.

The town of Pooree, or Juggernauth, bears from its commencement to the end the terrible signs of idolatry and degradation. It cannot have been prejudice which pointed out to me an ill-looking race, a filthy mass of huts, dirt, disease, misery. The atmosphere of the place is offensive in the extreme, nor does the immediate neighbourhood of the pagoda compensate, in any way, for this nuisance. In fact, the very abode of the great idol appears in the centre of physical as well as moral depravity. The town stands at about three-quarters of a mile from the sea, and the houses of the few European functionaries here are situated in or about the intervening space, commanding a fine marine view, and a good breeze, but otherwise disagreeable and unsatisfactory residences, from the wilderness of sand with which they are surrounded. Had I been a month later in my visit, I should have probably witnessed the grand procession in honour of the idol, at which time the great Juggernauth and his car are paraded in the presence, and to the infinite delight, of thousands of infatuated spectators from all parts of India. The collector informed me, that for the last two years he was not aware of the occurrence of even a single accident at this ceremony of the Ruth Jattra; so that it is to be hoped the days of ultra-fanaticism are sufficiently gone by to preclude further representations of mangled bodies and self-immolated victims in the streets of Pooree, and additional offerings at the shrine of this hideous incarnation-model of Vishnu. But that many die from sheer starvation, owing to the labour-impost levied by the Brahmins, on these annual visitors, there can be little doubt. It

is a "labour" impost, because the money tax was abolished, I believe, in 1839. This was as follows: a tax was extorted from each individual of every class on arrival, and pay it he must, if he would achieve the object of his pilgrimage: and it may be remembered that, in one year alone, the sum of 117,000 rupees and upwards (about £17,100) is said to have been derived from this particular source.

The temple or pagoda of Juggernauth is a massive oriental piece of fantastic architecture, which presents much that is worthy of remark, but little of admiration: it is a good emblem of the spirit that animates the race of beings around it—idolatrous, barbarous, unrefined: there is one huge spire or dome (neither word is correct, for it is a mixture of both) rising to two hundred feet above the level of the sea, at the summit of which is a kind of wheel, or ring, with spokes, seemingly brass; above which flutters a long red rag, in two or three strips, by way of pennant. This part (as well, indeed, as the whole) of the temple is built of very common stony material, and looks much the worse for wear. Beside this lofty erection, there are four smaller domes belonging to the outer portions of the building, which are entered respectively at four large gates, bearing no mean or little conspicuous share in the *tout ensemble* of the picture. The exterior of these buildings is not a smooth one, but indented all round, "crimped," if such a term be admissible in architectural similes.

I was, naturally enough, not allowed to penetrate inside the precincts of the temple, and therefore could not behold the seven-headed monster; but the people congregated around me as I stood by the portals, and seemed most anxious to impress me with an idea of the magnificence of the prospect I was contemplating: chary as they are of admitting a European within the building, yet, at the yearly procession, I am informed that they consider it a favour, and earnestly request to be honoured with the attendance of the English residents of Pooree, to witness the ceremony.

* * * * * *

And have we no idolatry in civilized nations, to compare with this? Is there no moral structure of mortal device to which we prostrate the mind in reverence, with a fanaticism and eagerness equal to that which spurs the ignorant Hindoo to prostrate himself before his powerless idol; or may we feel thankful with the Pharisee, that we are not as these, our misguided brethren? Far be it from one, who records mere scenes of occasional travel, to convert his observations into a homily, but the truth is too glaring to admit of subterfuge. Barbarism has its idol of handicraft, civilization its mental Juggernauth, and

civilized self has far more incarnations than Vishnu the Preserver: they are equally various, have both an equal number of forms. Look at that west end rambler, Dalton, how well dressed and ornamented he appears—

> "He was perfumed like a milliner,
> And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
> A pouncet-box."

For what? to offer at the shrine of opinion: his home is a wretched garret, the purchase of his gold chain will plunge him into the prison-house, beneath his gaudy outer-garments are squalidity and wretchedness. Poor creature! he has not wherewithal to dine, for the Brahmins, yclept "appearances," have taxed him to the last penny.

Old and young, male and female, follow in the wake, and our Juggernauth is always alive, always moving, and its wheels crush millions, impelled by the victims of civilization.

The antique Lady Frances Fittalle is enduring agonies: her stays are too tight-laced, and her shoes pinch her fearfully; but Dashwood de Dunstanville is to be at the ball, and the waist has to be admired, and the foot must create a sensation.

Amelia Doddles sings a very pretty English song. She has a sweet, but by no means a powerful voice; but her cousin Laura's Italian *arias* call down thunders of applause, and she must needs grow hoarse in shrieking "Di piacer," the words of which she knows as much about as the Hindoo tiller of the field knows of the mythology of his people, to maintain the credit of which he is taxed. Laura has been in Italy, and her taste has been acquired in that beautiful land.

The broken down baronet, Sir Vincent Muff, sports patriotism and liberal sentiments. He is looked up to at his club as a pattern of true nobility of soul, whereas, in heart, he detests the whole race around him. He is a petty tyrant in his own establishment, has been within an ace of volunteering to join the opposing faction for a consideration, and has secretly seduced many a fair girl among his tenantry from the paths of virtue. To what does all this tend? In what does it amalgamate, Juggernauth—Juggernauth!

The car, the wheels, and the idol are not seen in the streets, at the park, at the opera; but see the million, what they are doing; and the very air in every nook of England's metropolis will become impregnated with idolatry! All Juggernauth!

CHAPTER V.

On quitting the hot-bed of idolatry and superstition, I was carried, a night's journey, through the usual routine of imposition and money-making, and found myself in the morning at a place called Sathparah, to which village my kind Pooree host had furnished me with a purwanah, or pass, to enable me to procure a boat on my homeward way across the Chilka lake again, having to meet some friends for a "shikar," or sporting party, on the opposite bank the day following. As luck would have it, I had mislaid or lost the essential document, and was obliged to wait a considerable time among the staring savages of the village, before obtaining the conveyance required. It came at last, and wind and current being both strong against us, I had the felicity of being another whole day and night on the waters. To add to the unpleasantness of my position, a violont storm of rain, thunder, and lightning roused me from my sleeping attempts, and caused me, *nolens volens*, to contemplate the moving nature above and around. The night was clouded and very dark, but by the constant flashes I could descry land at no great distance, and some three or four fishing-boats anchored close to us. By the stillness in my immediate vicinity, my boatmen had evidently abandoned all ideas of progressing until daybreak, or a change in the state of wind and water. Well, thought I, with the feelings of a would-be poet, now's the time for composing. How shall I begin?

"Come, sail with me, on the Chilka lake."

What! in a thunderstorm? That will never do. Try again.

"The night was dark, on the Chilka lake——"

Very good; but where's the second line? The rain now came pattering over my boots, and wetting my poetical ardour. After all, thought I, the song must be abandoned. Whoever heard of, or at all events cares for, the Chilka lake at home? And how comical would it appear to my musical friends in England, to whom the production must go for the melody, to see a frontispiece on the title-page, representing a solitary boat in a storm, with an individual in a palanquin, fixed fast between the benches, in the act of catching an inspiration and a cold! I, therefore, judged more wisely on the matter, and, after a time, composed myself to sleep, as the best style of composition in these parts. Well, morning came, and after punting for some time, we at length made my destination, viz., Beercole! This place possesses a charming bungalow, clear, large and airy, with

accommodation for civilized humanity, a fee of one rupee a head being fixed for the occupation of the rooms, to be derived from all halting travellers, according to the system which prevails on the Bengal side. I got a bath and a capital breakfast; but the day was too far advanced to take to the rifle, and my friends not arriving as proposed, I left the elk and deer to themselves, and ordered bearers to return to Rumbah.

I reached the large white house in time to share its occupants' hospitable board, at about ten or eleven o'clock at night, and hurried on to Gunjam. From this latter place I started for Berhampore (where I had my servants and marching establishment) on the day succeeding.

Berhampore, situated not many miles from the coast, can scarcely be deemed a favourite military station. Notwithstanding the good shooting to be obtained in the neighbourhood, the cantonment is a gloomy one, and the land-winds destroy one's energies, besides (an important consideration in India) being more than commonly injurious to horse-flesh. This was one of the hottest day's travelling it ever fell to my lot to experience; the bearers were compelled to put the palanquin down, *en route*, to take breath; they had been moving very slowly, but the sun was most powerful. On one occasion, while wandering about the road, waiting for these good people, my attention was called to a strange-looking erection like a gibbet, at some little distance to the right. I proceeded to inspect it, and found three iron cage-like machines, in the shape of a human figure, hanging therefrom, with here and there a bone among the bars: on enquiry, these proved to be the receptacles of three murderers' bodies—men who had been hanged there several years ago.

My friends of the 22nd, nearly killed me with kindness, as usual; and after a very merry and joyous party, at which the effects of the hot sun of the day, and the sparkling champagne at night, imparted to some one or two of us a little ultra-facetious turn (I do not exclude myself in toto as an offender), I made arrangements to start for Itchapore, a station some sixteen miles distant. It was a great luxury to give up the palanquin, and resume the marching; and the country being very beautiful, I had a most delightful ride of some three or four hours, setting out at about 5 a. m. The men appeared to me far better made, more robust, taller, and handsomer about here than in any other part of the Northern Division which I have visited; and the women, in the same ratio, appear more graceful, and far better looking. I tried very hard to obtain recruits at Itchapore, but without avail: hopes were held out to me, and I made rather a long stay in consequence; but, I found that not even the influence of the Ahmeen, or magistrate of the village (who made me a visit in due form, presenting me with two man-

goes, according to custom), could effect anything in the cause, and I left, somewhat mortified at the result of my attempts in a spot where the corps to which I belong was actually raised and originally recruited.

From Itchapore I rode in the evening, about eight miles and a half, to Cunchalee, a place situated in the very heart of a jungle, out of which, however, the traveller's bungalow is very conveniently and considerately removed. Here I contrived to pass a most excellent night, and at day-break my encampment was moved another eight miles, through a very thick jungly country, to Hurrypore, where I resolved to halt for the day.

Having descried an animal resembling a wild hog, in the early morning, I had walked for some distance, rifle in hand, in the probability of meeting some game of the larger kind, but, I was doomed to disappointment; there was none visible, and I had little time to go about beating the jungle singly, in the uncertain pursuit of an object at which to fire ball. This Hurrypore is, however, generally speaking, of considerable notoriety for a great variety of game.

On the following morning, I proceeded through about nine miles of unbroken jungle, to a place called Causboogah. This village, as well as the bungalow thereto attached, stands some three miles from the sea-beach, to the north-westward of Poondee, before mentioned: it is by no means an unpleasant halt, and in the day time, notwithstanding the intense heat of the season, there is a strong breeze blowing, which is refreshing in the extreme, and keeps off the drowsy god from the out-of-time visits, which he is so fond of paying in India. The old sepoy of Poondee bungalow, and his son, having heard that I had arrived, through a messenger that I had despatched for some purpose coastward, both visited me here, and I understand that the tea-pot, and similar articles of luxury, were brought over by them, under the impression that I was isolated; that is, without servants or accommodation; the son produced me a recruit also, whom I enlisted, pending instructions, as a sepoy. The more I see of these bungalows, the more do I feel gratified with the comforts they afford. It is a pity they are so few, and, in many cases, so far between. Let the English reader imagine a small, neat, white house, with tiled roof, a very good verandah in its front, two large rooms, to each of which one, or sometimes more than one, bath-room is attached; a very good table, two cots, and a sufficient number of chairs, complete the furniture: when to this are added out-houses, stables, kitchens, &c., &c., we have a fair picture of a road-side bungalow. And what more can the traveller expect or require, independent of his own resources, and the readily proffered assistance of an old pensioned sepoy? My friend, old Ashm Beg, the Poondee pensioner, was evi-

dently chagrined at my being so well provided: he looked in stealthily at me, and made his salaam or salutation, though I fear his four mile walk in the hot sun, had increased his blindness to too great an extent for him to discern clearly whether I was his quondam guest or a buffalo; but he said nothing, it was as well not to speak too loudly of the tea-pot, as the two guardians of the Causboogah bungalow might have become jealous of the article: true, it was not a new one; and, indeed, was perhaps not a little the worse for wear; but, very old people are in some respects alike, all the world over, and an old sepoy may quarrel with his comrade over his tea-pot, as well as the maiden lady of Bath, with her sister-dealers of cards and in scandal, over hers. By the way, there is a talk of a Rajah here; a much respected old gentleman of the old school.

From Causboogah to the southward, proceeding in the same direction as that from which I had commenced my excursion, the country loses a great portion of its wildness and varied character. The high hills of bold outline begin to want their mountainous aspect, and the jungle becomes less thick and frequent: this alteration is especially perceptible on arrival at Paunta Tekelee, the halting place which I next reached, and from which, to Gopaulpore (the bungalow station again beyond), an appearance of flatness and aridity may be descried as on the other side of Chicacole. On arrival at Tekelee, I found a detachment of the 22nd, on the march from Vizianagrum to Burhampore, just relieved by the 11th, from Kamptee. This circumstance furnished me with not only an agreeable day at the bungalow, which would otherwise have been, in all probability, dull and wearisome; but also with another proof of the wide extent of Indian hospitality.* I do not profess to be very indolent or very fond of society, but a hot Indian day, in a roadside bungalow, without books—thermometer circa 100—would Rogers have written the *Pleasures of Memory*, or Campbell, the *Pleasures of Hope*, under such circumstances? No; yet memory and hope would both have had a fair field for display.

I hear strange stories at those bungalows from the old sepoys in charge. They come shuffling towards me just before dusk, evidently meditating some deep, dark purpose; and one word of encouragement to proceed is sufficient to cause the delivery of a narrative long enough to cut into a moderate number of Arabian Nights; more than one of them, men of my own regiment, gave me pitiful and painfully prosy accounts of their respective promotions and reductions, ending with a sort of appeal to destiny,

* Since these lines were first penned, the head of the small family *coterie* whom I had the good fortune to encounter here, has been added to the numerous list of good husbands and fathers carried off in the prime of life, while exiles under a scorching Indian sun.

the tone of which seemed to indicate that *I might*, possibly, be the agent through whom some recompense for their sufferings was to be obtained. A complaint against the Native Police urged by one, has, I believe, good claims for a hearing, and I most heartily wish that some spirit of justice would suddenly start up, and inspire our worthy collectors to look into the practical workings of the various courts of judicature in their respective districts more keenly than of wont; and, instead of dismissing one man for villany and falsehood, to reinstate him in the course of a month, to make a Herculean cleansing of the stables of iniquity at once, and rather inconvenience themselves for a time, by suffering the want of sharp "save-trouble" men in the cutcherry or court, than permit the most consummate rascality to sit in triumph, in the person of a fat, sleek Brahmin, whose very creed appears redolent of falsehood and deceit.

But the civil service have a task to perform which may be a very laborious, and is a highly responsible one: there may exist hidden causes which, if known, would produce different effects in our minds, while canvassing these points of government, and as, in our five and twenty days' excursion of nearly five hundred miles, we are coming close upon Chicacole and Vizagapatam again, to avoid repetition, close we the pilgrimage to Juggernauth.

F. J. G.

TO A LITTLE BOY,

ON VISITING MY GARDEN.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Come, human butterfly! and see
What wonders I can show to thee;
How by unerring laws, that guide
All nature, through her regions wide,
These fruits and flow'rs for us expand,
With nectar'd juice, and odours bland;

And learn that what we nature call,
Is God, the Sovereign Lord of all.
Ah! human butterfly! to thee
This seems a sealed book to be;
But come, my child, and let us try
To fathom this sweet mystery.
That downy peach, so rich and rare,
That purple grape, that melting pear;
And all these garden treasures, owe
The flavour that delights thee so
To yon bright orb, that hangs so high,
And lights and warms the summer sky.
And see, my child, this queenly rose,
That round its matchless perfume throws,
And in its glorious hue outvies
The richest robe of Tyrian dyes;
And see these dahlias rare, that glow
With all the colours of the bow;
These hues and odours of the flow'rs,
That deck this pleasant world of ours,
They from the same bright fountain draw,
And by the same unerring law.
And God, who made the glorious sun,
This pleasant world to shine upon,
Ordain'd these gifts should flow from thence,
To gratify our ev'ry sense,
That we might through our senses rise
To Him, who dwells beyond the skies.
Perchance, my child, when thou shalt be
Prepar'd some loftier truths to see,
Than those which from the outward sense
Would rise to God's Omnipotence,
Some nobler motives we may draw,
To love Him, and observe His law.

Ah! human butterfly! I see
Thou fain would'st rove from tree to tree,
From fruit to fruit, from flow'r to flow'r,
And wile away the passing hour,
Well pleas'd with all the sweets they bring,
Without much further questioning.
Well, well, my child, if thou dost err,
Thou practical philosopher!
Thou dost but err in thy degree,
Along with much good company.
Right solid, as I needs must own,
Is this thy first foundation-stone:
And if as yet no temple rise,
To crown the earth and pierce the skies,
'T is but the natural defect
Of thy untutor'd intellect;
And thou, perchance, some future day,
Shalt bear a higher prize away.

But come, thou human butterfly!
Another lesson let us try;
See, here's a pretty bee, that sips
Rich nectar from the rose's lips:
She builds by one unerring rule,
Which she has learn'd in nature's school,
The cells in which she stores away
These treasures, for a wint'ry day.

Ah! human butterfly! I see
This sermonizing suits not thee;
The wonders of the bee are lost
On one that loves the honey most.
What! dost thou snatch thy hand from me,
Already wild for liberty?
Epitome of full-grown man!
His years, though but a fairy-span,
Are pass'd in trifles, light as those
That constitute thy joys and woes.
A few short years, and thou wilt be,
My pretty boy, like yonder tree,
That stands, in its matured grace,
Above the garden's younger race.
But, ah! before those years arrive,
What vices in that heart may thrive!
What characters of darkest ill
Thy now white page of life may fill!
All passions that deform the soul,
Like tempest-clouds, around thee roll,
And banish all those sunny rays
That light the brow on which I gaze!
Go, human butterfly! and rove
Thy fleeting hour of joy and love:
Unfold thy little spirit's wings,
And drink, from nature's hallow'd springs,
Large draughts of pleasure, whilst thou can,
Ere Time, alas! hath stamp'd the man,
And tutor'd thee to act thy part
With others, on the stage of art;
To counterfeit the gold of worth,
And cheat the trusting hearts of earth,
And, in thy worldly bonds, to be
No more a child of liberty.
Go, human butterfly! and make
The most of that which Time will take,—
The innocence, the guileless joy,
That man may envy in the boy.

I can but breathe a pray'r, that when
Thou tak'st thy stand with full-grown men,
Thy searching mind may clearly see
Those truths, now all too deep for thee:
That reading nature's book aright,
Thy soul may take a loftier flight,
Far, far beyond the bounding line,
That bars the sight from truths divine:
And that thy sojourn here on earth,
Worthy of thine immortal birth,
May but a preparation be,
For thine immortal destiny.

LES ANGLAIS POUR RIRE;

OR,

PARISIAN ADVENTURES.*

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ANTHONY BLAKE.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

CHAPTER VI.

The Charivari.

THE fair and fat Mrs. Dugan was all smiles and welcomes, and bore the "blushing honours" of her bridal state with becoming bashfulness: though the force of habit would occasionally predominate, and she would rail at her gentle swain, as if for years he had been bone of her bone. This the worthy Timotheus, with due humility, endured, and never opened his lips to give utterance to anything bordering on contradiction or rebuke, except when his critical ears were offended by some glaring barbarism, and he ventured to expostulate with his *placens uxor* on the singular impropriety of her cacology.

While Mrs. Dugan was doing the honours of the tea-table, alternately dragooning her lord and master, and exclaiming against the absurdity of French customs, which compelled her to use beet-root sugar, and to buy her souchong at the apothecary's shop, where at that time it was principally sold in France, Blake gave his friends a history of the strange occurrence which had taken place at the *table d'hôte*. Their astonishment was great indeed at the unexpected turn which the waggery of the unfortunate Slicer had taken; and Mrs. Dugan could not sufficiently express her amazement at the sudden appearance of the *gendarmes*.

"Only think," said she, "how droll it was, when the Bow-street hofficer clapped his hands three times, to see the *Johndarmies* come in so sly, like the ghost in *Hamlet*."

"My dear," said Timotheus, "similies, to be striking, should be just: now there was only one ghost in *Hamlet*."

"Well, sir," cried Mrs. Dugan, rather pettishly, "did I say there were two ghosts? I wish to Heaven you would mind your own smillies, and put some water in the tea-pot."

* Continued from page 87, vol. xlvii.

Timotheus bowed and obeyed; but in his anxiety to execute the wishes of his spouse, he verified a proverb very often quoted to very little purpose. As he hastened to the fire-place for the kettle, he unluckily trod upon the short tail of Fidelle: starting aside lest the animal should bite him, for he was an ill-tempered cur in addition to his other bad qualities, he upset the tea-kettle, and part of the contents fell upon the unfortunate and unwieldy pet, which ran yelping about the room, with all the vociferation of an insulted favourite.

Up-started the bride in a passion, and, taking her lovely turn-spit in her arms, she exclaimed:—

"Good gracious! Mr. Dugan, you have killed the poor dog. You barbarous man! you are always doing some stupid thing or other. I declare to my gracious, I think you have a design on his life, and are determined to commit homicide."

Here the disconsolate lady walked rapidly about the room, lavishing caresses on the whining Fidelle; while the terror-struck delinquent followed her with protestations of innocence, intermingled with hints, that the term *canicide* would be more germane to the matter than the one she had made use of. His entreaties and criticism were, however, alike unattended to; until the pain having subsided the precious pet was lulled to sleep in his mistress's arms, and Timotheus was, at length, heard in his defence.

"As God is my judge, my dear," he began, "you do me wrong to suppose that I bore *malice prepense* against the poor animal."

This unlucky epithet gave great offence to Mrs. Dugan, who asked her husband if he intended to insult her, by calling her lap-dog an animal?

"Certainly not, my dear," replied the placid Timotheus; "nothing was farther from my intention; but the dog, you know, is an animal."

"'Tis a shame for you," persisted Mrs. Dugan, "to call the pretty dear by any such epitaph."

"My dear," said the quondam pedagogue, in a soothing voice, "the term animal applies to all things that breathe and have life, being derived from the Latin word *anima*, signifying the soul; in which sense men and women are more properly called animal than the brute creation, though some naturalists pretend——"

"Fie! fie! Mr. Dugan," interrupted the bride. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, for making use of such language. 'Tis downright scandalous for a person of your age to call men and women animals, when you know we're all of the same gender."

"My dear!" exclaimed Timotheus——

"Shame of you, sir!" interrupted the affronted lady. "I declare to my gracious, you think I'm as ignorant as a *City-hen*:

but I'd have you to know that if you were as wise as Doctor Foster or Copper Nick, you'd never make me believe I'm an animal."

"I must explain this matter to you, my dear," said Timotheus, laying his hand on his lady's shoulder, with a smile of mingled pity and benevolence: "you must know, my dear, that animals are classed as terrestrial, aquatic, volatile, and amphibious: and in their natures they are sanguineous, exanguineous, oviparous, and viviparous."

"Whether they're overporus or feverporus." said Mrs. Dugan, with a sigh, "I can't see what it has to do with my poor dog."

"As God is my judge!" exclaimed Timotheus, "if your dog has not received due honour, since he came under my protection, it is not my fault. Willingly would I, in imitation of Caligula, make a high priest or a consul of him, were it in my power; or elevate him to the dignity of a constellation, many degrees beyond either *canis minor* or *major*."

"Mr. Dugan," said the lady, "I have often told you not to bore me with Greek and Latin. 'Tis not the *bo to* for ladies to understand the language of the dead; besides, I flatter myself I can read Bell's Letters quite as well without it."

This put a period to the learned disquisition on animals, and the conversation reverted to its original channel.

"I can't, for my life," said Mrs. Dugan, "put the *Johndarmies* out of my head. Only think how cunning it was of them to stay outside and come in so pat at the signal. I declare to my gracious, they couldn't do it better at Sadler's Wells. Only think of the French fellows having so much sense, for all they look like rope-dancers, with their Mouseer this and their Mouseer that, as if they took us for nothing but rat-catchers. I wonder if I was to clap my hands three times, like Mr. Rivet, if the *Johndarmies* would come? I declare to my gracious, I have a mind to try."

Our good humoured hero, who readily accommodated himself to the whims and peculiarities of his companions, recommended her to indulge her fancy, and Mrs. Dugan did accordingly try the experiment: but she had scarcely done so when, to her horror and amazement, the door opened, and in walked two gigantic *gendarmes à cheval*, with cocked hats, long swords, jack boots, and mustachios curling up to their eyes.

With a scream of terror, up jumped the bride, aghast at the terrible reality produced by her innocent experiment; and, flying to the farthest end of the room, she hid herself behind a screen in an awful state of trepidation and alarm. Up also jumped the learned Timotheus, equally terror-struck at the apparition: but happily recollecting that he belonged to the

nobler sex, he seized the poker with a look of defiance, and brandished it manfully over his head, determined to defend his better-half against the assault of the Gallic ravishers. He was astonished, however, to see Blake quietly maintain his seat as if nothing had happened; but our hero immediately recognized in this fancied invasion one of those domiciliary visits so common in *la belle France* as to excite surprise in none but strangers unaccustomed to the familiarity of official intrusion.

The *gendarmes*,, seeing the confusion their entrance had caused, very politely apologized for their appearance, saying:—

"*Soyez tranquille madame et messieurs: nous ne voulons pas vous gêner.*"

In this civil speech, short as it was, Mrs. Dugan fancied she heard the words kill, damn, mess, and chains. Concluding, therefore, with her usual strange association of ideas, that after damning and putting them in chains, the French murderers intended to kill them and serve them up in a mess, she gave herself up for lost, and uttered a most doleful scream, accompanied with prayers and entreaties for mercy and compassion. Timotheus, who understood as much French as his wife, on hearing her outcries, conceiving that the onslaught was about to commence, flourished his poker, and seemed determined to make instant battle. Blake, however, withheld him, and explained in a few words the nature of the visit, which was, he said, merely to examine their passports: he accordingly handed his to one of the officers, who, having slightly looked it over, returned it with much politeness, and begged to see the others.

Blake now explained to Timotheus the propriety of showing his passport; but found, to his infinite surprise, that he had none! The necessity for such a document to enable them to see Paris had never occurred to the new-married couple; and as no questions had been asked on the road (an omission which, though rare, sometimes does occur), they naturally concluded they were all right.

Here was a dilemma! The officers, when it was explained to them, said they should be very sorry to give trouble, but their orders were imperative, and must be obeyed; and if Monsieur and Madame could not produce a passport, they must, perforce, return to England, or submit to the surveillance of the police until they could obtain one from thence. If, however, *Monsieur le Capitaine* Blake, who appeared to be *si parfaitement l'homme comme il faut*, would suggest any mode of arrangement by which the difficulty might be obviated, they would be happy to meet his wishes half-way, on behalf of his friends.

This was speaking like reasonable men; and our hero, to evince his willingness to negotiate on so rational a basis, immediately summoned Monsieur Fulgence, the *bourgeois*, or keeper

of the lodging-house, to council. This gentleman, when the matter was explained to him, said, with a smile, that the case was not very uncommon; for that his highly esteemed English friends were sometimes apt to forget that the same degree of liberality did not exist in other countries as their own. He would, however, undertake to obviate the difficulty, by procuring from his friend the *Préfet* a *passe-provisoire*, which would enable the new-married couple to remain in Paris until they could obtain a more regular document from the English ambassador. He then, by Blake's directions, invited the *gendarmes* down stairs, to crack a bottle at the expense of Milord Anglais; and he assured them, on the way, that they need be under no apprehension with respect to the English *détenus*, who were by no means, persons likely to blow up the *Pont-Neuf* or *les Invalides*.

When this matter was satisfactorily adjusted, and the door was closed, Mrs. Dugan, who any more than her husband did not understand one word of what had passed, ventured to come from her hiding place. Her agitation at first prevented her speaking; but in a few moments she was enabled to give vent to her passion.

"Oh, the villains!" she exclaimed, "to think of putting us in chains, and cutting us up in a mess! I declare to my gracious, I thought they would have eaten us on the spot, the hannibals!"

"My dear," said Timotheus, "you confound cannibal with Hannibal, who though he took a great many lives as a warrior, yet never dreamt of eating his prisoners."

"You may talk," retorted the fair bride, with an air of pique; "but you're no Hannibal, at all events; for while those terrible *Johndarmies* were vapouring about, you stood gaping at them with your mouth shut, like Hypocrite, the god of silence."

"Harpocrates, my dear," whispered Timotheus, in a subdued tone, as if conscious of the insignificant figure he had cut in the transaction.

"Hold your tongue," cried Mrs. Dugan, angrily. "I declare to my gracious, I don't know what we should have done without Captain Blake; for while you were mum-chance before the ravishers, he stood out boldly, like Persianus rescuing the fair Dromedary from the Flying Dragoon."

Mr. Dugan's reply to this classical reproach was happily prevented by a tremendous uproar down stairs, which seemed as if ten thousand tongues were giving vent, at the same moment, to as many different languages; the noise increasing rapidly, as it appeared to approach the room in which our travellers were sitting. No sooner did the bride hear this fearful din than, screaming out "the *Johndarmies* are coming again," she instantly fled to her former place of refuge, while Timotheus again seized the poker, quite determined, on this occasion at

least, to show his manhood in the presence of his bride, even should the intruder be the *fons et origo mali*, the veritable Old Nick himself.

To ascertain the cause of this new alarm, Blake went to the door, which he had no sooner opened, than in bounced Larry Delany, with a posse of ragamuffins at his heels, who instantly seized him, and were hurrying him off with very little ceremony, amidst loud cries of "*A la Prefecture, foutre Anglais! Sacre God dem!*" with many other expletives equally honourable and significant.

Blake, addressing the ring-leaders of the mob, demanded the cause of their maltreating his servant in so shameful a manner; and was immediately answered by the whole crew, each endeavouring to outbawl the rest, and making use of the most threatening language and gestures. This continued for some moments, confusion being worse confounded by all attempts at explanation: till at length our hero's patience being exhausted, he seized two of the most noisy, and fairly kicked them down stairs. Larry perceiving the diversion which his master had made in his favour, by a powerful effort freed himself from his captors, and laid about him with might and main; while Timotheus, seeing his friends engaged, flourished his poker and rushed into the midst of the battle.

At this critical moment the *gendarmes*, who had been quietly discussing the merits of Monsieur Fulgence's Burgundy, hearing the disturbance, rushed to the scene of action; and, drawing their swords, threatened to cut every man to atoms, if they did not keep the peace, *au nom du Roi*. At the awful name of Majesty, supported by the bright swords of the officers, the French troops immediately relinquished the combat, and left the field undisputed to the British forces, who ranged themselves in a line, ready, if occasion required, to renew the battle.

An inquiry was now instituted by the *gendarmes* into the cause of the affray; and Monsieur Larry, as a stranger, was, *par complaisance*, first examined.

"Plaise your honour, Master Anthony," said Larry, addressing himself to his master, without deigning to notice any of the rest; "I was coming along to deliver you this note from Colonel Sontag, and was walking up a street that they call *Roo* something or other, all alone and not a crather in the world wid me but myself; nor thinking of nothing at all at all, except Mary Burke, the little girl that I had the shindy about at the Badstring in the Sham Elizas, your honour, when I stuck the Queerass against the wall with the pitchfork——"

"Leave all that out, sir," said Blake, "and go on with your story."

"Well, sir," resumed Larry, "whin I was passing forenint a

big house, I saw a gorsoon through the windy dancing like on the fleur; and he had a pair of shoe-brushes on his feet by way of dancing pumps. Oh! the divil a cottoner in Cork if I'm telling you a word o' lie, Master Anthony. Well, sir, 'twas myself that stopped to see his figaries; and 'twas enough to make a dog split his sides to see the joker sprawling about on his shoe-brushes, turned down the wrong side foremost; first shoving out one leg, then another, right and left, hands across, and the figure of eight, but keeping both his feet nailed to the ground like, for the divil a bit did he cover the buckle at all, your honour."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Blake; "what is all this rigmarole story about?"

"*Qu'est ce qu'il dit? Qu'est ce qu'il dit?*" demanded the *gendarmes*.

"Have patience, Master Anthony," said Larry; "sure I'm coming to the crame of the joke now, your honour. Well, sir, whin I was very busy laining in at the windy, and looking at the *Parleyvous* dancing on shoe-brushes, whop, all of a sudden, without so much as saying 'take care o' yourself, Larry, agrah,' out comes a big pail of dirty wather, saving your rivirence, from one of the top windies, slap upon my back."

"They served you perfectly right," said Blake, "for losing your time gaping at a *frotteur*."

"*Qu'est ce qu'il dit, sacre Jean Foutre?*" demanded several of the mob, impatiently.

"Och! 'twas myself that was in a tunthering big passion," continued Larry, "for I thought 'twas an insult to my counthry; so, without saying another word, good, bad, or indifferent, I up wid a lump of a pavor, and let dhrive at the windy: faith, I'll engage it would do your heart good to see the glass fly in smithereens all about. Well, sir, thinking this wasn't satisfaction enough, and that the blackguards might boast of a victhory if I retraited too soon, I up wid a brickbat and let fly into another of the windies; and, as luck would have it, I found a dead cat on a dunghill hard by, and pitched that into a third your honour, that they shouldn't be jealous of one another. Oh! divil receave me, but I had a fine croost to myself; till at last the *Parleyvous* gother about me, and began to jabber away their unnatural gibberish; and bad luck to the word of it could myself understand, for the sowl o'me; God forgive me for swearing. Well, sir, thinking they might be abusing my counthry all this time behind my back, in regard of not knowing a word they were saying before my face, I thought it was best to take satisfaction beforehand for what might happen afterwards. So I up wid my fist, as I had nothing else handy at the time, and I gave one fellow a polthogue in the chops; I gave another a dig in the belly, and another a douse in the praty-trap——"

Here Blake interrupted Larry's eloquent description of the battle; and after rebuking him sharply for his indiscretion, he explained the matter briefly to the *gendarmes*, who, had they not been obliged to frown, would have laughed heartily at the adventure. Finding that the affair was likely to be troublesome and expensive if he yielded tamely to the outcries of the adverse party, Blake demanded of them very fiercely what they could say in excuse for assaulting his servant with dirty water; and threatened to have them punished severely for so scandalous an outrage. To this they pleaded the custom of the country, and asserted that the usual caution of "*gare de l'eau!*" had been given: if, therefore, Monsieur Larry had undergone an immersion, it was entirely "*la fortune de guerre.*"

"Then," said Blake, "the blows he has given must be set down to the same account, and you shall have no other satisfaction from me."

"*Comment, Monsieur,*" said one, "*il m'a cassé toutes les fenêtres, sacra Jean Ros-bif!*"

"*Il m'a cassé la tête, sacre bleu!*" cried another.

"*Et moi, la jambe, tonnerre de Brest!*" exclaimed a third.

"*Et moi le bras, foutre!*" shouted a fourth.

"Don't call me a foutre, you rascally frog-eater," said Larry; "or, by the piper that played before Moses, I'll throttle you."

The *gendarmes* now thought proper to interfere, to prevent further confusion, which was to be apprehended, from the excitement that prevailed on both sides. They accordingly addressed themselves to Blake, and said they should be sorry to proceed to any extremities with a gentleman and an officer; but his servant had been guilty of a violent assault, and they must, unless matters were amicably arranged, convey him to the Prefecture, to be dealt with according to law. They represented to our hero the number of witnesses against him, who would all, doubtless, be in the same story, and overwhelm everything his servant could allege in his defence. They further enlarged upon the trouble and expense of a law-suit; suggesting, finally, that a douceur to the man whose windows had been broken might save *Monsieur le Capitaine* a vast deal of chagrin, as they naturally presumed that a gentleman of his appearance would not wish to lose his time, and mix himself up with such a *mauvaise affaire.*

This last consideration at once decided Blake on acceding to the proposed accommodation: he accordingly gave the owner of the broken windows a Napoleon to repair his losses; and the *gendarmes* having cleared the room of the rest of the rabble, politely took their leave. Matters were thus, at length, amicably adjusted; but Larry could with difficulty be prevented from

going to take out the balance of the Napoleon, by breaking the remainder of the windows which his master had paid for.

Tranquillity being once more restored, Timotheus deposited his poker, and his trembling *cara sposa* ventured to creep from her hiding place. Many were her inquiries and numerous the answers given before she could be made to comprehend the mysterious adventure of the broken windows; but nothing could convince her that the *Johndarmies* were not at the bottom of it all.

"Those terrible fellows," she said, "are up to all sorts of mischief, like Robin Hood or the Vicar of Bray. I know they'll be the death of me, if I had a pleurisy of lives, like a cat."

"Plurality, my dear," whispered Timotheus.

"I shall dream of nothing else for the next twelvemonth," continued Mrs. Dugan. "They'll ride on my back like an *ignus fattus*."

"Incubus, my dear," said Timothy; "or night-mare, vulgarly so called."

"Polly-famous was but a Tom Thumb to them," continued Mrs. Dugan; "they're so big and so tall, and so like the Tight-ones of old."

"The Titans, my dear, if you please," interrupted Timotheus.

"Don't trouble me, Mr. Dugan," said the fair disconsolate, "with your critical akerman. I declare to my gracious, I'm in such a fright I don't know whether I'm standing *cap-a-pie* or all-fours; and if it wasn't for very shame I'd go back without travelling another step in such a barbarous country."

This declaration was immediately caught at by Timotheus, to whom the Gallic expedition had always appeared fraught with imminent peril both to purse and person. He, therefore, seized the happy moment to turn his fair bride from her wilful purpose of making the "grand tower," as she called it; by exaggerating the difficulties they were likely to encounter at every step, in a country of whose manners, customs, and language, they were totally ignorant. With all the eloquence of which he was master, he pressed their immediate return to England, and finally closed his exhortations with a loving kiss.

"Bless me, Mr. Dugan," cried the lady, whose delicacy was shocked at this ill-timed piece of conjugal gallantry; "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to touzle one so before company. I declare to my gracious, your beard is as rough as quills upon a fretful porcupine. But for all your wheedling I shall not go back. It would be a pretty thing, indeed, after coming so far, to give up the pleasure of seeing all about Paris and the Pallyroil, and the Loveyour, and the Catscombs, and the Tooleries; with all the beautiful statutes of the Venus of Medicine, and Polly Belvedery, and Herculus Farinaceous."

"The Apollo and the Hercules, my love," said Timotheus, soothingly, "are respectively named——"

"You're a barbarous man," interrupted Mrs. Dugan, "to ask me to go back again, after coming so far as the metroplus of the *Bo Mundy;* and I'm getting on so splendidly with the languages too. I assure you, Captain Blake, it was only this very day that my French master told me I was as handsome as the celebrated *Long Clothes*, and as clever as Madame Jenny Liss."

"Far be it from me, my dear," said Timotheus, "to interrupt your studies, but"——

"You do all in your power to interrupt them, sir," persisted Mrs. Dugan. "You're jealous of my great *re*quirements, especially in the continental languages."

"As God is my judge," replied Timotheus, "so far is that from being the case, that I shall rejoice to see you become a perfect polyglot."

"I won't be called Polly," cried the lady, in a pet. "I have often told you I detest the name. I wonder why my parents should think of giving me such an unclassified cognimo; and you're always casting it in my teeth when you want to vex me. Bluebeard himself wouldn't do such a thing, at least in the honey-moon; but you're worse than Volcano and all his sigh-claps." Here a plentiful shower of tears deluged the white cambric handkerchief which Mrs. Dugan held to her lovely eyes, and she sobbed long and audibly.

There is no arguing against a woman's tears. The finest syllogism in the world cannot stand for a moment before one of those pearly drops with which nature has so plentifully furnished the fair part of the creation. Timotheus, therefore, making a merit of necessity, yielded his point with a good grace, muttering to himself from his favourite Virgil "*varium et mutabile semper Fœmina.*" Having promised not only to make the "grand tower," but to escort his wife to the North Pole, if necessary, the kiss of peace was exchanged; and Blake, wishing them good night, left this happy pair of originals to their repose.

CHAPTER VII.

The Double Duel.

COLONEL Sontag's note having contained all the requisite information as to the time and place of the proposed meeting, our hero, on retiring to bed, issued the necessary instructions to his faithful valet; and at five o'clock the following morning he was awakened by Larry, who had been too long acquainted with military life not to have some intuitive feeling, as it were, of what was on the *tapis;* and who had accordingly made some little preparations of his own for the occasion.

Blake had scarcely completed his toilette when Colonel Sontag arrived, accompanied by the surgeon of his old regiment, who luckily happened to be in Paris; and, stepping into their carriage, they set off, followed by Larry on horseback, for the appointed rendezvous at the *Bois de Boulogne,* where they had the satisfaction to find they were in advance of their adversaries, who drove up a few minutes after them. Leaving their carriages and servants together some distance from the public road, the principals and their friends retired into the most secret part of the wood; followed at a short distance by Colonel Sontag's surgeon, and another medical gentleman who had accompanied the Honourable Mr. Calibash.

Having arrived at a convenient opening in that bosky retreat, which is the unconscious witness of many a scene of love and murder, Colonel Sontag and Captain Harcourt of the 10th Royal Hussars, the respective friends of the parties, proceeded to make the final arrangements for the combat.

"There is very little sun, Colonel Sontag," observed Captain Harcourt; "I therefore presume the choice of position is not material."

"Not in the slightest degree, sir," said the Colonel: "the light is very accommodating, and quite as good for the goose as it is for the gander."

This homely phrase seemed to grate harshly on the aristocratical ears of Captain Harcourt; but with a supercilious smile he continued,—

"We will now, if you please, proceed to place our men; but as Captain Blake is the challenged party, he has, of course, the choice of distance."

"And of weapons, too, sir," coldly and haughtily replied the Colonel.

"Weapons, sir!" repeated Captain Harcourt.

"I presume I speak English, sir," said Colonel Sontag, taking snuff with a provoking air of nonchalance.

"Certainly, sir; I beg pardon," said Captain Harcourt, "but

the usual, nay, the invariable weapon of a gentleman is the pistol."

"Excuse me, sir," said the Colonel, "we'll follow in this matter, if you please, the old adage, and when in Rome kiss the Pope's toe, like the rest of the world."

"I confess," said Captain Harcourt, who seemed to think he had a rum customer to deal with, "I do not altogether comprehend——"

"Perhaps you think my version of the proverb somewhat loose and original," said the Colonel; "but this will explain the matter to the meanest capacity."

Taking a long mahogany case from under his arm, the Colonel unlocked it very deliberately, and displayed two handsome small swords, arranged therein, very commodiously hilt to point.

"Swords!" exclaimed Captain Harcourt, with a gesture of surprise.

"Just so," said the Colonel; "the regulation sword, with which gentlemen in this country decide their quarrels."

"But, good heavens! my dear sir," said Captain Harcourt; "pistols, you know, are the weapons of English gentlemen all the world over."

"Hearkee, Captain Harcourt," responded the Colonel; "I am come here to see fair play, and fair play my friend shall have if I die for it myself."

"You do not, I presume," said Captain Harcourt, haughtily, "expect any foul play at my hands?"

"Pray do not interrupt me, sir," said the sturdy old veteran, "and we shall come to a conclusion the sooner. All the world knows that the Honourable Alexander Augustus Mark Anthony Calibash (I hope I have omitted none of his names), is the greatest duellist of his age, and can hit his man to a dead certainty at any distance."

"Well, sir," said Captain Harcourt, "I presume Captain Blake knows how to use the weapon also?"

"The least in the world, sir," said the Colonel, "not being a professed duellist; but that is not the point. My friend has the choice of weapons: his honour and his life are in my keeping, and I therefore choose the sword as, under the very peculiar circumstances of the case, the fairest to all parties."

"This is a singular proceeding," observed Captain Harcourt; "but I must consult my principal before I come to a decision on a point of so much importance."

He accordingly conferred with Mr. Calibash for a few moments; and, on returning, said that his friend had decidedly refused to fight with swords. He begged, however, as a personal favour, that the matter might be referred to Captain Blake, for his decision. Colonal Sontag accordingly consulted our hero, who

immediately waved his right of choice, and declared his readiness to meet his antagonist on his own terms.

"That's all right," said Captain Harcourt; I knew your friend would listen to reason; and now, my dear Colonel, how many paces shall we measure?"

"One," said the Colonel, sternly.

"One!" cried Captain Harcourt, struck with astonishment.

"One pace, sir," replied the Colonel, solemnly, "and not another inch."

"My dear sir," said Captain Harcourt, who expected to hear of the usual ten or twelve paces, "this is a most unprecedented thing. It would be absolute murder to allow them to fire at that distance; and you and I would have to answer it with our lives."

"Sir," said the Colonel, "I am determined to see fair play at the risk of every possible consequence. I know that Mr. Julius Cæsar Calibash is a dead shot at the usual duelling distance, and I suspect he mainly builds his courage on that superiority——"

"Sir," interrupted Captain Harcourt, "recollect Mr. Calibash is my friend, and I cannot allow——"

"Pray sir," said the Colonel, "let us settle one quarrel first, before we begin another. Recollect the old song:—

"'"'Tis well to be off with the old love,
Before you are on with the new.'"

"Curse me!" cried Captain Harcourt, losing a portion of his aristocratical nonchalance, "if I ever witnessed anything like this before."

"The longer you live the more you'll learn, young gentleman," said the Colonel, with a provoking chuckle. "When you have crossed the line as often as I have done, and lost a lobe of your liver to boot, you may then boast of having seen the world, Captain Harcourt."

The young Hussar was getting very much disgusted with his morning's entertainment, for he had never anticipated a tithe of the difficulties he seemed doomed to encounter. To the *éclat* of a duel he had no objection in the world; indeed, he rather coveted that sort of fame, provided it cost him no further anxiety than a little early rising, or a week's arrest at the utmost: but to meet with so many obstacles at the very threshold of an affair, seemed to bode something like a troublesome result. Had his opponents been persons unknown to fame, he should at once conclude, that so many manœuvres evinced no pugnacious intentions; but the characters of Blake and his friend were too well established to admit of doubt or question; and however Captain Harcourt might feel disposed to quarrel with the caustic humour of the worthy cynic, he thought it best, in the present stage of the proceedings at least, to have recourse to the soothing system. He accordingly argued the matter with as much *sang-*

froid as he could muster, and put it to the Colonel, if the opinion of the world would not be decidedly against them for permitting such palpable murder to take place, under their sanction.

"I care little for the opinion of the world, sir," said the Colonel, "when conscious that I am performing my duty. Now, the long and short of the matter is this: your friend is the best marksman in Europe, and mine is perhaps one of the worst; therefore, to obviate this inequality, he directs me to say, that one pace is the distance at which he decidedly insists on fighting."

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated Captain Harcourt——

"You may spare your speeches, sir," said the Colonel, "for words butter no parsnips. My friend has already made a most generous concession, by which, I fear, he has thrown the game out of his hands; but I shall take very good care he doesn't make another.

Captain Harcourt having mused for a moment, it struck him that, after all, this might be nothing more than a mere bravado to intimidate his friend: he, therefore, said he would consult Mr. Calibash, who, he had no doubt, would be ready to indulge Captain Blake even on his own most unreasonable and preposterous terms.

A short consultation accordingly took place between Captain Harcourt and his principal; when, after a little apparent hesitation, which was keenly watched by the practised eye of the veteran, Mr. Calibash agreed to the distance and took his ground. Blake also confronted his antagonist; the stipulated pace being measured by Captain Harcourt, under the surveillance of the Colonel, who would not allow him to overpass the limit even by an inch.

The loaded pistols were now placed in the hands of the antagonists, and, having cocked them, they were directed to fire on the dropping of a handkerchief by Colonel Sontag, both seconds standing within two paces of their principals.

An almost equal degree of firmness appeared in the countenance of either adversary; the only difference being an almost imperceptible quiver in the under lip of Mr. Calibash, as he cocked his pistol. He had often before now met the fire of an opponent, if not with great physical bravery, at least with a degree of coolness that served as an excellent substitute; but he had never before seen inevitable death at such close quarters. Indeed, it would be difficult to find a man who could, with undisturbed composure, contemplate such impending destruction.

Blake, however, displayed a stern serenity which nothing could disturb. His natural courage was great, and he had wrought it to the highest pitch of desperation, by reflecting on the utter worthlessness of life to him, the certainty of finding

peace in death, and the benefit he should confer upon society by ridding it of such a monster as a professed duellist. In thus arguing, his judgment might be censured; but he was ready to prove the sincerity, at least, if not the wisdom of his principles, by the usual test of martyrdom.

For a few seconds the antagonists were thus placed in opposition to each other, and in breathless expectation of the signal; conscious, as they were, that they stood upon the brink of eternity: nor is it to be supposed that, placed in such deadly contact, as it were, they contemplated each other's persons with indifference. Under the extraordinary circumstances of the case, it would be too much to expect from mere human nature that generous forbearance which would sacrifice self to the well-being of another, and that other an enemy; we must, therefore, candidly admit that each of the opponents, feeling that he was about to suffer a sudden and violent death at the hands of the other, contemplated also how he could best avenge so irreparable an injury by sending a ball through the heart or the brain of his adversary. At length Colonel Sontag, who looked at both as if his eager glance would penetrate the innermost recesses of their souls, demanded if they were ready; and being answered in the affirmative, he raised the fatal handkerchief.

At the critical moment, while the lives of these deadly opponents vibrated in the scale of destiny, and the slightest motion of a piece of cambric was enough to send one or both into eternity, the Honourable Mr. Calibash, in a voice tremulous with emotion, begged permission to say a few words to his friend. This was granted by Colonel Sontag, who still however kept his handkerchief suspended with one hand, while he drew out his watch with the other—a significant action, which by no means tended to calm the evident emotion of Mr. Calibash.

After a short conference with his principal, Captain Harcourt drew the veteran Sontag aside, and again represented to him the dreadful consequences that must accrue to them all, by persevering in the present unnatural mode of proceeding. His friend, he said, was not thirsting for the blood of Captain Blake; all he wanted was a fair reparation for his injured honour; and he therefore suggested, for the sake of all concerned, that the distance might be lengthened to eight, or even six paces.

With the penetration of a skilful general, Blake's friend saw the wavering of the enemy, and seized the happy moment to complete his discomfiture. No change whatever, he said, should take place in the arrangements: he had not come there for child's-play, and, by the Eagle of honour! his friend should no longer be trifled with.

"Then, sir," said Captain Harcourt, "on the part of my friend

I beg to withdraw his challenge, for he does not consider that the provocation demands so deadly a result."

"This matter must be clearly understood," said Colonel Sontag haughtily. "Does your friend request permission unconditionally to withdraw his challenge?"

"He does," replied Captain Harcourt: "for though, under the very extraordinary circumstances of the case, I should consider myself authorized in withdrawing my principal from the ground, without any explanation whatever——"

"Stop there, sir, if you please," interrupted the Colonel: "such a step on the part of the challenger would be fatal to his honour for ever, and qualify him for a prominent place beside Dr. Eady, and other distinguished characters, on the walls of the metropolis."

"I but hinted," said Captain Harcourt, "at what I might, not what I mean to do; for I hold it more consistent with the honour of all parties to withdraw, in a straightforward manner, a challenge which was never intended to have fatal results."

"Results are always ticklish things to speculate on, in such cases," said the Colonel, drily: "for although a nice artist, like your friend, might content himself with winging an adversary, he could not, with equal certainty, shield his own person from such contingencies; and a chance shot, you know, will kill the devil."

"The devil, sir!" exclaimed Captain Harcourt, drawing himself up proudly to his full height.

"However," continued the humourist, "since Mr. Calibash has prudently decided on withdrawing his challenge, I must consult my friend on the propriety of allowing him to do so without making an apology for sending it."

A brief consultation having taken place between our hero and his eccentric friend, the Honourable Alexander Augustus Frederick Calibash was permitted to withdraw his challenge; which he formally did, in the presence of the two medical gentlemen. Captain Harcourt then proposed that the principals should shake hands; but Blake said that, although he bore no enmity whatever to Mr. Calibash, yet he saw no occasion for such a piece of ceremony, as no previous acquaintance had existed between them. They accordingly left the ground in different directions, Colonel Sontag observing on the way, to his medical friend,—

"Nothing, my dear sir, can deceive the eye of an old soldier. I was quite sure of the bottom of my man, for I have seen him tried in the field; but when I looked at his adversary, I saw the white feather in the quiver of his lip."

The affair thus happily terminated, which, at first, had

threatened to produce such fatal consequences, Blake and his friends went in search of their carriage, when a new scene presented itself to their view; which was no other than a fierce pugilistic encounter between Larry and Mr. Calibash's servant, who were pommelling each other with the most hearty good will, as if determined to make up, by their extraordinary pugnacity, for the peaceful termination of their masters' quarrel.

To explain this curious proceeding, it is necessary to state that the gentlemen had no sooner retired into the intricacies of the forest to settle their difference, than Larry drew from his great coat-pocket an old rusty horse-pistol, which he had borrowed from his language master, the little stable-boy at the hotel; and, cocking it fiercely, he insisted that his fellow lackey should immediately give him satisfaction.*

"Anan!" said Thomas, a Yorkshire lad, who did not rightly understand what his companion would be at.

"You must fight me, to be sure," said Larry, "immadiately, if not sooner."

"What for?" demanded Thomas, with a stare of astonishment.

"Becaise," replied Larry, "your master is going to fight mine."

"Dom thee for a fool!" said Thomas; "do'st think I be's a going to foight thee for that?"

"To be sure," said Larry; "there can't be a better raison."

"I'm dommed if I do, then," said Thomas. "Thee'rt a cursed fool, thee art."

"Oh! be all the books that ever was shut and open!" exclaimed Larry, "you must fight, my ogawn; so take your ground immadiately."

"Dom thee for an Irish stupe!" cried Thomas; "thee has got only one pissle, and I'se got none: how can us foight then?"

"That's your fault, for not being better provided," said Larry.

The difficulty, however, was one of some consequence, and required deliberation; but the fertile genius of the Patlander at length discovered a *mezzo termine.*

"Sure," said he, "can't we do as the French do? Put the pistol into a hat; then shut our eyes and take our choice of it?"

"Thee tarnal stupe!" cried Thomas, with a huge laugh; "how can two fellows take a choice out of one pissle?"

"True for you," said Larry, "you're not such a fool as you look to be. Let me see—I have it. Sure we can both fire out of the same pistol."

"How can us do that?" demanded Thomas; "your pissle has only one pipe."

* Fact!

"I have two charges,?" replied the ingenious Irishman, "and if I put them both in, you can fire off one and I'll fire off the other. All we have to do is to toss up for the first shot."

"I'm dommed," said Thomas, "if I foight thee unless I get the first shot."

"Fair play for the Connaught man," said Larry. "Do you think I'm a fool complait?"

"Well then, blow me toight!" exclaimed Thomas, "if I foight thee at all with pissles; for I don't understand the use of fire-irons, and I mought shoot mysel, instead o' thee."

"Then, by the holy poker," said Larry, "I'll post you."

"What the dickens is that?" said Thomas.

"What a natural-born fool you must be," said Larry, with great contempt, "to ask such a question. I'll put you in the newspapers, you poltroon, and placard you."

"I can blackguard as well as another, an it comes to that," said Thomas. "If thee thinks to froighten me wi' hard words out o't Dicksnary I'se not to be done that gate ony how. But if thee must foight, I'll gie thee a bout wi' fists, an th'ast a moind, thee cursed fool."

"Well," said Larry, "I'll do all in my power to oblige you, though I must say you are very little of the gintleman; but that's the nature of the baist, coming, as you do, from Yorkshire."

"Don't thee abuse my coontry," said Thomas, "or I'll gie thee a wallopping."

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Yorkshireman," said Larry, "we'll split the difference, and that will make all things aisy. I'll fight you for ten minutes like a blackguard, if you promise to fight me afterwards like a gintleman."

"Done! a match!" cried Thomas, adding, *sotto voce*, "blow me toight if I don't bung up your eyes in five minutes, and then you may foight with your pissle, Mr. Gentleman."

"What's that you're mutthering to yourself?" said Larry. "Come on, like a man, for the honor of the sod."

The combatants now stripped and set to with as good a will as ever was displayed by Scroggins or the Game Chicken; and they had just reached the fourth round, with almost equal success, Thomas having got a black eye, and Larry a bloody nose, when the appearance of the other belligerents occasioned a cessation of hostilities. Gathering up their clothes in a hurry, they put themselves in trim to receive their masters, mutually promising to have their bout out fairly on some other occasion; when, at this moment, a party of *gendarmes* galloped up to the spot, and summoned "all the world" to surrender, *de par le Roi.*

To account for the appearance of these guardians of the peace, it is necessary to inform the reader, that, on the preceding day,

Miss Carlton had no sooner uttered that well-merited retort to the Viscountess Calibash, recorded in a former chapter, than she experienced the most lively regret at having done so; which was increased to agony, when she saw it was likely to lead to a rupture between the gentlemen. The very prudent conduct of Sir Digby, however, quieted her fears for a moment; but the sudden appearance and energetic proceeding of Blake, again overwhelmed her with alarm and consternation. She could not repess an involuntary feeling of gratitude towards him, for so readily espousing her cause; nor could she avoid contrasting his spirited conduct with the tame submission of Sir Digby: it was, therefore, with infinite difficulty that, listening to the dictates of prudence, she had imposed upon herself that cold forbidding manner which had thrown such a damp on the spirits of our hero.

On her return home, Miss Carlton related to her parents the whole occurrence, and accused herself, without reserve, of rash and inconsiderate conduct, which, she feared, might lead to the most fatal consequences. She besought her father to interfere between Blake and his antagonist, and begged him, on her knees, to take immediate steps to prevent the catastrophe she dreaded; which, if it took place, must inevitably destroy her peace of mind, and embitter the remainder of her existence with the keenest pangs of self-reproach.

Mr. Carlton, thus urged by the prayers of his darling but unhappy child, gave immediate information of the quarrel to the police, and requested that steps might be taken to prevent a meeting. It was in consequence of this interference that the *gendarmes* had been despatched to the *Bois de Boulogne*, where they had been for some time, in search of the combatants. On being assured, however, that the affair had terminated without bloodshed, except what they saw trickling from Larry's nose, they did not think it necessary to interfere any further, and the whole party, therefore, returned by different routes to Paris.

MY LOVE!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

HER hair, if seen in partial shade,
Seems dark as raven's wing: each braid—
In masses, like the midnight cloud,
Which, envious, the moonbeams shroud—
Conceals a brow, whose dazzling white
Appears between, like streaks of light.
But if the sun on it doth rest,
That young head wears a golden crest;
A radiance glist'ring o'er each hair,
Clust'ring in rich profusion there!
Her face, contrasted with those tresses,
Looks pale, except when ONE addresses
The unexpected word, then rushes
Into that face, contending blushes.
Her eye (when that, the veiling lid
Curtains it not, and doth forbid
The homage of the gazer's soul)
A melancholy doth control,
But when some passionate heart thrill
The dark, deep, downcast orb doth fill,
The flashing lightning's vivid gleam
Is tame, to its intenser beam.
Her mouth, when in repose, would suit—
So calmly, so serenely mute—
To image silence,—yea, when freed
From strong emotion, she, indeed,
Might well, in fancy's fond excess,
Pass for that chiselled loveliness,
The statue which Pygmalion wrought,
So hushed, yet, so instinct with thought,
Breathing almost, although his hand
Expression ONLY, did command.—
But when she speaks! that statue rife
With action, animation, life,
(Sudden, endowed with soul and sense)
Is, to her sublime eloquence,
A statue still, devoid of mind
To charm and fascinate mankind,
Though Venus* lent her glowing aid
To vivify the marble maid!
Each feature is brought into play
(Like Memnon's image, when the ray
Of Helios upon it shone)†
By the heart's sentiment alone,
Warmed with the vitalizing flame,
Which, permeating her whole frame,
Kindles the modest mutual love,
For which I live, and breathe, and move!

* Vide Heathen Mythology.
† Ibid.

THE DOUBLE ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Common-place and uninteresting to the last degree, yet essential to the development of consequences.

"I hate a man with mustachios," said Ellen Westwood, throwing aside her needlework and bounding towards the pianoforte.

"Ellen, how *can* you say so? I am sure, if that were the case, you would never have waltzed with that silly Count de Bombi three times last evening;" and the fair respondent never deigned to look up from the 'Landscape Annual,' as the words stole quietly from her lips.

"The Count de Bombi! oh! Julia, of all men in the world you could not have made a more unfortunate selection. To like a man for his waltzing implies no personal consideration that I can see. How little you understand my character, indeed!"

Julia smiled placidly, and Ellen, after opening the instrument with rather a pettish rapidity, commenced an aria from one of the latest and most popular operas.

Ellen Westwood was a sweetly pretty girl, and the same might be said of her cousin Julia; but in disposition they were far, very far from being similar. Poor Ellen was a wild romancist; while her somewhat more experienced relative was a follower of mere matter of fact. Ellen was poetical, and thought the opera the acme of enjoyment: Julia was prosaic, and looked upon Italian singers as ladies and gentlemen whose services are engaged at so much per night. Both shrewd enough in their conception of men and manners; that which was developed in strong light or shade to Ellen, bore a clear, though little contrasted appearance to Julia. To the one, life was a mountainous country, where the occasional valley formed a rapturous prospect; to the other, the world presented a mere plain—monotonous, but sufficiently easy of traversing. In each the countenance was descriptive of the mind: Ellen was a brunette, of the dark, richly fringed, drooping, ambitious eye; small nervous lip, and nose and chin modelled exquisitely fine: Julia was fair complexioned, and of feature which could scarcely be nearer defined than by saying that, if possible, it was a shade too simple to be classical. In figure, Julia was the taller and somewhat the

thinner; for Ellen, notwithstanding the strong workings of her imagination, was of well-rounded form, though by no means inelegantly stout. Fascinating creatures, both! and were either of you but present before us, while in a very distant, uncivilized region, we trace your resemblance, at the delicious aspect we should freely forgive the world for its injuries, and you, in beholding our exile, would readily pardon the feebleness with which we presume to direct our pen to pourtray.

Colonel Westwood was an old soldier; that is, he had seen and done good service; yet was he by no means an elderly man. A widower of about five-and-forty—having married in early life and lost his wife in child-bed—his affections had long been directed to an only daughter, Julia. Perhaps it was from the peculiar feelings awakened at the loss of the mother, and anxiety for the future well-being of the child, that may be traced the success which attended his military carreer. His father, Sir Richard Westwood, M.P., had been in his days a rich landed proprietor, knighted for some splendid civility to greatness, and made a member by performing some world-licensed adulation at the same shrine. But his talents for oratory were of no superlative order; and although the early spark of independence in his bosom had found means to brighten into a flame, in a chance puff, preceding the death-warrant of its possessor, yet the old gentleman's late patriotism had rather formed an honourable name for those who came after him than for himself. At the opening of our tale, he and his lady had long since returned to dust, nor was it any mean satisfaction for both, at their last moments, to know that in Richard Westwood, Lieutenant-Colonel, —th Regiment, the family name was gradually progressing from mere notoriety into a more sterling and more English state of things. But a dead pause had now occurred in the fortunes of the house. Colonel Westwood, from remaining a few years unattached, had fallen into the ways of club visiting and street sauntering, had grown enamoured of otium and idleness, and had inwardly resolved never to join again, unless positively unavoidable. There were other motives, however, which it would be unfair to pass over, tending to keep the gallant officer from the active duties of that profession, of which, in former days, he had really been a distinguished ornament; they will, perhaps, be fully developed in the following outline of his position with regard to others.

The sons of Sir Robert were six in number—of daughters he had but one, and that one died of consumption at an early age; the same fatal malady carried off two sons, and of the four surviving members of the house, the eldest and youngest became soldiers, the second a barrister, and the third a clergyman. The barrister, the clergyman, and the younger soldier ran through

their respective properties at the same moment (that is, a few days after sight), but in various ways,—the first, in electioneering and pamphlet writing to the prejudice of all other study; the second, in filling his cellars, stables, and kennels; and the third, in one of those grand games of popularity, which are generally found to embrace amusement and profit for all, save the inventor. The consequence was this,—the barrister maintained himself by newspapers and his elder brother; the clergyman retrenched his expenditure, and could never "launch out" but after his elder brother's remittances; and the soldier left the service, married, and eked out a present poor livelihood, and prospect of a better, from a small dowry, the sale of his commission, his own natural ability, and his elder brother! Thus it will be seen that Colonel Westwood was, *bonâ fide*,-the main prop of the three; for literature is uncertain—a curacy brings but a trifling pittance—and a small capital gives but a proportionally small rate of interest; while talent, not being an acknowledged *principal*, boasts little or no *interest* at all!

Now, Harvey Westwood, the younger brother, having married, was afflicted, or blessed (as the case may be), with a son and a daughter. On any occasion of the Colonel's absence from England, it was his custom to leave his daughter under the charge of his brother's wife, making an ample allowance—sufficient not only for her own maintenance and education, but for the education of his niece also. Julia and Ellen thus became as sisters, and the last period of Colonel Westwood's service being a more than usually lengthened one, they could not brook the idea of separation; and when Julia was twenty years of age, and Ellen eighteen, and they had both left school for some considerable time, it was with unfeigned delight that they became acquainted with the Colonel's decision to take a large house in Portland-place, and invite Mrs. Harvey Westwood and her daughter to reside there, as the military phrase has it, "till further orders." The name of the father had been left out altogether—the reason for this did not transpire; indeed, the whole movement was enveloped in *darkness*. Harvey had been out of town for a few days—it was rumoured that he was going abroad: his affairs were certainly in great confusion, and questions were spared, as useless and annoying. Still, little matters like these furnish food for much comment, and let us not be judged harsh in saying, it is one anomaly of our double-faced Janus, like nature's, that virtuous though we be in *intention*, yet we often suffer what is pleasant to ourselves to chatter conscience into passiveness, and thus palsy and render null any good resolution that the otherwise watchful guardian of our hearts may have stamped as right. The mother and daughter became inmates of the Colonel's house. As for the son, he was fattening on a situ-

ation of eighty pounds per annum, in a railroad establishment at or near Marseilles.

Two or three months had passed quietly enough in this way; habit, as usual, administering a sop to curiosity. Harvey Westwood, on his return from the country, had dwindled from a daily into a casual visitor: mystery seemed to encircle all his actions. Suddenly, he left for Paris, and it is about three weeks after his departure for that metropolis, that we take leave to introduce the reader to Julia and Ellen Westwood, in the spacious drawing-room overlooking Portland-place.

We left the one at the pianoforte, the other at the Landscape Annual. But few words had been exchanged between the cousins, when a loud knock was heard at the door. Ellen started, and the colour rose to her cheeks, as she slily looked at the mirror and asked—

"Who can that be?"

"Uncle Edward, to be sure," answered Julia. "Have you not yet learned to know his hour and his knock?"

"No: who ever takes the trouble to think of such common things?"

Ellen knew she had made a foolish answer; but she was evidently angry or disappointed at something, and therefore did not think fit to apologize for her folly. There was that in her looks, however, which completely satisfied the amiable and philosophic Julia. Immediately afterwards, the barrister uncle entered the apartment.

Edward Westwood was a rather tall, handsome man, of about two or three and forty: owing to a dissipated and wild early life, his hair had turned to a premature gray, now fast approaching to white, and his features were lined with the deep furrows of an active but disturbed imagination. His fine, dark eye had lost much of its expression, but what remained was more of a playful than a melancholy cast. He had been a profuse, but never a profound thinker, had travelled much, but had so far suffered his actual observation to succumb to his ideality, that but little profit had accrued to him from his travels: and, although well used to the better grade of society, he knew too little of the opposite extreme, to be other than a superficial man of the world. A reputation for gaity and wandering had caused mankind to judge him idle, and no one, but a personal friend, would ever have trusted him with a brief; his friends, moreover, were for the most part averse to transactions at law, so that it was no unfrequent occurrence, to find the briefless barrister, day after day, during term, abandoning his duties at *the* Temple *par excellence*, to pay his devoirs at another and far more alluring shrine. He was the constant attendant on the gay married women, the pretty widows, and the unsophisticated

belles, and, to say the least of it, his *parfait gentilhomme* manners alone were sufficient to command success. When in affluence, he was ever what the world would call a man of true ton; when reduced, he took especial care never to come in the way of opinion, and thus escaped scathless. He was much liked by the young ladies in Portland-place, and no wonder; for, morose and moody as he occasionally was among the members of his own family, he could be lively and cheerful enough when it served his purpose, nor did he think it fair, at any time, to afflict his nieces with the effects of ill-humour or caprice.

Edward Westwood was received with a hearty welcome, and responded to it with truly paternal affection. After imprinting a kiss upon each fair forehead, tended to him for such consummation, he threw himself into a chair, put aside his hat, gloves, and walking-stick, and looked smilingly into the faces of his auditory, saying;

"Well, girls, I've news for you."

Such announcement was too common from uncle Edward's lip, to create any strong manifestations of curiosity; and it was in no very anxious tone that Ellen asked for an explanation.

"Wait awhile, young ladies. In the first place, where's the governor?"

"Papa's busy below, writing," answered Julia.

"Indeed! I have a question, or rather, a favour to ask him."

The two girls looked at each other, and could scarce refrain from a smile—the barrister's favours from Portland-place were well known, even to them; but, this once, his object was mistaken.

"Bless me, how suspicious you look! Oh, oh, I see what is working in your brains; and, in sober truth, you have good grounds for such a supposition; but my present message——"

"Papa is in excellent humour, and is now quite alone, should you need a conference," good naturedly interrupted Ellen, in the full conviction that a loan of money was the grand aim of her uncle's visit.

"Nay, nay, I am in no such hurry, my little Ellen, as all this would imply. I will see him by and bye; and, in the meanwhile, will disburden me of the news to yourselves. Which of you is in want of a husband?"

"A pretty question, upon my word! Now, what young lady, do you suppose, would condescend to give you a reply?"

"If you refuse, perhaps Julia will answer."

"I am well enough contented with my present condition," said the fair philosopher. "In fact, so contented, that I am rather proud than ashamed in being thus ready to express what you require of me."

"You hear that, Ellen?"

"I do; but a private sentiment and a public one are very different things in such matters as these. In an affair where self is so deeply engaged, compare the language of the heart and that of the lips, and you will find that even though both may profess the same meaning, they will be as distinct in idiom and everything else, as any two languages under the sun."

"Granted; but in this case ——"

"I give Julia full credit for speaking her mind, on the plea that she does not know its reality."

"Well, well, I have got a husband for one of you: so I should say, make up your minds whom he is for, and do not fall out afterwards."

"Pray, uncle, who is this person?" asked Ellen.

"Do not be alarmed at what I am about to say; he is an East Indian."

"What! a black man, I suppose; or a nabob!"

"Pshaw! I will tell you—neither one nor the other. You may remember our old friend, Spencer Amble, the old gentleman whose cause I pleaded so successfully, as the only London brief I had held for three successive years: he died: his wife followed the good example. An only son, a Lieutenant in an Indian regiment, inherited the fortune: he has returned on urgent private affairs. I have the control of everything, by his desire, expressed to me through his solicitor. It is my wish to accommodate him, during his short stay, with a house and home. *I* have none to offer, but my brother has; and if there would be no impropriety, why ——"

"He would come and live with us?"

"The very thing! it would answer my purpose, as well as his, to admiration."

"Here is my father; ask him," said Julia, resuming the annual, while the Colonel slowly entered, and Ellen returned to the pianoforte, totally uninterested in what had passed—simply because the visitor in question was an East Indian, and such can have no sympathy with civilized and romantic life.

A long conversation passed between the brothers, the result of which neither of the young ladies took the trouble of ascertaining; but which was to the effect that, for a week or two, until matters were somewhat settled, Archibald Amble should have a room set apart for his use, in Porland-place. He, himself, was a perfect stranger to Colonel Westwood; but the father had been one of his most intimate friends, and had proved himself a sincere one on more occasions than one. At length Edward rose, with promises to return, if possible, to dinner, with the new comer as his companion.

But fate and the lawyer had come to different decisions, the

dinner hour came, and there was no Edward, and no East Indian. It was opera night, so the girls, especially Ellen, would not hear of waiting, and the Colonel, his sister-in-law, daughter and niece, after discussing the meal, entered the carriage, and drove off to witness the first representation of one of Donizetti's latest compositions. They arrived at the conclusion of the first act: the house was crowded to excess, and the applause vociferous, both from the connoisseurs and the *canaille*. Grisi and Mario had won the hearts, and Lablache and Fornasari the admiration of all, when the curtain fell; and those who had been really interested in the opera were sinking back from the divine, glowing harmony, to their natural cold selfishness, and those who had come but to see and be seen, now suffered the side glance to expand into the broad, open stare again.

The ladies of our party began to talk eagerly of the music, but the Colonel sat in a retired part of the box, biting his nails. When annoyed, this was a favourite habit with him, and his fingers bore strong symptoms of its prevalence.

"What is the matter, uncle?" asked Ellen, after her enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, and half afraid that she had been the innocent cause of annoyance. "You know that I cannot refrain from my natural spirit of admiration and delight at what is really so beautiful. Now, is it not beautiful? I ask you yourself: can you deny it?"

"I am no judge, Ellen, but I dare say it is."

"You dare say! Well, I cannot understand how it is, that people are so apathetic."

"Ellen, don't talk nonsense," said Mrs. Westwood (a shrewd French-woman, Anglicized), slightly pinching her daughter's arm, as much as to imply that if she continued her uncle would grow seriously offended, and half imagining herself that the starts and heavings in which the young lady had already indulged had been more than displeasing to her comparatively callous protector. She knew, besides, that poor Ellen, once wound up, would have her whole say, nor stop once in her course to consider on the impropriety of this or that. But the check was not sufficient to be wholly effective.

"Why, you know, mamma, that I am only repeating what you said yourself. Did you not tell me in your bed-room, the day before yesterday, that you would rather hear Rubini sing '*Il mio tesoro*,' than that uncle Richard should possess"——

"Ellen, be quiet: I insist upon it."

But it was no easy matter, even in a mother, to quiet Ellen at such a trying moment. The uncle, however, managed to stifle the half-uttered consequent exclamation of the young lady, by touching Mrs. Westwood on the arm, and whispering in her ear:—

"Look to the box opposite, on the tier above us. Do you see? I knew it would come to this."

The lady turned her attention to the quarter designated, and beheld two very beautiful but rather *passées* women seated in a box with a dark, handsome young man, of about five and twenty, and her brother-in-law the barrister; the latter evidently engrossing the whole attention of the females by his pleasant and unfailing conversation. She shook her head significantly, as if to let the Colonel know that he was understood; then, after a pause, remarked:—

"Who on earth can that be, that is led into the snare now?"

"I have my suspicions, Adele: if you remember, he spoke to me to day of this young *protégé* of his, the East Indian?"

"He is well looking enough, but should require guidance, in this wretched London, to retain those good looks."

"Why, if India has not spoiled them, I doubt that the London atmosphere will do him much injury in a four months' stay."

"But Edward is a dangerous Mentor."

"True."

The conversation, such as it was, had been carried on in so low a tone that the young ladies, even had they been so inclined, could scarcely have heard its purport. Both, however, were otherwise occupied; Ellen in brooding over what she deemed her mother's continued disposition to thwart her romance, and Julia in observing the dresses of the ladies in an adjoining box.

At the conclusion of the opera the barrister and his comrade were found wanting. A significant tap at the door caused Colonel Westwood to start, in the expectation of encountering his careless and extravagant brother; but, much to his surprise and relief, a far different personage made his appearance. In introducing the Hon. Tripps Tonningham to our readers, we need make no further preface than to state that he was one of that very common race of mortals, who, were they not privileged by fortune to move among those too polite and polished to cast reflections upon any of their intimates, would be reduced to the veriest cipherhood and nothingness of mankind. His face was handsome vacancy; his figure was equally well adapted with the face for doing the automaton man of fashion.

"Ah! Tonningham, how are you?" said Colonel Westwood, rising and shaking his visitor by the hand, with an air of the most gentlemanly, and, in this case, most sincere indifference as to the reply. They had only been a day acquainted, yet knew each other perfectly; the soldier, old as he was, could "boo" at times, when the fit seized him, and the nobleman's son was dotingly fond of a new face.

"Pretty well, thank'ye. Ladies, your most obedient; I trust

the past night's dancing did not incommode you?" and the Honourable Tripps performed a pair of stiff evolutions, such as would lead an humble anatomist to suppose that nature had supplied his back with a hinge. There was a pause, during which the visitor found a seat.

"Any news, Mr. Tonningham?" asked Mrs. Westwood.

"News! a—a—why, no, no; only a little business occurred just now."

"Indeed! where was that?"

"Oh! a—a—why here in the Opera-house; two fellows, an oldish one and a pupil—a second Rosambert and Faublas—ha! ha! ha!—got into a little scrape with De Bombi, the Veronese Count, that's all."

"What are the particulars?" asked Ellen, anxiously.

"Young man very much struck with some fair lady—other party objected—quarrelled—old gentleman tried to interfere—no avail—so agreed to undertake something or other, to come off to-morrow morning, I believe;" were the words which lazily rippled through the teeth of the speaker in reply.

"And who acts for the Italian?" half whispered the Colonel, whose eyes betrayed much anxiety of mind as he put the question.

"Why, that must remain a secret," returned Tonningham, in a manner to leave no doubt that he was the party referred to. In a short time he grew more explicit, and, when the ballet was concluded, he had the satisfaction of sending four people to their beds considerably unhappy. Ellen Westwood, not because she loved the Italian—for although an accomplished, handsome man, and a professed admirer, she gave him few of her thoughts—but from the idea that any other than herself could possibly engage his attention; Mrs. Westwood, because she favoured the Count's attachment to her daughter; Julia, because everybody else seemed ill at ease; and Colonel Westwood, because he saw clearly, or fancied he saw clearly, that two of the parties concerned in the "affair" were no other than the young East Indian, and his own brother Edward, the briefless barrister.

SOFT! HE THINKS!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

A teardrop hangs, *like* dew, on his eyelash:
It glitters in the sun, as he upturns
His gaze to Heav'n, where late the thunder-crash
Followed the fleeing lightning's step, which burns
Its fiery way across the blue expanse,
Shaded by clouds, that cradle the huge sleet,
Which, in the madness of the tempest, dance:
Then wrap the earth in wintry windi ng-sheet!
What pensive musings bade that tear upspring,
Prone, from the hidden fountain of the heart?
Ah! many a thought the poet's breast does wring
In which this outer world can bear no part!
Arose it from the elemental strife?—
The rage, the wrestlings of the warring sky?
And did he emblemize to human life
The vain, contentious, wrathful anarchy?
Reflected he, though storms terrific stirred
The Heav'ns, and marred their blest serenity;
The song of Miriam beyond was heard,
Hymning God's praise, in strains of ecstacy!
Yes, and he thought also, and hence that tear,
Though storms as violent, his path molest;
Oh very shortly, in supernal sphere
He should be sheltered in a Saviour's breast,
Singing the song of triumph and of praise,
In which assembled choral angels share;
Such as the poet's soul doth pant to raise:
Were it elevated above despair.

The hurricane was spent! the tempest rude
Was overpassed,—it's rage, mysterious, quelled!
And too, his bosom's deeper solitude,
Whence that unheeded teardrop inly welled
Was tranquillized, subdued, a holy calm
Reigned, where regret, and pining grief abode,
And, then he felt, but One could thus disarm
The sky,—his breast of storms,—and that was God!
A glorious sun-burst radiated now,
With intense vividness, the firmament;
And, resting on his intellectual brow,
An aureole seraphic to it lent.—
"O, ray of promise! beaming from above,
My darkened passage, brightly to illume;
I hail thee as the harbinger of love!
Shine on, O shine! until I reach the tomb.
Then be absorbed in that transcendency,
Which ne'er can wane,—which darkness dare not screen—
The light, the glory of eternity:
Which heart conceiveth not, nor eye hath seen."

THE THIRD ESSAY OF THE SECOND SERIES OF THE LIGHT OF MENTAL SCIENCE APPLIED TO MORAL TRAINING.

BY MARGRACIA LOUDON.

AN ESSAY ON WAR.

Of all the false appreciations of objects of veneration, the worship of false glory, giving birth to false ambition, has at once produced the greatest amount of evil, and prevented the greatest amount of good. For it has not only sanctioned the most revolting crimes, demanding merely that they may be committed on the gigantic scale, and against the inhabitants of all nominal divisions of the earth, but our own country, as in foreign warfare; or even against those of our own country, as in civil wars, provided they chance to differ from us in opinion respecting a dynasty, or a dogma; but it has also led astray that noble ambition of the soul, to rise to the highest standard of excellence it knows how to appreciate; which was given to man to lift him above the grovelling desires of the body, and which, when directed to its legitimate objects, shall ultimately raise him to his destined position in the scale of being.

When we contemplate the horrors induced by ill-directed ambition, we cannot be surprised that the identity of the instinct so abused, with that which furnishes the soul with its elevating principle, and the conscience with its propelling energy, should not have been readily recognised. Especially while mental science continued to be a metaphysical speculation, unapplied to the practical purposes of education, or of legislation.

Every page of history, however, bears evidence to the fact, that in men the most susceptible of elevation, because the most willing to sacrifice their bodily ease and animal gratifications to a "supposed great and glorious object," this instinct has so terribly mistaken its "noble mission," that in pursuit of power and extention of territory, as elements of imagined greatness, beings, created with sympathies calculated to induce the tenderest ties, to produce good will to all, and prompt to the promotion of universal happiness, have been maddened by the false direction of the elevating principle, till they have dared, with the professed purpose of depriving other men of the lands of their birth, to unite themselves into organized armies, and go forth triumphantly in the light of day, with banners flying, plumes floating, and music playing, to the premeditated, permitted butchery of their fellow-creatures; of thousands

of beings, each of whom had been nurtured at the bosom of a tender mother—his infant footsteps watched with care: his increasing stature marked with pride—till, her gentle task completed, she sends him from her long embrace to the pitiless battle-field, there to have the features and the form thus long cherished with maternal tenderness, wantonly mangled by the hands of some human brother, equally the object of some other mother's fond solicitude! and who, in his turn, is cut to pieces by some other hand, and trampled under foot of man and horse.

And why? Do some letters of the alphabet, with which the national appellations of the parties are spelt, chance to differ? Or does a river, or a chain of mountains sever the lands of their birth, and so constitute them "natural enemies?" Is it for reasons such as these, that fellow-creatures, after deliberately appointing the following day for the massacre of thousands of their human brethren, dare to insult the Majesty of Heaven, the omnipresent principle of benevolence, by kneeling down before their common father, and asking him to assist them with his "loving kindness, and his mighty arm," to murder, like so many Cains, their brothers, his children? Then having slept, and renewed their strength, they go forth amid the freshness of the morning, and in defiance of the voice of nature, and God,—around them and within them, saying, "Love as brethren—be pitiful, be courteous," and be happy;—they commence at the word of man's command, the preconcerted work of slaughter; and continue mangling and defacing human forms, severing holiest ties, and sending unprepared souls to judgment, till the setting sun stops the carnage. Were not such things the subjects of every record of the past—did we not see them recuring, even in our own day;—would they not appear incredible? Then upon the battle follows the bitter mockery of all the charities of life; the busy dressing of wounds, inflicted purposely; the anxious solicitude for lives, endangered wantonly; the solemn taking down, from dying lips, of message to be conveyed to broken hearts at home, broken needlessly.

Nor is it a reply for the slayers on either side to say, "We did not inflict the wounds we are dressing; they were inflicted by the slayers on the other side." Unless there be one side, which can plead the unavoidable necessity of defence against wanton attack, there is no distinction of sides with God. The outrages on humanity were committed by human brethren on human brethren; every man, therefore, who on any other of the manifold pretexts on which wars are commenced, goes into a battle-field, to strike his fellow men, shares in the guilt of every blow given on every side. No sophistry can change this. While he who makes war a trade; who fights, because his pay is his

income, careless on what pretext war is waged, makes himself a hired assassin, or public bravo.

And he who purchases a commission, calculating on the interest of the money so invested, and the chances of promotion balanced against those of falling in battle, without inquiring into the justice of the cause, however much he may choose to despise trade, and therefore prefer the profession of arms, is a merchant in human life, who risks his own, and takes away those of other men, by tables drawn up to show how far the odds are in his favour.

Nor can the supposed prevention of anticipated dangers, nor the pretext of keeping the seat of war at a distance, justify the lifting of the hand of man against man. To call for violent defence, the danger must be present, the attack commenced; while, if it be possible even then to ward off agression from ourselves, or afford protection to others by moral influence, nothing can palliate a brutal, irrational appeal to force.

Can any possible subject of dispute be explained away by having recourse to indiscriminate slaughter? Will the remnant understand each other better, love each other better, or be in any way the wiser or the happier for the tremendous sacrifice?

On the contrary, would it not always be possible to prove, even to minds the least instructed, the furthest removed from comprehending higher motives, the utter folly, the entire self-immolation, national and individual, to shadows, to visions that vanish on being looked at: such as the *false* national glory of showing that we are strong enough to be unjust; or the false national honour of resenting some supposed affront; and thus, instead of commencing with a war, enter at once into the explanations, the conditions, and the treaties with which the war, if commenced, must have finally concluded.

And when concessions, unpalateable to selfishness, are required, let surrounding nations be the arbitrators; for the maintenance of peace everywhere is the private, as well as the public interest, of the whole world.

What would be risked by arrangements such as these? The chances possessed by the unjust cause, of prevailing by force, or accident, over the right.

Is it to preserve this chance inviolable that Christians still sanction the savage anomaly of warfare, while they teach their babes to lisp "Thou shalt do no murder?"

How miserably false must be the public standard of opinion, and the whole system of education which, in its working, can thus pervert the faculties, intellectual and moral, of educated men—causing them to believe warfare unavoidable, and, therefore, deem it honourable to choose a profession necessary to the importance of their country, as a warlike nation!

Warfare is also a crime, more baneful in its effects on national morality than any act, however heinous, committed by a private individual, and condemned by the community; for the publicly permitted crime lowers the standard of morals, and silences the human sympathies, in whole nations, at one fell swoop: its evil influence thus spreads by international contagion to the ends of the earth, and, descending on the stream of history, poisons the minds and hardens the hearts of future generations, from age to age.

How then, it may be asked, did sentiments of respect towards the profession of arms arise?

They had their just and natural origin, in feelings of gratitude and admiration towards those who generously put themselves foremost in danger, to defend the helpless, when wantonly attacked by the spoiler.

During the excitement of succesful defence, were probably awakened, even in the rudest ages, the aspirations of that noble instinct, which points out to man that he was not born but to eat, drink, sleep, and die, like the lower animals, in contented sensualism.

Thus, those who had been brave in defence, felt that there was magnanimity in willingly setting at nought every gratification and convenience of the body, and life itself, in pursuit of some great object of the soul's ambition. And had that object been the true one,—had those privations been endured, those dangers incurred amid savage tribes, or ungenial climes, in promoting the welfare of humanity, in teaching the arts of peace, in developing the human faculties, in awaking the human sympathies, and spreading the knowledge of the conditions of happiness to the furthest ends of the earth,—how glorious had been such self-devotion; how worthy of worship the memories of such heroes!

But these men had not learnt to worship the attributes of the only true God; to appreciate goodness, as the only true greatness; and assimilation of their own nature with goodness, or God, as the sole object worthy of real ambition. And, therefore, they brought their precious gift, namely, their willingness to immolate the desires of the body to those of the soul, and laid it on the altar of a fierce and false god. That god was false glory; and false glory demanded, not defence only, but reprisals also: not the recovery only of lost homes, but fresh conquests in their turn; not the sacrifice of their ease, nor of their own lives only, but also of the rights and lives of their fellow beings: till the spirit of warfare, that frightful insanity generated by the barbarous habits of barbarous ages, becoming hereditary, and increasing with excited passions; men, who would be heroes, became frenzied demons, worse than beasts of prey. Is not the tiger,

tearing his victim to satisfy his hunger, at once innocent and rational, compared with a Constable Bourbon?—a being gifted with human intellects, human sympathies; misapplying the intellects and silencing the sympathies; and deliberately studying, in childhood and in youth, the most effectual means of causing wanton destruction, and needless suffering to thousands; that he might become, what he believed to be, a hero. Devoting manhood to carrying these frightful theories into execution and dying in the commission of the gigantic crime of mounting the breach of the great city he had for months before deliberately devoted, with its men, its women, its children, its homes, and its altars, to wanton destruction, to fire, and sword, and sacrilege, and pillage; to pay with its wealth (because else he could not have retained their services) the wages of the hired assassins, the mountain robbers, the lawless rabble, and disbanded ruffians, whom he had collected around him from every part of Europe, for the sole purpose of making himself what he considered great, by outraging humanity at his bidding; and becoming, in his hand, a species of infernal machine, which he could turn on whatever land he pleased; and thus obtain the fierce and false glory of being feared.

It does not properly belong to the purpose of this essay to discuss, at any length, the further circumstance of his having turned the hideous instrument of destruction thus formed, against the bosom of his own country, in vengeance of his private wrongs: great as is such a crime, it is an aggravation of the guilt of a life spent in *open rebellion against God and nature*, which (viewed thus comparatively) is of minor importance. Yet historians call such a man great; describe the studious devotion of his intellectual powers, to perfecting the art of destruction, as a mark of early promise; the proficiency he thus acquired in spreading desolation and producing wretchedness, as proofs of his splendid talents; and all the wanton outrages he committed against the general rights of humanity, as so many noble deeds; and blame only this one aggravating circumstance, of his having turned his arms against the aggrandisement of his native country, which they lament, as a blot in the brilliant career of a *hero*.

Can the standard of morals rise, even in countries nominally civilized, while the minds of the young are perverted by works written in such a spirit as this, and placed in the hands of every student by the parents and tutors, whose opinions he respects? And, further, while the whole moral atmosphere he breathes, is of the same perverted description;—while wars, with details of their accompanying horrors; capital punishments for offences against property; and duels with the domestic sorrows they produce, are spoken of by those around him with toleration, as

necessary portions of the social system;—and while even the arts, whose mission is to elevate our natures, by exciting the moral beau ideal, whether directly, or through the medium of the physical, are misused, and made to lend their zest to heighten the moral poison;—while music, in our hours of social intercourse, imitates, for our amusement, the groans of the dying, the roll of artillery, the trampling of cavalry over the bodies of the dead and of the wounded, the yell of pursuit, the shriek of despair, and the trumpet's triumphant blast, mingling with the sounds of outraged nature's agony? And painters, as though crime, and misery, and violence, and murder, and frantic suicide, and dark superstitious martyrdom, were things delightful to contemplate, or to which we ought to reconcile our feelings, fill their galleries with representations of the stormed city, the battle-field, the fierce attitudes of excited passions, the countenances of despair and rage, the dying struggling beneath the weight of the dead; the victor with his foot on the breast of his prostrate foe, his arm lifted to an unnatural height, that his weapon may fall with greater force on a helpless fellow-being; the victim bound to the stake; the dungeons of the inquisition; the apparatus of torture? In short, with every illustration of distorted feelings, represented by distorted forms, writhing under all the varieties of agony, mental and bodily, which false standards of public opinion, and the silencing of every human sympathy by excited passion, and fierce superstition could possibly produce. Men thus massacreing each other, and calling it glory,—men thus toruring each other, and calling it religion,—and woman (oh! misplaced woman in such a world), distracted and in tears amid the wreck of every tie, casting herself in agony on the body of her dying husband; seizing the arm that holds a murderous blade over her terrified infant, or flinging herself at the feet of the fierce destroyer, to implore in vain for mercy.

When the calm philanthropist, lifting his eyes from the page he has just covered with his anxious speculations for the promotion of human happiness, and the alleviation of each unavoidable ill, turns them on scenes such as these of wanton infliction by the hand of man himself, oh! how horrible appears the contrast! What is the irresistible impulse of the heart? It returns to nature; it forgets the tyranny of fallacies; it exclaims involuntarily—why should these things be?

Could not all these human beings have lived together in peace? Could they not have shared the fruits of the earth, the glories of creation, and the joys of social, rational, and affectionate intercourse? Were they not created with powers, and aptitudes of body and of soul, to enjoy the world around them; and, with kindly sympathies, to make social intercourse delightful? Why,

then, in the name of God, were these extremities of wretchedness thus wantonly produced? How dare human beings thus insult their God, their common Father—He who made the wonderfully organized forms they presume to mutilate?

Ye of worldly minds and hearts of stone! find some better reply than that which ye give us daily—"It has always been so."

Why has it always been so?

Because the natural laws which regulate mind have not been applied to education, nor to legislation.

Because the conditions of happiness have not been taught to all men from childhood.

Because the human sympathies have not been awakened and exercised in childhood.

Because, on the contrary, they have been stifled by prejudices.

Because the identity of the God of our worship has been changed, by misrepresentations of His attributes.

Because the elevating principle has been thus misdirected, its worship withdrawn from the truth, and given to fallacies.

Because admiration being, by the natural laws of mind, linked with assimilation, man not having worshipped, neither has he imitated, perfection.

Because with nations as with children, and with the human family as with nations; if we would form the character and influence the conduct, we must avail ourselves of the native energies of those instincts which, by the natural laws of mind, propel the will.

Because, instead of doing this, we have beaten, imprisoned, tortured, and slain the body; and wondered that neither our education nor our legislation has been successful in softening the heart and ennobling the soul.

Because with nations, as with children, all violent and offensive means of subjugation, according to the laws of mind, serve but to excite opposition and resentment, and thus give activity and development to the violent and destructive passions.

Because with nations, as with children, the only safe and effectual means, according to the laws of mind, of preventing the preponderance of violent and destructive passions, are systematically to call into constant practical activity all the kindly, gentle, and social affections, that these may acquire aptitude and development from exercise; and their opposites, from habitual inaction, remain undeveloped and unapt.

Because with nations, as with children, the only means, according to the natural laws of mind, of preventing that abuse of instinctive self-preservation, which induces unjust encroachments on the rights of others are, to draw out and excite all the human sympathies by increasing social intercourse between all families,

nations, and classes; that all may recognize in each other those affections which are the types of humanity; and thus learn, not only to know but to feel that all men are brothers, and that God did not create any nations to be each other's "natural enemies;" but, that on the contrary, between nations as between individuals, not only is honesty the wisest policy, but that benevolence (if the higher motives did not suffice) would prove to be the most enlightened selfishness.

Because with nations, as with children, the only way to raise humanity to its destined rank in the scale of being, is to enlighten the elevating instinct, by offering to the veneration of the public mind, through its religion, through its literature, its arts, its amusements, and through the example of its publicly honoured men, all that is noble, benevolent, and disinterested; in place of the demon worship of false glory which, in ages past, has led this principle astray; or that silly idolatry of adventitious distinctions, for the baubles of which grey-headed men of the 19th century contend as eagerly as though returned to a second childhood.

But when the right direction of veneration shall induce real worship—that is, heartfelt love and admiration of moral and intellectual perfection, or God—a new era will rise: habitual elevation of thought will make the selfish irrational conduct of the animal become contemptible in the eyes of man; and as, by one of the most powerful of the mental laws, man cannot endure his own contempt, so in proportion as man learns to despise gross and irrational abuses of the instinct of self preservation, and misdirections of veneration; they will cease to act selfishly, and worship falsely; and, by the impulse of enlightened conscience, desiring assimilation with that which we worship, *will* to be kindly, just, and noble-minded.

And let parents, teachers, and legislators remember that, neither will our domestic families, our national families, nor the one great family of man be educated, until their wills be inclined!

Separate acts of obedience, obtained by any means, may serve the temporary purpose of him who commands, but cannot benefit the heart, or elevate the nature of him who obeys.

SCENES IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.*

Dr. T——, the future guardian of the bereaved girl, was one of those peculiar characters of whom almost every person's experience furnishes an example; who, while they remain to all intents and purposes a sealed book to the rest of mankind, with a privileged few can expand and unbend into the most delightful, perhaps because unwonted, companionship. Half the world disliked Dr. T——, for it could not understand him; the other half tried to make something of him, and could not; but the small fraction who would or could enter into his caustic yet harmless pleasantry, and descry the nobler portions of character which showed (as the sun itself enlarged from behind a mist), but the nobler for the mantle of blunt abruptness with which nature and circumstances had joined to invest them, knew little medium in their feelings towards one who was truly not to be liked or disliked by halves.

The prejudice, however, against him which on short acquaintance he seldom failed to excite, though very natural, was, like many others taken up in the world, unfounded. True: nature had endowed the Doctor with all those formidable powers of observation and ridicule which make the professed satirist; but again she had so tempered them by good nature, and still more by constitutional indolence, that it was not once in ten times that folly could so far prevail over them as to cause even the shaft to be fitted, far less the bow to be drawn that might have sent it home. To those perfectly acquainted with the Doctor's physiognomy, a slight elevation of the peculiarly flexible eyebrow, or contraction of the muscles of the well-formed mouth, conveyed far more than the lips would have found energy, or the mind furnished spleen to utter. The stranger, on the contrary, thought the expression (if remarked) of the features but a prelude to that more terrible commentary which only awaited the absence of its object to burst forth.

But none such probably ever followed; for sooth to say, the Doctor, while the keenest detecter in the world of folly, was at the same time singularly tolerant of fools. Nay, it was alleged, by some of his more fastidious friends, that he regarded them (like the idiots of Swiss and savage life) rather as curious and valuable specimens of the human family than as blots on the surface of rational society; and luxuriated at times in the con-

* Continued from page 130, vol. xlvii.

templation of some rare vanity of the genus, as a naturalist over his pet monster, or geologist over his extinct fossil bone.

Folly, indeed, of some sort other, almost formed with Dr. T——, whom daily intercourse with mankind, coupled with the most absolute isolation from society so called, had made a thorough humourist, a necessary title, or passport as it were, to the pale of humanity; and a man without his weak side (supposing such to exist) would have certainly appeared to him quite as unearthly and suspicious as one without a shadow. So far were his few privileged friends from enjoying in his mind's eye any exemption from the general infirmity, that an even microscopic view of their imperfections formed as little a treason in his case against the laws of friendship as it proved an obstacle to his cherishing for them the utmost warmth of regard.

Even "dear Anne," never otherwise (however years of estrangement might have taught his tongue decorum) characterized in his mental colloquies, was not the less dear for standing convicted of some two or three acts of the most egregious folly, such as often proved compatible (in the strange compound called woman) with admirable sense and uncommon abilities.

Her marriage with John Ellesmere—that first blunder which it would have taken him years to forgive, had not poor John utterly disarmed him by departing within the twelvemonth—her mismanagement of her son at John's death (which, had she condescended to learn riding under his father, that science might have averted), by first giving him his head, and then pulling him up suddenly, just at the wrong moment—and now, the strange, cruel, far-fetched, romantic notion of leaving her sole grandchild and reputed heiress, with little more than a pittance, to the guardianship of an useless old bachlor, and the chance good-will of strangers!—all these errors in judgment (follies, at any other time, he would not have scrupled to call them) the last especially that pressed upon him by present circumstances—rose up in succession before the discriminating eye, which friendship (now again revealed by its true name of love) could not be blind; and yet, was the being thus brought down to the level of humanity a whit less dear or her memory less precious to the strange, yet gifted individual who deplored her? No: had he not told her a thousand times his mind, with the frankness inseparable from his nature, on the two former capital errors of her life: and had the third not been to form, that very afternoon, the subject of a yet more animated discussion and remonstrance? I question whether half as much of deep human sorrow, of tender recollection of past chidings and reconciliations, and bitter regrets, for all the lights and shades of a confiding intimacy, never to be removed on this side the grave, would have shaken to its very core the soul of Dr. T——, and wrung tears, like hail drops from beneath his

shaggy eyebrows. That mind (to use his favourite phrase) he could never "tell" again to one who heard and forgave, if she did not listen and profit. For the concluding mistake of an eccentric and romantic career there was now no remedy and the Doctor, with the love of ten fathers in his heart; for the youthful charge assigned to him, but the utter helplessness of a recluse in all that regarded its manifestation, set himself, with all the resolution he could muster, to the task of imparting to her that she was not (as he concluded she took for granted) an heiress.

To his surprise he found, as the first fruits of the somewhat unusual system of education, founded almost exclusively on example, and association with her own generous and lofty character, pursued by his departed friend, the most genuine and total indifference as well as an ignorance on a subject, on which, dutiful and disinterested as he believed Anne to be, he had given her credit for feeling natural disappointment. Anne, though kind and courteous as a sense of utter dependance could have made her to the respectable servants of her grandmother's household, was forbidden to converse with them; and from them alone, situated as she was (for Mrs. Ellesmere on her son's death retired from all, save the most limited circle of society), could she have heard a word of future expectations; nor was there one among them, who would not have deemed it treason against gratitude, to breathe a syllable, by which so deplorable an event as their beloved mistresses' death could be even imagined. From less attached bosoms, indeed, her robust frame and comparatively few years would have banished thoughts of impending dissolution: and so far from Anne ever having been tempted to look beyond her protectress's life, her own seemed to the devoted affection of youth indissolubly bound up with it. Destitute from infancy of any other friend, almost any other companion, the world without Mrs. Ellesmere was not only to Anne a desert, but it had positively never existed as yet, in any shape, before her imagination. To picture herself as emancipated, or enriched by an event so disastrous and so wholly uncontemplated, never once entered into her well-regulated mind.

When therefore, after seeking in vain to impart consolation on those nobler features of bereavement and deprivation which he shared too deeply to be able to act the comforter's part, Dr. T—— relieved his own feelings, at the expense, he concluded, of the orphan's, by alluding to her grand-mother's will, he found it nearly impossible to excite any interest, and totally so to draw forth any surprise on a subject which had obviously never before been present, in any shape, to the poor girl's thoughts. This was *so* obvious, that, instead of having the painful office of destroying the baseless fabric of a palace, the good Doctor found himself embarked in the more congenial one of rearing on the

sure foundation of innocence and content a modest structure of hopes and expectations, which it was evident would (even when leisure to appropriate them should arrive) satisfy his gentle ward.

"Your grandmother, my dear child, it is my duty to tell you, has left the bulk of her fortune (under trust to myself) for charitable purposes." "So good! so like herself!" sighed Anne, on whose mind's eye the thousand acts of munificent benevolence she had witnessed from a child rose in beautiful array as she spoke. "All her servants, to the lowest, are amply provided for; and as for you, my dear Anne, she has perhaps best shown her true care for your happiness, by leaving you independent enough to secure kindness, without the means of purchasing flattering friends or hireling admirers. You have (subject to my guardianship) £5,000 per annum till you marry, and when you meet a man good enough your portion will be £5,000. Your dear grandmother's own annoyance from mercenary addresses, which drew her to form a hasty and ill-assorted match, has been no doubt the cause of an act which, however the world may cavil at it, you and I, my dear child, love her memory too dearly to call in question."

To enter farther into details for the future with one whose young spirit lay crushed beneath the weight of recent misfortune would have been vain, had her guardian been equal to the subject. But when the last duties had been performed, and the stillness of an abode to which, on Anne's account, and to offer her at all times a familiar home, the Doctor, as residuary legatee, transferred his own residence) pressed heavily on both, he gently disclosed to his heartbroken ward a plan once hinted at by her grandmother, and highly approved by himself, in the event of her being suddenly thrown on his somewhat inexperienced guardianship.

At one of the small quiet bathing-places annually frequented (on her young charge's account) by Mrs. Ellesmere, the family of the clergyman had formed an exception to the usual rule of declining acquaintance; and so favourable had been her estimate of the vicar's lady as to overcome, when obliged on her widowhood to open a small establishment for education, Mrs. Ellesmere's violent prejudice against female schools in general, and induce her to permit little Anne (then a mere child) to imbibe its rudiments among her pupils. With these, as well as their mistress, she had been a favourite plaything; and sometimes, in later periods of her youthful history, Anne's memory had reverted, with openly expressed pleasure, to her brief companionship with children of her own age at Mrs. L——'s.

The seminary was now given up, and its head enjoying in the tranquil scene of her useful labours their well-earned fruits amid

universal consideration. With her it had occurred to Mrs. Ellesmere, and was warmly seconded by Dr. T——, Anne might find during that first season of grief, when other society would be distasteful, an endeared and soothing home; while a thousand little branches of female accomplishment, too minute for the superintendence of her grandmother's masculine mind, Anne felt she might and should acquire under the benign eye of the well remembered Mrs. L——. The matter was no difficult one to arrange. Liberal terms were offered where love alone would have sufficed to secure a welcome; and while Anne soon hailed a second mother in Mrs. L——, her widowed heart yearned to cherish and console the orphan who had lisped her first lessons at her knee.

At M——, a year, the most placid perhaps, if not the happiest of her life, rolled over the head of Anne, who, while cherishing in a spot full of reminiscences of her lost grandmother, every valued precept and bright example of her in whom she deplored not only the friend and guide of her youth, but the most lively and intellectual of companions, imbibed unconsciously, from a gentler specimen of womankind, those minor feminine graces which can never be safely or profitably banished from female education. So strong and mutual had become the attachment between herself and her mild monitress, and so increasing her disinclination to invade (notwithstanding his kind and frequent assurances of welcome) the fireside of her eccentric guardian, that the close of a second year might have found her a contented inhabitant of the secluded fishing village of M——, had not chance, or rather affection, brought on a visit to their former preceptress two young ladies who, though sufficiently Anne's seniors to remember her only as a pet and a plaything, were delighted to renew the acquaintance, and soon determined it should, if possible, ripen into friendship.

With this view, and the full consent of the Doctor and Mrs. L——, both of whom thought it time for Anne's long cherished sadness to be dispelled by scenes and society more congenial to her age, she was invited—nay, entreated—to accompany them on their return to the Isle of Wight; a proposal the more delightful to her, as, with a passionate though yet undeveloped love of nature, her acquaintance with its beauties had hitherto been limited to the ruralities of Chelsea, and the sea-side sterility of the bare and rocky though salubrious coast of ——shire.

It was therefore with transports, which her more practised companions envied while they half wondered at, that Anne hailed the charms of the beautiful island, which exhibits, diminished as in some fairy diorama, the picturesque features elsewhere expanded into more imposing grandeur. But it was not by individual features, or even by scenery generally so called,

that the rapturous feelings of so absolute a novice were chiefly called forth. It was to her quite enough to exist in the environs of the lovely little town of Ryde—to gaze from morning till night on shifting sails gliding perpetually on the bosom of its calm waters—to wander amid the old woods by whose bending boughs those waters are fringed, and listen to the nightingales with whose melody they day and night resound.

All this was to Anne like entering on a new and unimagined world; and had she been born blind, and suddenly invested with vision, her delight and enjoyment could hardly have been more keenly felt, or more vividly expressed. Whole days were spent in exploring parties among the shady lanes, and secluded villages, and lovely villas which, in that undulating country, rise, as if by enchantment, upon the wonderer's view; while, at every opening in the woods, lovely vistas of the more distant summer-sea lent animation to the varied landscape.

But it was not inanimate nature (if such indeed there be) to which the mind of Anne, long confined within one bounded though intellectual circle, soon responded. The charms of society were hitherto as untasted by her as those of solitude: and the large happy family in the bosom of which she found herself for the first time domiciliated, with all its domestic interests, mutual pursuits, and participated enjoyments, seemed as beautiful within doors as all else without. True: that with the highly gifted companion of her youthful days, she had never missed other society, or younger associates: yet, when mixing at two and twenty, with the zest of a novice, heightened by the relish of a highly cultivated mind, in a polished and superior circle, there was in Anne's feelings a freshness and in her manners a fascination which few could either define or resist.

She was so thoroughly unlike the commonplace conventional girls who form the general mass of watering-place frequenters; so *naïve*, and at the same time shrewd in her remarks—so unaffectedly delighted and undisguisedly amused—that happy was the member of the coterie who, in any pleasure expedition, or summer ramble, could secure her for a companion.

Before long walks and quiet dinner parties had half exhausted their claims on Anne's new-born, or rather dormant sympathies, novelty, in a yet more exciting shape, was thrown in her way by the announcement of a gay ball to be given at Portsmouth, on occasion of one of our then frequent Peninsular victories. Tickets were sent, as a matter of course, to the party at L——; and as a matter of course they were accepted for themselves and their youthful guest.

Anne at first felt her mourning not yet wholly laid aside, and that "within passing show" which it still at times faithfully reflected, an obstacle to mingling in a scene of gaiety.

But her objections were overruled by so many glad and kind voices, and curiosity, female curiosity, of which Anne had her share, so seconded the pleadings, that with her usual straightforwardness she confessed she should like to go.

A bar of a more personal and less serious kind threatened to mar her enjoyment, and one which she was not ashamed laughingly to avow. Her dancing education had not, it is true, been altogether neglected; but so little had Mrs. Ellesmere's acquaintance lain among ball-giving or ball-going people, that at two and twenty, with a figure that seemed made on purpose for the exercise, she had never had an opportunity of practising it in public. From this, as the day approached, she naturally shrunk with an odd mixture of womanly dread of the exhibition, and girlish fear of not getting a partner; though against the latter alternative her friends' account of the preponderance of beaux, at Portsmouth balls, would have insured a less attractive person. As the time drew near, however, these conflicting feelings were set at rest, in a way perhaps not very agreeable to the most retiring of young ladies, by a sprained ankle, which she managed to get while scrambling along the undercliff; and which, though it did not preclude her going to the ball, confined her to the part of a spectator. In this character she anticipated abundant enjoyment, and had many proffers from volunteers in the domestic circle, to share her forced inactivity, for the sake of her lively conversation.

It was destined, however, to be otherwise bestowed and monopolized. Immediately on the party from L—— entering the room, the officer, who acted as master of ceremonies, begged to introduce his most *distingué* companions as partners to the young ladies; and, on learning the accident which precluded one of the youngest and fairest among them from joining the dancers, seemed half pleased with the opportunity of indemnifying, by her smiles and society, the most distinguished looking person decidedly in the room, an officer just landed from Spain, and disabled by a recent wound from an active share in the evening's amusement. The introduction was soon made—playful condolences exchanged on their mutual though differently occasioned misfortune—and after some lively but goodnatured discussion of the scene before them, the novelty of which to Anne rendered her remarks particularly piquant to her more experienced companion, they were soon deep in the engrossing subject of the recent campaigns.

The officer, spite of his youth, in those days of rapid promotion a Major, but whose name was too imperfectly caught by Anne to enable her to report it correctly, was not long in feeling and expressing his astonishment at her minute and accurate knowledge of every detail of the late eventful struggle. "You must

certainly have a brother in the army," said he, with a smile, and slight emphasis on the word, "to be so thoroughly *au fait* of all the marches and countermarches that have taken place among us, and to have imbibed so rare an interest in deeds of battle and bloodshed!"

"Nay, rather deeds of valour and patriotism—for as such," said Anne, lowering her voice, "I was taught to consider them by a dear friend now no more. I am not so fortunate as to have a brother; but it surely needs no such tie to create an interest in a brave nation and their gallant defenders!"

Could Anne, whose eyes as well as her voice had sunk as she caught herself expressing to a stranger the chivalrous feelings in which she had been nurtured, have seen the look of gratified admiration with which her military companion received the unintentional compliment, she would perhaps have shrunk from their further expression. But excited by the novel presence of a *bonâ fide* wounded hero—one realizing too well the *beau idéal* of the character—roused by the discussion of a theme by which she had seen the noble mind of her first friend wholly engrossed, and led on by the graphic details given her by an actual witness and sharer in the actions with which all Europe rang—she continued to manifest a degree of intelligent interest which, while it rivetted the gaze and commanded the admiration of her companion, drew the attention of many to the novel circumstance of the two most animated persons perhaps in the ball-room being apparently unconscious that music and dancing were going on around them.

From Spain they, by degrees, passed to other countries. The officer had served in many, and described them well—admitted the glowing charm of their sunny southern skies—yet adverted with peculiar pleasure to a visit paid in early youth to Scotland, with which country, he was now, he mentioned, likely to be more nearly connected. Anne was sighing over the little chance she foresaw of her ever luxuriating among the splendid mountain scenery which that of Spain had failed to obliterate from the young soldier's recollection, when the breaking up of the ball broke up, at the same time, very prematurely, she thought, her agreeable *tête-à-tête*. Her companion took leave, with evidently sincere regrets that his immediate departure from Portsmouth would preclude his following up their acquaintance; and Anne wondered that she should feel really sorry at the thought of never again perhaps seeing a person whom, till that evening, she had never seen before. But when rallied on the little interest with which her first ball had apparently inspired her, she playfully set off against it the engrossing claims of her first wounded hero.

It needed not the halo of a score of battles and half a score of wounds to shed interest around the young officer, whose handsome face and person, moulded rather on a southern than

northern model, was the very perfection of manly beauty. His high noble features, full dark eye and raven hair, with a certain grave and pensive air by which as much as by the languor of suffering his playfulness was tempered, seemed so to identify him with the high minded nation in whose cause his wounds had been received, that but for his fluent English, and something that bespoke, even to a novice, the British officer, he might have been mistaken for a noble Spaniard. That the more practised among Anne's hearers should next morning over the breakfast-table, in the midst of her panygerics, clamorously unite in inquiring the name of their object, was certainly only natural; but on this point, strange to say! Anne could give them very imperfect information. He had, notwithstanding his youth, been introduced to her as a major, and the name which followed that very respectable travelling title had sounded like Sullivan, and certainly began with S. But as the trio of strange officers, all from different regiments, who as mere birds of passage had mingled in the gay scene, were personally unknown to all the party, there was no present opportunity of elucidating a matter which events more nearly concerning herself, ere many hours were over, completely superseded in Anne's affectionate heart.

The gentlemen of the Ryde party, while awaiting the hour for the then daily packet (hourly steam-boats were not so much as dreamt of), which was to convey them back to the island, found the time beguiled by the amusing scene of the debarkation of passengers from a large Indiaman on her way to the Downs; the greater part of whom, a motley group of bilious nabobs, pale, exotic looking ladies, fantastically attired black nurses, and children outlandish in appearance as themselves—soon thronged the stairs and passages of the renowned hotel, making its present occupants look forward with pleasure to their own speedy evacuation.

Anne alone, to whom everything in the world, even sable ayahs and yellow nabobs, was new and delightful, heard with regret the summons to the quay, and was lingering in her bonnet and large wrapping cloak on the imperfectly lighted staircase, to caress a beautiful little boy, one of the Indian arrivals, when she was tapped on the shoulder from behind by his dark attendant, with the familiar appellation of *Missus*, and turned suddenly round, so that the light from an open door fell on her face. The woman, seeing a *fac simile* before her in form and contour of her supposed mistress, but with fair hair, blue eyes, and cheeks on which no Indian sun had enviously blanched the roses, gave a scream of surprise, not unallied with superstitious terror; and from the half opened parlour door sailed out, with an apathy which not even some alarm for the infant could quicken into life,

the dark, though brilliant edition of Anne Ellesmere, for whom she had been evidently mistaken by the servant.

The mistake was indeed a natural one, when light had been wanting to detect the contrast in complexion between two young women, who, even when confronted together, seemed to have been cast by nature, as far as form and stature and even lineaments were concerned, in a twin mould. So strong was the likeness, nay, almost identity—especially when the raven and flaxen locks, their chief distinction, were mutually covered—that the bewildered child, gazing from one to the other, exclaimed, "two mammas!" and instinct combined with probability to draw from the lips of the warm-hearted Anne the exclamation, "My Indian sister! surely you are Juliet!"

And Juliet it truly was!—the petted, indulged, spoiled beauty—who, even while the glow of a discovery so interesting lent alone an animation to her faded cheek, might well have passed, young as she was, for the elder sister of the fair, almost childlike, creature over whose healthful complexion neither climate nor dissipation had ever cast their noxious shade. Transported to find at length a being of her age and kindred on whom to lavish her affections, and in a beautiful child a source of interest and delight of the most thoroughly novel kind, the summons to return to Ryde, could her considerate friends under the circumstances have been cruel enough to enforce it, would have found Anne, for once, impracticable.

But with her new-found sister it seemed superfluous to all (save perhaps that sister herself) to doubt she should, at present, both wish and intend to remain; it being only stipulated by Anne's self-constituted guardians, and languidly asserted to by the helpless new arrival, that she and all her belongings should, after a day or two of necessary repose, be transported from the expensive discomforts of Portsmouth to the rural felicity of a cottage near Ryde.

For the first day they were left together, the loving heart of Anne would allow her to do little else than dwell with admiring ecstasy on the beauty and grace of her far more perfect prototype; and snatch to her knee and devour with kisses the delicate, but wayward and neglected child, who clung to her already with instinctive fondness. With such a treasure in her arms, to compensate for the separation, even absence from an amiable and affectionate husband, she thought, might be cheerfully endured.

But though Juliet regretted India, from whose luxuries nothing save fading health could have withdrawn her, it was not, Anne soon found with pain, her lonely husband by whom her thoughts of the East were monopolized; nor was the boy, who resembled him, endeared by that generally resistless bond to a heart where love of self had, from the cradle, stifled every other feeling.

This, of course, Anne did not at once perceive, nor, till long months had passed, admit even to herself; but a day had scarce elapsed in her sister's society before she learned to bless that fostering care of Mrs. Ellesmere's, by which she had been saved from utter helplessness, *ennui*, and discontent: from an apathy which did not suffice to preclude fastidious sensitiveness to petty inconveniences, and a querulous dissatisfaction with the present, unredeemed by even the affectation of regret for those nearest and dearest left behind.

The chief point for her sister's daily repinings—even amid the kindly welcome afforded her by the cheerful family party at Ryde—was the limited allowance which the impaired circumstances of her husband (impaired, she owned, by her own extravagance) would permit him, even at every possible sacrifice of his own comfort, to allot for her use. For this Anne rejoiced that she had a ready remedy in the ample, and she had thought hitherto superfluous, income which the liberality of her dear grandmother had, as it were prophetically, bequeathed. To share this with her newly-found sister, nay, even to dedicate it unreservedly to her benefit—seemed to the generous heart of Anne an act of duty as delightful as inevitable; while she fortunately attributed to increasing intimacy the growing partiality manifested by Juliet for a sister who had comparative affluence to bestow.

The other source of lamentation, however, which, when preliminary difficulties were obviated, rose to the shallow surface of the petted beauty's mind, was the necessity of complying so far with her husband's injunctions, and the expectations of his family, as to pass at least the first few months of her residence in Europe with them in Scotland—a pilgrimage for which Anne, who heartily envied her the power of performing it, could not be induced by any eloquence to regard her as a martyr.

She was soon indebted to Juliet's selfishness for a good office, to which sisterly affection alone might have never prompted her. In her letter announcing her arrival to the old people at Castle Lamont, she dwelt with so much apparent feeling on the pleasure of meeting with her hitherto unknown relative, and the grief she should feel in being separated from her, that it needed not Highland hospitality, and responsiveness to the claims of blood, to draw forth the warmest invitation to Miss Ellesmere to accompany her sister north. The proposal was too congenial to Anne's wishes to require longer delay in replying than was necessary for reference to the guardian whose consent was unhesitatingly obtained.

Some of his own early and happiest days had been passed in the prosecution of his medical studies in Scotland; and his only regret, as now playfully expressed, was that he could not with the feelings and activity of three-and-twenty, once more escort them thither.

girl, with one of her own, bright, winning, perennial smiles; though it half faded away under a sense of his habitual infallibility. "Juliet is *so* young, you know (younger than we were), and then she has been so indulged—so admired——"

"So spoilt, in short," interrupted the old man; "but that is not the worst of it. She has no sense, Anne, to be reasoned out of her wilfulness; and, what is worse, no heart to be wrought upon by kindness. She never wastes a thought upon her doating absent husband; and," lowering his voice to a whisper, as if even his bachelor sympathies recoiled from the admission, "does not care a brass farthing for her beautiful, delicate, only boy."

"Dear little fellow!" exclaimed Anne, to whom the child had, ever since his arrival, been a source of the liveliest hourly interest, that is impossible! It is Juliet's languid Indian manner towards every one that makes you think so. I'm sure she indulges Oswald only too much."

"Yes! when it saves her the trouble of contradicting him. But not to bring health to those little pallid cheeks of his, or put a timely check to the waywardness of temper her caprice is fast engendering, will she spare one hour from her toilet, or damage one feature of that beautiful face of her's, which I begin to look on with no more admiration or emotion than a wax baby's."

"Oh! but consider, guardy dear, her having been so ill brought up! Grandmamma herself came to pity, and make allowances, even for our poor mother, on the same account."

"True, true, Anne; and blessings on that grandmother for bringing *you* up with sense enough for both! Get you gone to Scotland as fast as you can, before I hate one of you too much to be civil, and love the other too dearly to part with her."

To hate Julia, however (even in the modified sense of disliking), rather a thing to be contemplated in cold blood during her absence than easily accomplished, even by a cynic, under the witchery of her faultless beauty and its attendant fascinations. When pleased with herself—and consequently with those around her—when allowed to lounge unchidden on a sofa, and read admiration in the eyes of all who approached it—nay, even when lured irresistibly into good humour by the sisterly devotion with which her every caprice was gratified by Anne—there was a magic in her smiles, which it repaid Anne for her labour of love to see casting its glamour over even the relaxing features of the shrewd and caustic guardian. The probable effect of them in conciliating the already bespoken goodwill of the new relatives, who wrote so cordially to one with whom they were evidently determined to be delighted, formed to the kind heart of Anne not the least pleasing anticipation of her Scottish journey.

It was commenced at last, after endless delays and preparations, as if for a Siberian exile; and Anne, vague as were her

ideas of Scotland, could not but laugh to see her chilly Indian sister, on a fine May morning, half lifted, under a weight of furs, into a travelling carriage, reduced by her many superfluous appliances to scanty enough dimensions for two of the slenderest of women and the little Oswald. A regular cockney girl, engaged, in defiance of Anne's more judicious counsels, to act as joint lady's maid and attendant on the child till consigned to the more experienced hands of his father's quondam nurse, and an equally ill-selected grinning London footman, bemoaned in concert on the ramble their exile among the Scottish savages.

It was fortunate for Anne and all concerned that good humour under petty annoyances had been part of the Christian philosophy inculcated by example on her by her grandmother. To laugh as well as act for the whole party, under circumstances of which she uniformly made the best, was her invariable office. Travelling was not then exactly what the progress of luxury has made it: and, though first-rate inns on the north road were probably better appointed in those days of daily posting than now, when steam and railroads have made Boniface's "occupation," like Othello's—a thing past and "gone;" yet duly to reach those privileged stations with a companion who thought "time made for slaves," and to whom dawdling it away had become a second nature, was impossible; and when the child, ever a first object with Aunt Anne, could no longer with safety be allowed to prolong his slumbers in the night air, halts had to be made at village hostelries, at the simple accommodations of which three noses at least in the party were seen to be turned up with undisguised disgust.

While the languid energies of Juliet were exhausting themselves in vituperation of the scanty ill-contrived substitutes for her dearly beloved sofa, and the equally selfish propensities of the servants developed in attacks upon the larder, it was Anne, who, after securing for *others* the comforts of well-aired rooms and beds, and such simple delicacies as a village inn could command, and hushing to rest the boy who would sleep only at her gentle bidding, came smiling at length into the little sanded parlour, blew into a cheerful blaze the wood fire her shivering sister had first ordered and then railed at, poured out the tea or carved the chicken as the case or period of arrival might require, and then, with some bit of light work in her nimble fingers, "just," she said, "to give a *homeish* look" (a favourite expression with her) to the little room, she would relate, with infinite humour, the tale of her experiences "up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," till the languished lady herself, to whom all was new, as if the same had been Egypt or Timbuctoo, fairly beguiled out of her *ennui* and listlessness, rewarded with some of her bewitching smiles the sister whose last task it often was to

supersede the sleepy, clumsy Abigail, and braid for the night those exquisite raven tresses on which the owner's fair fingers had never in her life been tried.

In about ten, instead of the five or six days, usually allotted for the journey in the old jog-trot times of chaises and pair, the borders of Scotland were crossed by the party; and the transition at the point of junction (on the Carlisle road) happening to be in favour of the northern kingdom, Anne's vague expectations of beauty were so far realized by the exquisite stage from Longtown to Langholm, and the rich emerald velvet of the sheep-dotted hills about Howick, that, had Scotland afforded nothing more picturesque or sublime, she would never have done exclaiming and admiring.

That Juliet felt and expressed no such emotions Anne charitably ascribed to the superior scale of the scenery of the East; little aware that if instead of the brown plains of the interior her migrations in India had lain amid the wildest defiles of the Himalaya, not one thought, save of possible delay or discomfort, would have crossed her imagination.

If, in skirting the beautiful and classic Tweed, one slight glance followed her sister's diverted gaze on the half reared pile of Abbotsford, it was followed by an imperceptible shrug of the shoulders and half breathed sigh that for kindred, with the scene and objects before her, the substantial realities of rank and wealth should have been girlishly sacrificed; and, had she possessed sufficient fancy to effect the metamorphosis, the mighty enchanter whose dwelling she contemplated would have risen on her mind's eye rather as a malignant wizard whose spells had blighted her youth and marred her fortunes.

It was no marvel, then, that Anne's ecstasies, as "Banksome" and Melrose," and the mystic "Eildons three" rose on her bodily optics, should find no echo in her sister's bosom, and her proposal of sleeping at a well-known and well-kept *auberge*, that Scott's "own romantic town" might not be entered under cloud of night, should be sullenly acceded to, as an unaccountable *whim*, by one certainly well qualified to be a judge in such matters. If any perverse feeling of the kind dictated a delay beyond all former "loiterings of travel," in the movements of the person who acted the usual part of "dead weight" on the journey, Anne's supposed impatience had its reward in the most favourable light, that of early afternoon—under which the city of romance can possibly be first viewed.

If any one could be so "superfluous" as to describe, after the author of *Marmion*, the native place of his predilection, I as suredly am not the person. Most Britons have now seen and can appreciate it; but few even of those who have done so most admiringly, can picture to themselves the enthusiasm with which

a girl, with a strong natural feeling of beauty, and a mind cultivated up to the pitch (and no more) most favourable for judicious admiration, gazed upon objects which, if fifty times less interesting in themselves, or less happy in their unique combination—stood illumined in her mind's eye by all the glorious reflected light of Scott's chivalry and patriotism.

In our's, (alas! that it should be so said: but "*Sic transit gloria mundi*") this may have already begun to "pale its intelectual fire" before the stern realities of an age of iron, where its practical uses of "helm and hauberk" have been replaced by more utilitarian purposes; but when Anne Ellesmere first set foot in Scotland, to do so otherwise than as a reverential pilgrim at the shrine of its far-famed bard was a heresy reserved perhaps for the wife of Oswald Lamont. And yet, sure I am he might have stood acquitted, all potent as he then was, of direct share in his ill-assorted union: so little would her own romance (unaided by the rivalry of half a dozen real devotees for the hand of the young Scotsman) have sufficed to transform into an unworthy compatriot of Sir Walter, the cold, unsentimental Juliet Neville.

The sole approach to national feeling which displayed itself during her brief sojourn in Edinburgh was a general equipment of herself and child in the then albeit "motley," yet "only wear" of tartan; and though Anne shrewdly ascribed the caprice to novelty and the expensive nature of the materials, it was too likely to flatter the well-known nationality of the family at Castle Lamont to be checked. Castle Lamont, to be sure, was not exactly in the Highlands; but so happily situated on the debateable land between lowland fertility and mountain grandeur as to be often classed, and with the entire approbation of its owners, on the picturesque side. And cold must be the Scottish heart—one especially estranged for half a lifetime from the sight of its national garb and native hills—which would not warm at the sight of the one and claim kindred with the other!

Even the laird himself—(for I love his memory too well to choose even to think or write of him by the southern title of Mr.) would have been satisfied with Anne's burst of impressive admiration, as, no longer able to subdue her feelings to the cold level of her sister's freezing temperament, she exclaimed, on first sight of a handsome castellated house, rising proudly from the amphitheatre of a wooded bank whose timber England might not have disdained to own, while to rival its Alpine background would have defied her power, "Look! look! Juliet! happy girl that you are!—that lovely place before us *must* be Castle Lamont!"

"I dare say it is damp, and must be dull," was Juliet's disappointing answer, "buried as it is in a perfect jungle; and with,

now I remember, a huge tank or *loch*, or whatever you call it, right in front! I shall certainly have my low fever again immediately."

"Nonsense! Juliet," replied Anne, for once fairly out of patience. "How can any place be unhealthy or dull on a fine rising ground, commanding an exquisite open country for fifty miles round? and how can the very *loch* (now I love the dear word though I can't say it properly) be stagnant when such a river as that which we see sparkling in the sun between those beautiful corn-fields keeps always running so merrily through it? So far from every one getting ill in Scotland, I, who never was ill in my life, only now know what it is to be better than well; and look," putting aside the luxuriant ringlets from the flushed cheek of the awakening boy on her knee, "see, if our little delicate Eastern lily is not fast changing to a rose under the influence of his father's native air!"

Juliet cast a languid look on her boy; and beauty being her weak side, and her heart, moreover, (such as it was,) a mother's, ejaculated with something of triumphant fondness: "He certainly looks well, and is handsome enough, thank God! to satisfy even a proud Scotch grandfather!"

Anne's reply was a silent pressure to her heart of the beautiful cherub, and a feeling that the proudest family in Europe might be happy to acknowledge such a grandchild. And with the feeling rose in Anne's ever kindly bosom the wish that no shyness on the part of the child might cast a damp over the approaching meeting. With this view, arriving at "grandpapa's" had long been held out by her as the joyful goal of all little Oswald's infant anticipations; and when, at their last halt, at the picturesque village of C—— (in whose vicinity, to borrow some one's striking simile, little rocky hills are tossed about as if antediluvian giants had used them for playing at bowls), the child's suit of dark green Tartan velvet, setting off so happily his transparent complexion and ringlets of native gold, was donned for the meeting by the hands of his admiring aunt—as she put the last smoothing touch to the curls she had deranged for a kiss of truly maternal triumph, she once more whispered, "Don't be strange, Oswald dear, to any one; remember you are going at last to see *dear* grandpapa!"

Just then, luckily for the fulfilment of her wishes that the child, excited and happy, might look and behave his best, he clapped his hands with delight at seeing issue from a lodge, so deeply thatched with heather as to look almost like an excrescence on the purple hill-side, a little boy not much bigger than himself, similarly (but oh! how unlike the fabric!) attired in Tartan, by whom was opened the rustic gate, harmonizing so well with the majestic features of the scene around it.

Its simplicity might have misled more practised southern observers, as to the importance of the domain to which it gave access, had not a couple of miles of winding approach, not trim enough certainly for an English pleasure-ground, yet evidently forming part of what in old Scotch parlance, was whimsically styled the "policy," indicated that to keep it, even in its state of subdued and picturesque semi-wildness, more hands than are dreamt of in the philosophy of a cockney villa owner, must be necessary.

Even Juliet felt a thrill of gratified pride in being allied to one, who, in Spain itself could assume (with more of fitness than is always the case with her own proud sons) the significant title of "hidalgo," or "son of somebody;" while Anne almost envied her sister the ennobling association, and Oswald gave token of the budding propensities of one destined to be "master of all he surveyed," by screaming with delight as now a stately black cock rose whirring from the adjoining brake—and ever and anon hosts of more familiar hares and rabbits glanced, almost unheeding the carriage-wheels, across the startled horses.

Another gate, this time opened by an ancient crone, who forgot her office, and half risked her life in efforts to see the young "leddy," and the "bonny bairn," seemed to terminate the woodland avenue before mentioned, and give entrance to what in Scotland (how great soever its extent) is modestly styled the "lawn"—while in England, one of less dimensions would unhesitatingly be dignified with the more sonorous title of "park." A beautiful wooded knoll for some time shrouded its extent and features from the straining eyes of the party, though the towers of the house rising almost in front, testified that their journey was nearly accomplished.

All was silence, and even the heart of Juliet throbbed with unwonted expectation, when by a sudden sweep of the road the intervening mound was cleared, and a band of gaily-dressed persons, some in highland, but more in lowland garb, were seen to clothe the whole space between the lake and castle; the women and children grouped in anxious curiosity on a little rocky knoll, eagerly gazing on the approaching vehicle, and the men lining in well-marshalled array the last few hundred yards of the still winding and picturesque approach.

The piper, wisely, though with some effort, keeping sufficiently in the rear not to startle with his discords either the inmates of the vehicle or its steeds, made amends for his involuntary exile by the energy with which he "blew up," as the carriage came in view, his national welcome. A simultaneous shout—a more than respectful, a heart-prompted lifting first, and then tumultuous waving of the picturesque national bonnet, and of the few hats by which it had been ungracefully superseded—overcame so com-

pletely the unprepared and easily excited feelings of poor Anne, that it was only by an effort of her unfailing kindness that she could hold up at the open window the infant object of all these warm demonstrations, and take advantage of the obstruction occasioned by the passing crowd, to wave from it his little hand and press it, in grateful childish courtesy, to his beautiful rosy lip.

"Gude guide's but he's like his father, and the laird himsel' and a'!" were the ejaculations of the private spectators mingling with the cries, not unheard or unheeded by their object, of "Long life to Maister Oswald and his bonny young leddy," which burst from the lines of evidently admiring men. Who would have thought that the Juliet who now sat forward, in all the excitement of novelty, in the carriage, smiling and bowing, with heightened colour and sparkling eye, the very personification of animated loveliness, would relapse ere long, into the chill and callous victim of *ennui*,—dead to the ties and charities of life, as she had proved herself to the charms of external nature!

To be cold or callous *now*, would however have defied even her constitutional apathy; so irresistible was the warmth of the embrace in which she was folded, ere well out of the carriage, on the threshold of her future home, by its delighted occupants. And stoical must have been the being, beyond all touch of human sympathies, who could have received unmoved, or unadmiringly, when its first warm grasp relaxed and gave time for observation—the cordial welcome of two persons so strikingly contrasted, yet in their several ways so unique, as Mr. and Mrs. Lamont.

SONG.

NONE ARE LEFT TO WELCOME ME!

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Harp of Mona! sadly sounding,
In these long deserted halls,
Like thy strings my heart is bounding
To the past, thy strain recalls:
In these chambers damp and dreary,
Happy friends were wont to be,
Now I come, a pilgrim weary,
None are left to welcome me.

Spirits of my kindred sleeping!
As the night-breeze sweeps along,
I could fancy ye were keeping
Vigil, with unearthly song:
Oh! this silence, so unbroken!
Am I dreaming? can it be,
That of all, that once have spoken,
None are left to welcome me?

REAL SOLITUDE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Poets and Painters solitude describe
A woody glen, whose foliage imbibe
The rain of Heav'n, unsullied in its fall,
From whose green boughs, to one another call
Harmonious birds, in social happiness,
Whose mutual carol their full joy express.
Blending with which, is heard the plaintive bleat
Of lambkins, panting 'neath the fervid heat;
While, fainter still, the far-off village chime
Form intermingled melody sublime;
Each flower is eloquent, each blade of grass
Breathes nature's language, as light zephyrs pass;
The streamlet laughs aloud all gushingly,
And seraph voices whisper from the sky,
While man's enamour'd heart, with bliss replete,
Echoes to all around responses sweet.
Delicious scene! which fancy, strong imbued
With poetry, mistakes for solitude!

The narrow, town-pent street is its abode,
Almost abandon'd by mankind and God.
So! in a cheerless scantly-garnish'd room,
Invested with intense exquisite gloom;
Assisted by the frequent rains, which beat
Against the window-panes, and there concrete,
Veiling the bounded view of neighb'ring tiles
On which unclouded sunshine never smiles,
Where flow'ret never bloom'd, bird never came,
The crutch of the blind beggar,—or the lame,
Alone resounding there; it must be sought.
Dire in the anguish of despairing thought,
In such a room, one chill November morn,
Bending o'er one, just into sorrow born,
Two hopeless beings melancholy sate,
Poor victims of unmitigable fate.
Both young, computing them alone by years,
But old, if reckon'd by their many tears!
Save the dark hair that veil'd her haggard face,
Not one, the slightest vestige could he trace
Of the fair bride, with loveliness so rife;
Faded and withered, ere twelve months a wife!
Whilst she misdoubts, if he could be the same.
Ah! poverty hath quench'd that eye of flame!
For him she's droop'd, for him her bloom hath fled,
While, oh! for her, he's bow'd the lofty head;
Mourning the cherish'd thing he could not save
From want's last refuge—and the best—the grave!

No visible employment there is seen,
To show that active thought doth intervene

Between the sullen moodiness of grief,
Too desperate, to hope from aught relief.
He has tried all—O God! how he has tried!
Suing to foes for food, humbling his pride
To menial offices, but to obtain
The paltriest pittance, being to sustain.
Tried as man only tries for those he loves,
Whose need, his bosom's deepest pulses moves!
No word escaped,—not one, the least complaint,
The new-made mother is, alas! too faint
To have the heart, even to him to speak:
Whose hot tears deluge her pale sunken cheek.
Oh! why attempt it, luckless things! have they,
One word of comfort, hope, or joy to say?
Why make the effort, why fatigue the heart,
Having no consolation to impart?
No! mute let each distracted bosom be,
Nor aggravate their mutual misery,
By breaking the dread silence of despair:
They understand each other's weight of care,
Nor words require.—Speech may be voluble,
When the glad heart has sanguine hopes to tell;
But silence suits the over-laden'd breast
That would affection spare, far, far the best;
It sanctifies the sorrow past all cure,
And teaches anguish patient to endure.
The infant quarrell'd with the empty breast,
To which its famish'd pinch'd-up form was prest
With that convulsive shudd'ring agony,
Which shows the feeling's deep intensity.
He saw the tear away she hurried brush'd,
As, bending o'er that fractious babe, she hush'd
Its piteous wailings, with the wild fond kiss
That speaks maternal love, but not its bliss,
Bestow'd with almost frenzied energy,
As if to stifle the heart-rending cry!

'Tis not so lonesome to be quite alone,
As be companion'd only by the groan
Of hapless creatures, asking aid in vain,
Sinking beneath exhaustion's wearing pain,
More precious than the apple of the eye,
Yet, doom'd in grinding penury to die!
Madden'd with this last thought, he flung his head
In woe unutterable on the bed,
And twining his thin arms around his wife,
The strong the mighty link that bound to life!
And clasping too his babe, he rais'd his eyes
With wishful glance to penetrate the skies,
And force the happier angels singing there
To pause, and sympathize in his despair.
Their joyful hallelujahs to forego,
To chant a plaintive requiem for woe;
Then call on the Almighty Lord to take
Himself, his wife, his babe, for mercy's sake!

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI. BY MRS. MACKESEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Go—quick, Beltramo; bring me immediately my armour—lance—sword—and——"

"Dagger?"

"Certainly; the dagger—the noblest invention for destruction that honours human ingenuity. Saddle my horse."

"What, good cavalier? do you want to depart? take heed what you do, for your wounds are but newly healed, and weak as you are, I know not but——"

"Away, and do as I command you. Who has charged *you* with the care of my health? who has made *you* so presumptuous to provide for my welfare? They who ought to have had consideration for it, care not aught; and shall *you* care, varlet? Is it not enough for you to think of yourself? Do you presume to be less sad, less weak, less unhappy, less wicked than I?"

"May I die excommunicated if I understand a word of your discourse, fair sir. Have you seen a spectre in the thicket? Do not, I pray you, think of mounting at present. Messer Ghino has not yet returned; and it would be scant courtesy to go away without taking leave of him."

"Why do you talk to me of courtesy, varlet? when others betray me jestingly, and smiling rend my heart, and go as it were to a theatre to enjoy the contemplation of my anguish. My arms! I repeat; my arms!"

"Ah, fair sir, you want to throw yourself away at any price. Life is life, and when it is once lost it is not to be bought back by money. It would be a great pity if you were to die so miserably; for you seem to me full of bravery and prowess: let yourself be cured first, and afterwards you will find plenty of time to leave this world."

"Where is my armour?"

"By our holy faith! good knight, if you have no care for

* Continued from page 152, vol. xlvii.

yourself, have some at least for me: consider, I beseech you, that the iron rubbing upon your wounds will make them open again in less than an hour."

"What a fate is mine, that the hate and the love of man are equally baneful to me!"

This dialogue passed, as the reader will have imagined, between Rogiero (when after leaving the convent he had returned to the abode of Ghino) and Beltramo, the charitable attendant of the dying Drengotto. When Rogiero had uttered his last reflection, he fell into a train of thought, and leaned his face upon his hands; and Beltramo, knowing he spoke but as to the winds, considered that he could do nothing better than obey his commands. The brigand was but a short time departed, when Rogiero sprang up, and walked rapidly about the apartment.

"I will prostrate myself before Manfred's throne," said he; "I will kneel to him— I, who never knelt before. I will fall at his feet. Yes, for my pride has parted from my innocence. Oh, how much does guilt degrade!"

"Here is your armour, sir knight," said Beltramo, entering the chamber.

Rogiero did not observe him, but continued:

"Have I desired guilt? I would have escaped from it with the forfeiture of my life, yet I bear the punishment of it. This is a painful existence: misfortune goads me on without intermission till I arrive at the end; and that end is infamy."

"The armour, cavalier."

"Now I dread the repose of death! for the earth would fall upon me heavy, like the weight with which the obstinate man overloads his shoulders beyond their strength to sustain; and it would not be voluntary; nor should I have in my excuse the same reasons as formerly. Yet, should I not have them—am I not surrounded by snares? Have they not dragged me to perdition like a murderer to the scaffold? I will lift up my head and say——"

"The armour, cavalier, the armour."

"What do I want of armour? my enemy is invincible: sword and lance are of no avail against him: he combats with the will. Other strength than mine, other valour; *they* have failed. Away with this armour which mocks my weakness; there is not in creation a body that would not be degraded by the feeble integuments of my flesh."

"I pray your pardon, cavalier, but did you not demand the armour from me a short time since?"

"I demand it? Do you hear aright?"

"Take from me any faculty you choose, and I will not complain: but in respect to my hearing, I think I am fully equal to any of my brethren of the human race."

Rogiero stood in the attitude of one who is endeavouring to recall some forgotten thing to his memory. "If I have said it, that is a certain sign that I was not in my reason. Oh! state that provokes laughter, for it is beyond weeping;" (and he made a contortion of the lips). "Ah, I remember now—was I not to kneel and crave pardon?" A blush overspread all his countenance, even to the roots of his hair; and after a pause he resumed: "Is it not thus that shame takes rise? does it not follow guilt like a shadow? It may become greater in the prostration; but now the humiliation is consummated—bring me my cuirass."

Beltramo, in obedience to his command, helped him to pass his arms through the openings at the shoulders, and began to close the cuirass behind, fastening the clasps where it reached from under the right armpit to a little above the hip. Cuirasses, coats of mail, corslets, and similar pieces of armour, were made to open and shut as with hinges at one side; and at the other were clasps to fix them on the person of the wearer. Beltramo in the performance of his office was interrupted suddenly by a cry of pain from Rogiero, who said,

"Alas! what have my enemies paid you to stab me in the back?" and he laid his hand on his loins to feel where he was wounded.

"Sir knight," said Beltramo, stepping back a few paces, "do you think you are actually among assassins? Have I not told you that your wounds are not yet fully healed? and this wound will give you more pain on your journey than the others, for it is under a clasp of the cuirass. But how have I ever injured you, that you should distrust me so strangely?"

Rogiero turned towards Beltramo, and smiling as at words foolishly uttered, replied, "Every man is honest before he becomes a villain; the non-commission of crime does not argue uprightness of heart; and who knows how many crimes you have committed in thought: but you will reply that you have never called upon your hand to express the perfidy of your mind, and you believe that you are thus less criminal? Perhaps you had no opportunity; but *that* may be offered to you at any moment. You curl your lip? you do not believe me? search in your own heart, shameless man, and then affirm to my face, if you can, that you have never thought of crime."

"Excuse me, cavalier, but I think the best thing for the human heart is to let it alone: for my own part I do not believe myself to be better or worse than any other man; but this I know for certain, that I will never act treacherously to any one, and far less to you, brave knight: for the rest, I am a plain man, and do not understand all these subtilties: think as you will, I shall not sleep the less soundly on this account. Meanwhile you may approach me without fear, if you choose that I should finish clasping your cuirass; or rather, if you will for once follow good advice,

let me take it off your shoulders, in order that, remaining here a few days longer, you may entirely recover you health."

Rogiero again approaching Beltramo, commanded him to continue arming him; and although from time to time the steel plate pressing upon the scarce-healed wounds pierced him with sharp pangs, he no longer suspected treachery as before, but gave vent to his pain in a half-suppressed moan. Beltramo stopped, and raised his eyes to look at him, the expression of suffering had already disappeared from Rogiero's face, and his countenance was composed into a majestic impassibility which did not appear, nor was it, natural to him; but was called up by effort, and by effort compelled to remain, from a magnanimous sentiment of sublimity which was at once admirable and piteous to behold.

"When Messer Ghino returns," said Rogiero, "tell him that since our nature is so vile, that at the relation of the misfortunes of others, our own are either diminished or are no longer felt, he may derive from my griefs a consolation for his, which are but child's play in comparison with mine: tell him I have fled from him that I should not afflict him with a terrible narrative if he really loves me, or delight him with it if he only feigns; or rather tell him nothing; that will be the best thing you can do. Nothing but evil can be derived from my story, which does but show that honesty avails not; constancy avails not; love, charity, all magnanimous sentiments avail not; that there is an irresistible force which drags us along, that there is no man who can boast of not being criminal; if he does he is a fool; and if an opportunity presented itself his soul would give him the lie: these are things of which it is better to remain in ignorance; the knowledge of them prostrates our mind, instead of elevating it, and makes it groan under the burden of humanity, like a slave under the burden of his appointed labour." Thus saying, and heaping error upon error, we know not where he might have concluded if Beltramo, at that moment fastening the last clasp, had not said, "It is all over!"

"Happy will it be for me when these words are said over my corpse! Yet who knows if some care does not await me even in the grave? who knows if rest be even there? Nevertheless I cannot expect rest elsewhere; our state is either life or death: and in life I despair of ever attaining repose.

Not having patience to wait for a more complete arming, he left the apartment with such arms as he had, and descended into the court-yard, where he found his good courser Ali, held by a squire, ready for mounting: without uttering a word he set his foot in the stirrup, sprang into the saddle, and spurred forwards: as he was about to leave the court-yard Messer Ghino, returning from an expedition with some of his followers, appeared before him, hindering his passage.

"Whither away, my prince?"

"Whither it may please the man who has made me lose my father and my innocence both at the same moment."

"You speak strange words, Rogiero: will you, of your courtesy, make them clear to me, and tell me what has happened to you?"

"Do not desire to know it, Messer Ghino; you know enough already to make you despise the human race; I should make you abhor it, and that would be too injurious both for it and for you —suffer me to pass."

"You are diseased in mind, my friend; and if compassion does not permit me to abandon the sick in body, still less does it allow me to desert the sick at heart, whose malady is more deep and more terrible."

"Ghino, Ghino, let me pass, or I will spur my horse over you, happen what may."

"Eternal powers!" cried Ghino, drawing back, and lifting his hands towards heaven, "what has deprived him of his reason?"

"Friend," cried Rogiero, as he departed; "if it be true that man can love man (which I do not believe), it will be necessary to find some other word to express this love; for the word *friendship* stands for all that hate, wrath, and fraud can do of evil against the creature who speaks it. For my own part, henceforth, when any one calls me friend, I shall place my back against the wall that I may not be stabbed behind, and I shall put my hand upon my purse that it should not be picked from me in the embrace." And as he rode away he said much more, which the wind, as if endowed with reason, swept away beyond the reach of hearing, and in fact it would be a distasteful task to record it: let it be lost; we will respect the right of the elements; would that we could at the same time banish the crimes which gave rise to Rogiero's words; crimes which unhappily are too rife and increasing amongst us. The world accuses us of being too anxious to investigate crimes, and of being too prompt to calumniate human nature. O world, world! He who searches into the depths of the heart knows how sincere is our wish that, instead of afflicting ourselves and others with the history of guilt, we could rather celebrate thy glories, diffuse the light of song over magnanimous deeds, and respire with rapture in the atmosphere of virtue—but look around and ask, where is virtue? Echo alone will answer to this unwonted word.

Rogiero, afflicted by the fever of his sad thoughts, rode farther and farther away along the plain; but all our afflictions have an end, either by relaxing, if our patience is able to sustain them, or by destroying life when they are beyond endurance; and Rogiero's griefs were not of strength sufficient to terminate *his*

existence: and thus courtesy, which in him was carried to a passion, had no sooner found opportunity for making itself heard, than it reproached him for his strange conduct to Messer Ghino, the only one amongst the family of men whom he held worthy of respect and honour: he turned his head round as if to offer his apologies to that part of the heavens under which the gallant Ghino stood; believing that his horse had carried him out of sight of his dwelling: but he was mistaken: the steed not being urged on by his rider, had moved but slowly forwards, and Rogiero had the pleasure of seeing good Messer Ghino himself, who was looking after him, still standing in the same attitude in which he had left him. Rogiero drew the reins, used the spur, and reaching Ghino in a few minutes, dismounted, and threw himself into his arms, dropping his head on the shoulder of his friend, as if it could not support the burden of his emotion: his face became deadly pale—not a tear trickled from his eyes, he uttered not a word, for the suffocation of his throat precluded utterance. Ghino supported him, and spoke not; but a large tear stole slowly down his cheek, and dropped upon Rogiero's hair; others soon followed it, and flowed faster and more frequent, yet the expression of his countenance remained unaltered, and his muscles unmoved; it would seem that his eyes had no part in those tears—that they flowed spontaneously from his heart. A poet beholding those tears flowing from under those shaggy brows down an adust visage, would have called to mind the lines of Homer, in which he describes Agamemnon weeping:—

> "Down his wan cheek a briny torrent flows:
> So silent fountains, from a rock's tall head,
> In sable streams soft trickling waters shed."—*Iliad. Book* 9.

When the principal passions of these our personages could be expressed by words, they were not worthy of our here recording them; but the passions they now experienced not only absorbed every other faculty of the soul, but even strained so far the sensations destined to receive their impulse, that with a very little more tension the heartstrings would have given way, and life been destroyed. They breathed not a word, yet that mute embrace said more than they could have expressed in any other manner: the one required nothing, yet the other promised: the one accepted, yet the other offered not: in fine, these were the secret movements of *purified nature* which vulgar minds cannot conceive, and from the relation of which we will keep them afar, as from the mysteries of the sanctuary.

After a long silence Messer Ghino spoke: "Then your desire of departing without delay is immovably fixed?"

"It is."

"Will you take with you any of my followers?"

Rogiero pressed his hand, and fixed his eyes on him with a grateful look, and added: "Messer Ghino, that state which will henceforth be the least irksome to me in life, is solitude."

"Be it as you will. My own steps will be turned back to the kingdom of Naples: my quarters will be in the skirts of the mountains of Arpino, near the banks of the Garigliano, on the ground once held by the valour of the Saracens. I consider that country as a paternal inheritance, because belonging to a persecuted and unfortunate race. *There*, as you know, Rogiero, *there* will beat a heart whose last sigh shall be for you, after heaven; *there* will be an arm which will combat in your defence while it can bear the weight of a sword; only you must not call upon me against Manfred—I could hold my hand over the burning coals, but I never can raise it against one whom I have begun to love."

"Know then, Messer Ghino, though it may seem strange to you, that if ever I invoke the aid of your arms, it will only be in the *favour* of King Manfred. Further of this matter it is not admissible that you should learn: it would be painful for me to tell, and for you to hear; let what I have said suffice. Ghino, my dear friend, adieu." At these words Rogiero pressed his hand again, and Ghino replied:

"You have taken a great weight off my heart: now certainly it shall not be our fault if the barbarians be not driven back beyond the Alps. *Your* sword, Rogiero, judging by what I have seen at Rome, will be able to compensate fully for the injury that your tongue may have done. Farewell, take heed that you do not forget—the skirts of the mountains of Arpino."

"Forget?—When the mind forgets that there *was* a yesterday and that there *will be* a to-morrow, then I may forget *you*, Ghino."

"Good: *there*, then, I will await your summons. Meanwhile we will sharpen our blades, so that if any of the French escape they may be able to tell how the Italian steel cuts. Farewell—yet wait an instant, Rogiero. If it should happen that you have no opportunity of coming to me in person, take this dagger: whatever messenger you shall despatch to me with it shall return to you bringing with him four hundred men in arms, and a friend."

"What can I say to you, Ghino?—Farewell."

"Do not defer calling upon me till the last extremity. It has often happened, Rogiero, that even a smaller number of men than I lead, arriving in good time, have secured victory to an army, which thousands of soldiers, when the opportunity had gone by, could not save. Do not spare me: remember that, in having recourse to arms, I do nothing for *you*, little for Manfred, but much for myself; for among all the pleasures of a good citi-

ken the greatest is that of fighting for the weal of his country.—Do you promise me, Rogiero?"

"I do promise you.—Farewell."

"Yet an embrace, and adieu."

Ghino held the stirrup: Rogiero, as soon as he had mounted, stretched out his right hand to him. He raised it to his forehead and said, "It seems to bring a balm to my head, like the blessing of my father. Above all things take heed to your wounds. Farewell, my beloved Rogiero—farewell, farewell."

The unfortunate young man rode away, looking behind him, and from time to time saluting his friend, who never stirred from the spot as long as he could gaze upon him. When he had lost sight of him behind the rising ground and among the windings of the forest, he ascended a turret that he might watch him emerging upon the open plain; there he lost him on the distant horizon, or rather his sight was not strong enough to follow him farther: then he bent forward, rested his elbows on the ledge of the tower, and leaning his cheeks on them, stood thus for a long time gazing at the point where Rogiero had disappeared. What were the thoughts that he revolved in his mind we cannot tell: we shall only say that when leaving the spot he was heard to murmur, "Why do the joys of this life occur so rarely, and vanish so quickly? I firmly believe that they are given to us only to make us feel afflictions more sensibly."

Rogiero having learned on his road that the court and the principal nobility were to repair immediately to Benevento, where Manfred had convened an universal assembly, resolved to turn thither his course, which he had previously intended to direct to Naples; and after a laborious journey among steep paths, and rendered the more painful by his irritated wounds, on the eighth day of his posting from Messer Ghino he arrived in sight of St. Agatha dei Goti. Whether he feared that he would not be able to conceal himself, or whether it was that he wished to shun the sight of human beings, Rogiero resolved not to enter that city, but to rest at the first inn he might meet in the country; and he did not proceed far before his eye fell upon a sign depicted against a wall. The painter had intended, as far as could be deciphered, to represent the moon in her first quarter, when it resembles, as Horace has said in one of his Odes (and the Muse knows with what pleasantness of conceit), the horns of a calf; certain black patches under the moon stood for clouds —at least, we believe so: above this marvellous work of art was inscribed the following distich:—

"When the darkness and silence of night begin
The sign of the moon doth invite you in."

"Truly," said Rogiero's brain to itself, without any impulse from volition, "Truly, the place might be somewhat less

wretched; but we cannot have everything that is good; the best thing is, that it is out of the way." While he was ruminating thus, a lad of strange aspect came out of a hut contiguous to the house, which was made up to serve as a stable; he was pallid, purblind, hare lipped; he had wild hair standing out straight; his head was extremely narrow in front, and widened behind, presenting the form of a money-bag: his clothes were patched with pieces of innumerable colours, so wonderfully inserted as to resemble tapestry. This boy, without saying a word, seized the bridle of Rogiero's horse, endeavouring to lead him along: the cavalier put forth his right hand armed with the iron gauntlet, and smote the hand of the rash youth in such a manner that he sprang back some paces, screaming out and blowing upon the part aggrieved.

"Thank Him whom you worship that I have done no worse to you," said Rogiero in a menacing tone; "for hitherto neither Christian nor Saracen can boast of having taken the bridle of my horse."

The lad, however, continued his lamentation; and by that ancient habitude which no reasoning will ever avail to eradicate from our mind—that is, the habit of thinking to repair all injuries, to check the flow of tears, and to stop the sensations of the soul by a piece of coined metal—our hero took out a florin and offered it to the lad. We know not how it happens, but children whose minds appear incapable of the most simple ideas, show themselves covetous of money beyond all other two-legged animals; though the mode of obtaining it, that of spending it, the things which it represents, and the reason why it represents them, are abstract matters not easily driven into the head of a child: perhaps the round and shining object absorbs their attention; perhaps (and this appears to me the most probable) the monetary science is, of all others, the most congenial to our nature, and is the only part of all Adam's wisdom which has remained infused in us. Rogiero had no sooner stretched out his hand with the florin, than his heart reproached him; and since the mechanical velocity of thought is, as my readers know, an efficacious argument of modern days to prove spirituality, in less than an instant our cavalier had recognised the discrepancy between a piece of money and an injury; and had acknowledged to himself the meanness of believing that he could thus repair wrong, and the folly of expecting to smother feeling by such means, with many other ideas too philosophical to be here related. Thus, therefore, Rogiero, admonished by his delicate feelings, was about to withdraw his hand and to offer, instead of the florin, words of apology, when the lad sprang eagerly at the money, and snatched it out of his fingers with both hands: then his features became tranquil, and his lips formed into a smile,

though the tears were still swelling in his eyes. Rogiero, accustomed to the knowledge of many human passions, and not a few of them degrading ones, could not refrain from exclaiming, "I should never have believed that even pain may be bought up by money!"

The lad followed him humbly, and showed him the place where he could best lodge his horse, and Rogiero, leaving his good Ali in charge, went towards the inn.

In the middle of the apartment stood the host; a strange figure to behold: tall, slender, with his shoulders so habitually shrugged up that he seemed to have no neck, to the great injury of his figure. His chest, unlike that of all others of his species, was neither flat nor convex, but hollow; he was lean as the kine that foretold to Pharaoh the Egyptian famine; his hands were fleshless, with nails that would have served the kites for talons; he seemed so transparent that one would expect to read in his heart by placing a light behind him, and in spite of the covering of his skin he could have served for the study of osteology; his forehead was low and narrow, his nose hooked below, and his chin turned up above, like two friends striving to embrace; his eyes crimson round the lids, but all else of a dull lead-colour; an ample mouth reaching to the ears, and forming an acute angle above the chin; a lover of comparisons might have likened it to the mouth of a death's head, such as we see on tombstones, and the colour would not have hindered the resemblance, for if the lips were not black, they certainly were not red. Though the portrait of this personage is but half drawn, the colouring fails us; therefore, we will conclude by saying that in his motions he appeared to be imitating apes and maniacs; his speech was at first slow, then hurried on till he slavered and sprinkled his saliva, and at last foamed at the mouth. The first idea his aspect excited was that of contempt, the second that of fear; if he had had a tail he might have passed for Moloch, the devil of avarice.

"Welcome," said the host the moment he perceived Rogiero, bowing profoundly, cap in hand, and scanning him from head to foot with the eye of a custom-house officer. "Welcome, sir knight. Wo is me! fortune could never have presented an opportunity in which I should more deeply lament the substance that I have been robbed of, than now, when I cannot honour as I would the knights who vouchsafe me their presence. Nevertheless I trust in St. Menna the Solitary, our holy protector, still to be able to serve you respectably for your money. You were born under a lucky star to have chanced at once upon the sign of the Moon: had you gone farther you would have found the Golden Eagle, the White Bear. Holy St. Menna! what fine signs! deceptions to fleece poor strangers! and *they* boast, indeed,

that *their* ducks are fatter than mine—just as if they did not breathe the same air; but I can tell you, sir knight, that they have served up, to those who have had the misfortune to put up there, more fowls that died of the pip than there are flowers in spring! and a lady of my acquaintance, who has been in the habit of going to those hells, assured me that the day before yesterday they induced a worthy gentleman to bury in his stomach a cat disguised as a hare. For my part I wonder the authorities do not look after it, were it only for the sake of the public health—suffice to say, that hereabouts things are ordered better. I am but a plain man, and know nothing of the learning of you cavaliers; but if you are pleased to command me, I should wish——"

Rogiero, after what he heard the host say, had made up his mind to be regaled with some wretched fare, and paid no further attention to him, but went towards a room, whence issued a confused sound of people talking loudly together. When he reached the threshold, he saw four men, wearing on their heads steel caps, part rusty, part dented and bruised, and on their bodies iron corslets: their daggers and partisans were laid by in a corner of the room; they were sitting at a table, alternately filling their throats with wine, and emptying them of discourse. These men, who belonged to one of those companies of armed vassals which every nobleman took a pride in keeping about him, rose on perceiving Rogiero, and saluted him respectfully, as from early habit they were accustomed to do to any one whose armour was adorned with gold or silver. Rogiero made a gesture of thanks, and signed to them to sit down again; but they attracted none of his attention, which was wholly rivetted upon a fifth person, who, the moment he saw Rogiero enter, moved with trembling haste away from a plate of dainty viands, substituting a handful of dried olives, and concealing his face, still more than before, in his hood, for he wore a pilgrim's dress. Yet, with all his care, he could not disguise himself from Rogiero, who, the moment he recognized him, felt a sudden sensation of dread like that which seizes us at a terrible narrative; we wish to interrupt the narrator, but the words die away on our lips—we wish to depart, but our feet seem rooted to the earth—a cold dew trickles down our icy forehead, and we dare not turn round our head. Ashamed of growing pale at the sight of a man whom he looked upon as contemptible, he gathered breath, and said with a deep inspiration, "You here, pilgrim?"

The utterance of these first words broke the spell, thought resumed its vigour, and feeling its power; and looking upon the four ribalds who were about him, he said to the pilgrim with a smile of scorn, "It appears to me, that henceforth you will not need any other company."

"Eh! he who seeks finds," replied the pilgrim. "The ship sails according to the wind; and a better head than mine originated the saying, 'stick to the saints in the church, and to the drunkards in the tavern.'"

"And unless I am greatly deceived, you are more fit for the last named than the first; and I may confirm to you to-day what I said to you that first evening on which I met you. I know not for what purpose you take pains to deceive me; but do you think you can do so by either eating, or abstaining in my presence, from the food on which you were just now regaling? Pursue your meal. for neither for that, nor for the olives, can I change my opinion of you; it is the countenance that speaks."

"Oh! well then, since you have seen me, I will continue to eat my meal, The hidden sin is half pardoned: but this time the entire debt may be written down against me," and as he spoke he swallowed large mouthfuls. "The worst thing, in my opinion, is scandal; in fact, I think where there is no scandal there is no crime. When men do not look on, Heaven shuts an eye, and lets pass——"

"Villainous idea! if the voice of conscience soothed you, do you think that of the world could disconcert you? The cedar of Lebanus may bend under the vehemence of the storm, but it does not break."

"As it is impossible, fair knight (continuing the use of allegory), that a cup-bearer running forwards with a cup filled to the brim should not let fall some drops, so it is impossible for a man to preserve his soul spotless to the grave: now as you would not blame the cup-bearer for concealing what had spilled from the cup, so you must not condemn a man for concealing the blackened spot of his soul with the part that remains white—'with art and deceit through half the year we beat: and with deceit and art we work through t'other part,' says the proverb."

He would have continued but for the entrance of the host, who brought Rogiero the food he had ordered: of what it consisted we cannot tell, nor how it was dressed, being wholly ignorant of gastronomy; and in this, as in all else, we yield the palm to the great Scottish romancer; suffice it to say that never had Rogiero partaken of a repast less relished and more lauded.

"I do not say it for boasting's sake, for pride is a foul sin," said the host; "but go to the Golden Eagle if you want to taste greens: go to the White Bear, there you would say the bread was shot in pellets from a crossbow. Wine? Oh! for wine I may swear I have it as good as King Manfred. Filippello of Faggiano, my cousin, who has been a servant at the court, assured me one day that they are exactly alike, my wine and the king's: nor do I charge in my house four tarins a bottle, as elsewhere; for though we be poor we have the fear of

God before our eyes: I buy it for three tarins* and a half, and I sell it for three tarins and three quarters; I shall make but little in this world, but patience! I shall save my soul in the next. In this life we are but pilgrims, as brother Jocundo saith, and in the other we shall have to abide more than a thousand years. I have been assured, fair sir, that the punishment of hosts in hell will consist of their being immersed in the water which they mixed with their wine; think how many fathoms deep the landlord of the Golden Eagle will be; indeed I am very sorry for him; he has a large family; as for the landlord at the White Bear, I do believe that if he got leave to swim up to the surface, he would spend all eternity in his passage."

While our host was chattering thus, he had opened a miserable napkin, and was about to spread it on a table, which the pilgrim seeing, he turned to Rogiero, and said: "Sir knight, if it will please you to accept of our company, I will not be discourteous to *you* as you have been to *me*; come freely; I will close up at one side, and I think I can make room for you to sit down."

Rogiero replied, looking askance at him: "Though you should hold the dog's place beside a table, where I should sit in the chair of the baron who casts him a bone, yet would I loathe to sit at such table."

"Said like a gallant gentleman, sir," interposed the host, feigning to take Rogiero's views, "this is what I call giving three loaves for two: and sweet wine for verjuice. Some men are as wise as others, sir pilgrim; and thus it often happens to those who are looking for finer bread than wheaten."

"Have I offended by offering to make room for him at my table?" answered the pilgrim; "but the example of him who offers a cur bread and gets his hand bitten is derived from old times.—However, I forgive it."

"Indeed!" replied Rogiero; "prove to me how you could do otherwise, and then I may thank you for your pardon."

The pilgrim fixed on Rogiero a malignant eye, like that of a viper, and said emphatically: "A spark has often burned down castles and abbeys: a worm has often destroyed the tallest oak on the mountains."

"Be silent, if you desire that I should think well of you; if there were in you but a shadow of virtue, you would boast less of yourself."

"This is not a fair argument; self-praise may be a defect, but it does not argue the absence of the qualities praised."

"I am ready to swear that if you had the power of the spark you would set on fire and burn; you are a reptile bruised upon the road——"

* A tarin is a Neapolitan coin, value about eight-pence sterling.

"I am a man—man is often hindered in doing good when he wills, but he does evil even when he wills it not."

"That night, when, without seeing your face I judged you a villain from the sound of your voice, certainly my mind did not deceive me. In truth I did not know then, nor do I know now, of what description is your iniquity; I know not whether you are a foolish or a clever villain; whether you are bad by art or by nature: you appear to me like a truculent visage half hidden in a cloak; like a spectre half mingled with the darkness. Each look is a horror, each word a stab to the heart. If it be true that there are serpents which have the power of numbing the sensations, you certainly are one in the human form."

"Cavalier, if the irritation of blood occasioned by *feigned misfortune* renders you prompt to outrage, and me patient to endure, remember that it may not always be granted to you to outrage. Although *I* may not fail in the virtue of sufferance, there is an eye that sees the wrongs of the weak, and a hand that repairs them."

"Oh, that I could once see it!"

"Could you bear the sight of it? It exists, although hidden; *the thunderbolt comes from a concealed hand.*"

The tone with which the pilgrim uttered these last words was so different from that which he had hitherto used, that Rogiero let his head drop, as if convulsed, upon the table. At that moment the pilgrim made signs to two of his companions, who arose and immediately stationed themselves beside the table where Rogiero sat. The host put his hands behind him, and seeing matters proceeding badly, he stole softly towards the door. No one spoke—for ten minutes at least all was silent; at length Rogiero began to murmur in a low voice: "It is he—it is the fatal man—the instrument of destiny—has not my soul heard his voice before with the same instinctive terror? Has not my blood congealed, and my pulse stopped?" And now he spoke with more energy: "It *is* he!" As he uttered these words he clenched his hands, stretched out his arms, and contracted all the muscles of his face, as if he exerted every faculty not to succumb to his anguish; and this he did several times. "Were he a demon incarnate, I would plunge together with him into the penal lake of fire, for I would clasp him to my girdle, nor would I leave him till he yielded me reason for his fiery persecution, for his deception. Wretch! I never injured him, I had never seen him, and he has tried to drive me mad—he has empoisoned my existence—but, fool! thou hast left me life enough to inflict death on *thee*, and if thou art capable of dying thou shalt die now."

He struck the table with his foot, and overturned it, throwing food, wine, utensils, everything upon the ground; he rose, his

look was terrible, his visage inflamed, his gesture as prepared to strike. Wo to the pilgrim if he had reached him, he would never have needed a physician to help him out of life. The two ribalds who stood beside him, caught him by the arm and by the breast, saying: "Where to, sir?"

"I have nothing to do with *you*—away!—leave me!—I must exchange a few words with yon demon."

"And you may say them at this distance just as well as nearer—and in truth it does not appear that you have had your tongue cut out."

"No, no—I must go close to him. Leave me, I tell you;" and he moved from them. "Leave me—I command you—I pray you"

"Do not go near him, sir knight, or I will play you a scurvy trick. Do not you know that the devil can burn? Here, Buccio, I say, hold him fast, and you, Giannozzo——"

"Parry it as you will," said Rogiero to the pilgrim, "you *must* tell me for what cause you have for so many months incited me to avenge a man who is not my father. Tell me—tell me, why have you driven me to madness?"

Rogiero redoubling his strength in a transport of rage, struggled to get loose from the ribalds, and to throw himself upon the pilgrim: but the men held him too fast and prevented him; yet being scarcely able to resist his violence, they were dragged along after him. The pilgrim, exulting as he was a moment before, became suddenly panic-stricken, and giving a push to the table sprang up to fly—the table was overturned like that of Rogiero, and all that was on it fell to the ground—perhaps the push given by fear was as violent as that given by fury—perhaps it was purposely placed unevenly by the host that it might fall on the first touch, and give him an opportunity of charging for all that was upon it.

"This is a good way to earn your lord's favour, sots!" yelled the pilgrim, running round the room. "Hold him, villains as you are; do not you see, if he escapes, we shall be all strangled by him?"

"Here's havoc!" cried the host at the other side; "here's havoc! Holy virgin! Oh! my poor dishes that I bought spick and span new at the fair of Piscitella! Gentlemen! you have broken a whole dozen for me, who is to pay for them? who? Let him that breaks pay—who pays?"

"You offer me violence," exclaimed Rogiero; "what means this? the moment I can grasp my sword: ah, wretches! treason! treason!"

"Go," said one of the ribalds to the host. "Go and bring all the ropes you have in the kitchen."

"But this is no part of——"

"What? do you think there is damage done to the value of

an agostaro? Why, if we burned your house with you and all your family in it, the loss would not amount to so much."

"See now if my prophecies have not come true?" said another ribald. "If from the beginning you had accustomed him to get a rap on the head for payment, as I advised you, he would not be troublesome now. Go directly, fellow, and bring the ropes."

"Consider: think——"

"If you utter another word," said the ribald, menacing him with his dagger, "by the soul of my father, you will never again answer any demand that may be made on you in this world."

The host, twisting his lips as if he tasted something bitter, departed immediately. Meanwhile, Rogiero strove to the utmost of his power to liberate himself, working with hands, feet, and teeth; and those whom he struck felt the pain for a whole day after; he uttered shrill cries; sometimes stricken down, by his strength and wonderful dexterity, though with the whole weight of a man on his body, he got his antagonist under, and rose up, trampling on his chest: there was an uproar and outcry that might be heard at the distance of half a mile round. And now the host returned with the cords in his hand, but dismay in his face. "There are people at hand!"

One of the ribalds put his head out of the window, and drew it in again with a savage oath.

The sound of persons approaching came nearer and nearer, and the host began to call out: "Let that cavalier alone, he is in my house, and shall be as safe here as in a church; if he has done you any wrong wait for him without—what do you mean by so many attacking one? Here is roguery, here is assassination! I swear by the body of———"

The ribalds laughed in his face: the pilgrim, who perceived the host's artifice, said to him: "Hark ye, Pierone! do you think that if you can hide this villany, there will not be enough remaining to bring you to the gallows? You have received an agostaro to help in capturing this cavalier if he put up at your house; here is another agostaro for you. The manner in which I throw money to you may convince you that it is not my own which I spend thus. He who has commanded me to arrest him is a personage who could hang you for merely giving drink to a thirsty man. You understand; show your sense, if you do not wish to see a coffin brought in here ere long."

The newly arrived persons burst into the chamber like a flood; they were vassals of a neighbouring Baron, who were attracted by the uproar: they inquired what was the matter, and some of them were inclined to liberate Rogiero, whom they would have delivered from the hands of the ribalds, if he had remained quiet; but when he saw the pilgrim, who was attempting

to conceal himself in the crowd, that he might escape, Rogiero could not help crying out, pointing to him: "Seize that serpent, that demon—for these many months he has been persecuting me."

All eyes turned on the pilgrim, who, knowing that he could not hide himself, stepped boldly forwards, and, turning to the oldest person present, joined his hands and raised his eyes, swimming in tears, and said: "Lord, who art wise and gracious in all thy works, whatever thou dost ordain is good, though it may come to us in the form of evil; yet, for the sake of the prayers of these faithful, and of me, a sinner, be pleased to deliver this poor mortality" (and he pointed to Rogiero) "from so much tribulation. Lo, how the enemy of the human race afflicts him—Lo, how the bad angel exults in his victory.——"

"Ah! traitor," cried Rogiero, with all his might, "let me come near you, and it will be seen which of us is possessed with a devil."

"Alas! see, my brethren," said the pilgrim, without heeding him, "see to what sin brings us: learn wisdom from the example of another—frequent religious duties, fast, pray, for the tempter is always on the watch:——"

"Wretches! Fools!" cried the unhappy Rogiero, foaming at the mouth, and gnashing his teeth.

"Hold him fast, brethren, yet tenderly; for though he is possessed, still he is a Christian; hold him, bind him for his own sake. Consider, brethren, the malignity of the demon which excites him against me, because I am an ecclesiastic. Wo to him if he struck me; he would immediately incur excommunication, the words of the canon are clear: '*Si quis suadente diabolo, hujus sacrilegii reatum incurrerit quod clericum vel monachum,*' *&c. &c.*"

The people, who had hurried in with an aspect of as much daring as would suffice to take a castle, would not now venture to approach; they crossed themselves, they muttered prayers; the most part stood afar off; some departed outright, retracing their steps; the old men prayed; the old women, incapable of feeling pity, took occasion, from the possession which they believed to be before their eyes, to recount all those that had happened in their days in the environs of the parish; the young men looked sometimes at their fathers, and sometimes at Rogiero, whom they thought had cause enough for his fury in being so villanously bound; yet, fearful of committing themselves, they remained silent, admiring the gravity of the paternal brows: the young women, whether it were from kindness, which evaporates in proportion as years advance, or whether it were from a weakness of character, advanced nearer to him than all the rest. "Poor young man," said they, "what a pity: how handsome

he is. Oh, if he could be cured, I would give the hat my uncle the priest brought me from the fair." "And I, my holiday veil."—"We will pray to God with our heart," said a very young girl, with a voice so sweet, that it seemed an angel's. "My mother tells me he is so good, and we will pray him to do a good act, and then he will hear us." And the other girls, following this advice, prayed fervently for the unhappy young man. But he was not to be thus relieved. Rogiero looked at them; nature had made them all handsome; but in the act of prayer they looked beautiful. He was born for such sensations; he breathed a sigh, and thought he felt soothed, as by a long rest; for some moments he saw only through the tears that filled his eyes; already he began to speak more placidly than usual, and those who held him would have willingly released him, on condition that he would spare their lives; when the pilgrim, who knew the danger of the situation, began to exhort them: "Do not be deceived by this apparent tranquillity, my brethren; landlord, bring me the holy water—observe, sirs, how great is the malignity of the demon, who feigns to retire the moment he is conquered; you shall see how he will contort himself at the sprinkling of the holy water," and taking the water, he threw it in Rogiero's face—"say the paternoster."

"Oh! this is insupportable," exclaimed Rogiero; kill him; slay that stabber of innocent hearts!" and he struggled to free himself from the hands of his tormentors, and slay or be slain. His state can be more easily imagined than described; an idea may be given of it by saying that those who passed for the most valiant fled, making great signs of the cross. He had now exhausted every species of imprecation which outraged feeling can put into the mouth of a desperate man, and the fictitious pilgrim, with an impious abuse, had put in practice the holy exorcisms; and yet the demon did not depart, because there was none. The ribalds looked from time to time towards the door to see if the crowd was dispersing: it was much diminished, but still enough remained to cause some restraint. The host in this case spoke to the pilgrim as follows: "Sir pilgrim, you, as an ecclesiastic, must know better than me, that to exorcise demons, holiness of life alone is not enough; the faculty of grace also is required: you may perhaps have received the power of expelling devils, but this one is certainly beyond your skill."

The pilgrim bit his nether lip for not having himself first started this idea; nevertheless, he determined to avail himself of it, and with an humble aspect he replied: "Lo, the dust had forgotten its insignificance, and its presumption is punished. Who am I, poor sinner, that I should undertake miracles granted only to the saints? Who am I, omitting thus the sacred ceremonies, the stole, and other things necessary to the office of the exorcist? Bre-

thren, a greater degree of grace than mine is needed to deliver this afflicted man. I advise that he should be brought somewhere that we may have the relics of the saints applied to him."

When the treacherous pilgrim had spoken, the simple people cried out; "Bring him to St. Agatha's, to the body of St. Menna; that has wrought so many miracles that perhaps it may work this also."

"To St. Agatha—to St. Agatha!" repeated all present; and it need not be told how glad the ribalds were to hear it, for each of them thought he felt the tightening of a halter round his throat. They took up the dead weight of the unfortunate young man, who had fainted from the extremity of his anguish, and exclaiming: "Give place, Christians, for charity: make way for the possessed!" And adding vigorous thrusts and pushes to their exclamations, they accomplished their exit through the door. The host had quietly and cunningly retreated into the corner where Rogiero had left his weapons, and the heaviest part of his armour, and, while the muscles of his mouth played a little at the word *charity*, his brain thought, "If those rascals do not recollect these arms, by turning them into money I shall rather advance than retard the adventure; so true it is that the loss of one is the gain of another." One of the ribalds, as he was leaving the chamber, turned round and benumbed the course of these speculations in the host's mind; perhaps, if the crowd had not suddenly closed behind him, he would have returned for the arms: the host saw him cross the threshold with the joy of a criminal, who, when on the steps of the scaffold, hears his pardon pronounced; he opened those hands which in themselves gave an idea of rapine, spread them, trembling with the certainty of the gain, over the armour; then with oblique steps and his head turned round, like the cat when it has committed a theft, he rapidly crossed the chamber and went to hide his booty under the wood and charcoal.

The ribalds, who had a litter with two good horses prepared for the transportment of Rogiero, shut him up within it, and mounting themselves on their nags, they at first took their way, at an easy pace, towards St. Agatha dei Goti.

The town now appeared at hand, and the crowd was not diminishing; and the pilgrim did not choose to enter St. Agatha's: he had been thinking along the road of some new artifice, and none appeared possible; but being forced to adopt some scheme, he called to the oldest men in the company and said to them: "I have determined, brethren, upon bringing the poor demoniac to Benevento."

"Why so, holy pilgrim?"

"Because in that place there is the image of our Lady of Peace, which is expressly for these kind of miracles."

"Pilgrim, it seems to me that you have never been to the church of St. Menna, and you do not know that the brethren are obliged to renew their conventual vow every year, and to hang it up in the refectory."

"True, my brethren; *but* in the end, St. Menna is only a Norman saint, and Mary of Peace is a greater saint than he is; and is the mother of our Lord."

"Truly I cannot say but you speak piously, yet St. Menna has done so many——"

"That he may do this miracle also? who denies it? But leave the saints alone, and let us speak of human things: my brother, you know better than I that St. Agatha's is only a bishopric, and Benevento is an arch-bishopric; now in the hierarchy an archbishop is much more powerful than a bishop; and supposing that one should succeed, and the other not, tell me brother, would not your conscience prick you for having sent him thus from Herod to Pilate?"

"You speak piously, *but* St. Menna has done so many miracles—"

"That he will do others yet? who denies it? No Christian can; *but* what says the prophet: *Onagras silvester intelligisne, me velle ducere illum in ore leonis, in capite draconis.*"

The poor man, thunderstruck by the Latin, dared not answer a word; the *ore leonis*, and *capite draconis* had thrilled him within and without, soul and body—he hid himself among the crowd. Suddenly the news that they were not going to St. Agatha spread among the people, whereupon the greater part dispersed, and returned to their dwellings; by degrees as they advanced on the road to Benevento, and left St. Agatha behind, other volunteers began to follow more slowly, then to rest, then to turn towards home: the convoy broke up like a bit of linen unravelling in the fingers of an old woman. Night began to draw its veil over everything, and by degrees closed around with a deepening obscurity; then the ribalds, reflecting that they were followed only by a few young men, who would have done something else besides walking on foot at night, fifteen miles of a mountain road, were it not that their fair ones had taken it into their heads to see the end of the adventure, determined to be left entirely alone, and in this intent, without wasting another moment, they turned their horses, and dashed in among the followers, dealing heavy blows right and left with the handle of their partizans.

"Away vassals: away fellows:" they shouted between the blows; "home with you; the hour is late, and the way is long—home: for to morrow's dew will fall on your heads."

The vassals had already, as we have said, sufficient inclination to return; and now that such persuasive arguments were added to

it, it may be guessed how they spread out their legs, and shoved them to the earth; and truly it may be said that he who runs, runs, but he who flies, flies; they arrived at home all together, and reported much news, part true, part false, and wanted to arm themselves and follow the ribalds, and take such a revenge as might be inscribed on stone, and remembered for a thousand years. But an old man rising up bade them remember that they were weary, and that they had but two legs, whilst the ribalds were flying on four—whence, in his opinion, the best thing they could do was to go to sleep, in order to rise in the morning rested and refreshed, so that they could pursue them with better success. The young men looked at each other and said nothing; then they dispersed, to consign to their sheets both their words and their thoughts of blood.

THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.*

A TALE.

CHAPTER IX.

The first few days of Nathalie's abode under her guardian's roof were not characterized by any particular occurrences.

Soothed by the kindness and affection she experienced, the young girl at length began to emerge from the grief and despondency to which she at first had been a prey; and her reviving energies daily acquired new development under the anxious care and fond attention of Madame de la Regnie; for whom she already entertained the warmest regard.

Indeed, the lady's unwearying assiduity in contributing to her comfort, and the benevolent efforts to alleviate her grief, had produced a corresponding sentiment of trust and affection in the young girl's breast, and their intercourse had assumed the confidential character of lengthened friendship.

The courteous demeanour and frankness of manner of Alfred Derval, had also completely captivated his new friends, and the favourable impression he had made upon them, at first sight, had become confirmed; and whilst the nature of the business he

* Continued from page 172, vol. xlvii.

was engaged in, and of his ordinary occupations, produced analogy of feelings and sentiments between him and the old count, and served to rivet the bond of union which mutual esteem had first established between them, the participation in the mystery attending the commission he had been charged with for the countess, ignorant though he was of its import, naturally engendered a feeling of interest upon his part, and of confidence and obligation upon hers, which speedily ripened into intimacy. Besides, Madame de la Regnie had quickly become aware of the tender nature of the young man's sentiments towards her child, which manifested itself to her watchful regard in a thousand different ways, and which, indeed, he took no great pains to conceal, assured as he felt of her friendly sympathy.

Raoul de Bussy had been very assiduous in his inquiries after the health of his affianced bride, from the very moment of her arrival in the capital, and had strictly observed the rules of good breeding and politeness in despatching numerous elegantly-penned notes to Monsieur and Madame de la Regnie, to solicit the honour of their acquaintance, and requesting permission to pay them his *devoirs*.

The old count, however, in conformity with the severe etiquette of the age in which he lived, and of which he had been through life the strictest observer, courteously declined acceding to his entreaties, until his charge's first days of mourning should be over.

Nothing could exceed the vexation of Raoul at this delay in the execution of his schemes, for he lived in continual dread of detection in regard to some one or other of the various nefarious transactions he had been at different times engaged in, and of thus seeing his master-stroke, as he was wont to consider his plan for appropriating the fortune of the wealthy heiress, rendered abortive.

Besides, his slender resources were daily diminishing. It was with the greatest difficulty he could appease the numerous creditors who beset him, and contrive to keep up appearances, and maintain the figure in the world which was so necessary to the accomplishment of his designs.

The small sums of money which Orsola, sanguine as she still was of the success of their project, from time to time supplied him with, could never indeed have sufficed to furnish the means of the lavish expenditure he thought it requisite to indulge in, even for a limited period, had he not, regardless of his confederate's injunctions, contrived to augment his means through the medium of the gambling-table, at which, by calling into requisition the various tricks of cheating, and sleight of hand at which he was so great an adept, invariably using false cards, and loaded dice, and selecting his victims among the youthful and inexperience, his success was certain. Still, in this, as in other

things, suspicion might at last be awakened, and entail investigation upon the part of the man he most dreaded coming in contact with: and thus were his misgivings continually assailing him, and his fears incessantly upon the alert.

At length, however, the day arrived which the count had fixed for the reception of his ward's future husband, and he was invited to come and pass the evening at the Hotel de la Regnie.

His proposed visit was communicated to Nathalie by Madame de la Regnie, as they sat together in the boudoir of the latter, busily engaged in embroidery and various occupations.

The girl's head was bent down still lower over her work, as she listened to the announcement, whilst a crimson flush suffused her brow.

"Monsieur de Bussy's patience has been put to a severe trial, that one must allow," continued Madame de la Regnie, after pausing for a moment in expectation of some reply from the young girl; "but the count's notions of propriety are so strict, that all the entreaties of the gallant gentleman failed in gaining him admittance sooner."

Nathalie still maintained her former motionless posture, and not a sound escaped her utterance.

"What ails you, dearest?" continued Madame de la Regnie, affectionately. "You, but a minute ago so cheerful, and talking away with so much animation; and now! not a word of thanks, not a comment upon my joyful tidings."

"Can I think of quitting you without regret, *chère mama?*" returned the young girl, eagerly, and addressing her kind protectress by a term of endearment their confirmed intimacy had engendered; "and Monsieur le Comte," continued she, "so kind, so full of attention to my every wish; I cannot bear the thought of separation."

"And think you that we do not experience equal pain at losing you, my child?" replied the lady, tenderly. "You, our joy! our delight! You, whose presence gladdens our every feeling. But we have your future welfare too much at heart to allow selfish motives to interfere with the projects which your father, in his prudent foresight, had determined upon. And, besides, we do not mean to allow Monsieur de Bussy entirely to monopolize your society," added she, cheerfully; "but intend persuading him to take an hotel in this neighbourhood, and then we shall meet frequently, almost daily, I trust."

And Madame de la Regnie continued to expatiate upon the advantages which must accrue from so brilliant a connexion, and one in which wealth, pleasing manners, distinguished origin, and every attribute the most generally sought after, seemed to combine to render desirable. For, independently of perusing Monsieur d'Aubray's confidential communications upon the sub-

ject, to her husband, she had privately interrogated Katarina as to the impression de Bussy had made upon the domestics of the deceased, and as to the general estimation in which he was held at Bordeaux; and as Raoul had taken particular pains to ingratiate himself with every one around him (no difficult task to one of his handsome exterior and lively manners), the old woman's report was as favourable as even the doting mother could desire.

Even Derval also, in his integrity of heart, could not but allow, whilst he disclaimed any intimate knowledge of his rival's character and pursuits, that his outward bearing was that of a polished and well-bred gentleman.

But vainly did the lady strive to decoy her listener into a participation in the satisfaction she herself experienced at the prospect which awaited her; vainly did she seek to arouse her interest in the glowing picture which hope designed and fancy painted, and awaken confidence and sincerity in return.

Upon this, as upon many other occasions when she had alluded to the same subject, in hopes of resolving her doubts and inducing a disclosure of her daughter's sentiments, the young girl's former reserved manner returned. She answered but in monosyllables when directly appealed to, or only chimed in, in her remarks, to strive to turn the conversation into a different channel.

Nevertheless, the lady's anxiety caused her to persist in her efforts to elicit some manifestation of the young girl's feelings, and vanquish her taciturnity, upon a subject of such vital interest.

Again did she bring forward all that she had heard of the amiability and accomplishments of the future bridegroom his benevolence, his liberality; and concluded her panegyric by what, she imagined, would be a weighty argument in corroboration of all she advanced, and that was, that Monsieur Derval, as well as all the casual visitors at Monsieur d'Aubray's house, had been captivated with Monsieur de Bussy's society.

Creature of impulse as she was, Nathalie, could not conceal the expression of amazement which overspread her physiognomy, nor hide the sudden tremour which caused her every limb to quake and shrink back, as from the touch of an electric wire, at this concluding assertion of her companion, and her agitation became perhaps the more apparent from the violence of her efforts to sudue it.

The suspicion which had several times crossed Madame de la Regnie's mind was at once confirmed. Yes! the young man's passion was reciprocated, his manly fortitude, his courageous disinterestedness, had served to mature affection's growth, instead of destroying the germ which esteem had planted, and gratitude developed; and love it was, pure and ardent love,

which had gained possession of the young maiden's soul, and caused her to turn with loathing from the dazzling picture presented to her view, from aught entailing separation from the cherished object of her affections.

Distracted at the thought, the lady sought in vain the means of averting a crisis so fraught with danger, so replete with misery, and of anticipating the evils which already overshadowed her daughter's path, and threatened to blight her every future joy. For right well she knew the potency of girlhood's tender impulses, the absorbing nature of the youthful sensibilities of the heart, its tenacity in clinging to the object which first aroused them amid all the varied phases of life's busy scene, and easily did she call to mind the bitter pangs of separation, the agony of bereavement.

What could she, what should she do? Fully aware as she was, of the inflexibility of her husband's character in the discharge of every duty, whether in his public character, or in private life, she dared not impart to him her discovery: for she knew he would never consent to depart from the solemn injunctions of his dying friend, nor sanction what, in his frigid stoicism, he would look upon as the encouragement of a daughter's opposition to her parent's will.

The thought too of Derval, whose share in subverting her father's plan, by having (though most unconsciously) possessed himself of her youthful affections, would appear in Monsieur de la Regnie's eyes, an act of unpardonable ingratitude towards his benefactor, and one, by the commission of which, he had forfeited all title to his further regard. No, she could not—dared not—risk the avowal.

Again and again did she reflect upon the means of averting the threatening evil, and rack her brain in anxious doubt, when on a sudden she bethought herself of the only expedient which apparently remained in such an advanced stage of the affair, and that was, as soon as opportunity offered, to make an appeal to the generosity of the intended bridegroom himself, and from all she had heard of his character she was induced to indulge in sanguine hopes of success in prevailing upon him voluntarily to relinquish his pretensions in favour of his more fortunate competitor.

How little did the unhappy woman divine who the expected bridegroom was! How little did she anticipate the agonizing juncture which awaited her, and to which all her former sufferings would sink into comparative insignificance.

Nothing then was to be done for the moment, but to allow affairs to proceed: rousing herself therefore from her reveries, she strove to prevent her daughter brooding over the painful intelligence she had imparted to her, by discoursing of divers

trifling subjects, and thus contrived to while away the remaining hours of the day.

CHAPTER X.

VARIED and multifarious were the sensations of Raoul de Bussy as he proceeded in his coach from the handsome apartments he had taken to the Hotel de Regnie. For whilst the brilliancy of the prize in view, arousing his cupidity, encouraged him to risk his all upon a single venture, and wilfully tempt destruction to obtain his wicked ends, the natural weakness and timidity of his character would incessantly conjure up a thousand apprehensions to disturb his golden dreams and stem his fancy in its flight.

Involved as he was on all sides, pursued by creditors, exposed to momentary detection in his abandoned courses, terrified by the menaces of his associate into compliance with her will, or tempted onward by her artful reasoning and deceptive eloquence,—his passions inflamed—his doubts derided—his irresolution scoffed at—he had at length been driven to desperation and induced to pursue a scheme, which after the unexpected turn events had taken, was so fraught with danger, and which his calmer judgement warned him to abandon.

Vanity also, the alluring sycophant of evil desires, brought her mighty influence to bear upon his perturbed feelings, and administered a sweet restorative to his agitated mind, as he gazed upon his handsome person in the pocket mirror he held before him. Could suspicion ever attach itself to one of so distinguished an air, of so imposing a deportment? Would not his appearance alone suffice to silence the voice of slander, and stifle the breath of idle rumour—would not one glance from his expressive eye, overawe the timid woman who had surprised his secret but dared not reveal it? And the girl, the artless child of affluence, the stepping-stone to fortune's treasures—would not she alike be dazzled and beguiled, and fall a willing victim to his blandishments, as the wretched Heloise de St. Croix had done before her, especially when marriage was the tempting bait, and a father's commands the incentive? Could Derval, the poor advocate, the "manant," the obscure commoner, ever compete with him, the glittering courtier—the distinguished nobleman? Would not his ascendency be instantly destroyed, when *he* should take the field to claim the ratification of his treaty? And Raoul surveyed himself with renewed complacency, and smiled as he thought of his audacious rival's overthrow.

In his desire to captivate his new acquaintances, the future bridegroom had taken care also to call into requisition, the resources of art to heighten the natural elegance of his appearance. The long-waisted and wide-skirted coat of crimson velvet in which he was attired, was profusely trimmed and embroidered at the cuffs and button-holes with gold lace. His ample nether garments, of the same material as the coat, were confined at the knee by ribbons of white satin edged with golden fringe, as was also his flowing shoulder-knot and vest of long dimensions: his cravat and ruffles were of the finest lace, his hose of snow-white silk; whilst his high-quartered and red-heeled shoes of varnished leather were adorned with red satin rosettes of which a diamond formed the centre. The hilt of the short rapier which dangled transversely behind him, was richly sculptured, and also the golden clasp which looped up his low-crowned beaver.

Short was the time afforded him for cogitation, for his coachman, thinking to gain his master's favour, drove at a rapid pace, and dashed into the court-yard of the hotel, ere the latter, absorbed in his reflections, was at all aware of its proximity.

Mounting the staircase with a firm step, he was quickly ushered into the spacious saloon in which Monsieur and Madame de la Regnie, Nathalie and Alfred Derval were assembled to receive him.

Upon his name being announced the old count advanced a few paces towards the door, and after the first salutations were over, courteously led him across the room to present him to his lady.

Exchanging a stiff bow with Derval as he passed, Raoul strained every nerve to maintain his composure and subdue the agonizing apprehensions which assailed him at this, the critical juncture he had so long dreaded; for he felt that the surprise attendant upon the first startling moment of recognition might deprive the unhappy woman of all power of dissimulation, much as she might be impressed with the danger of a disclosure in her own perilous position.

This crisis once surmounted also, his success was certain, and nought could wrest the victim from his grasp! Boldly advancing then he tortured his features into a smile, which little harmonized with the ashy paleness of his cheek and the almost convulsive throbbing of his lowering brow.

Madame de la Regnie surveyed him for an instant with a benevolent expression of interest, when on a sudden the appalling truth burst upon her bewildered senses. Yes, it *was* he! the ruthless assassin, the diabolical miscreant, whose colloquy with the poison-vendor she had overheard upon that dreadful night! whose grasp had caused her blood to curdle in her veins! and the victim—the murderer's helpless pray, was her own long lost child, the cherished daughter of her hopes: and her teeth

chattered and articulation failed her, and when, after a mechanical salutation, and shrinking from her agonized regard, de Bussy turned towards the trembling maiden beside her, she bethought her of her dream, uttered a faint shriek and fell back in a swoon!

Raoul stood for a moment aghast, his knees quaked, his heart sickened as he encountered the interrogating glance of the old man's piercing eye, and unmindful of appearances, and obeying the frantic impulse of terror alone, he rushed from the apartment, almost before Nathalie had been aware of his entrance, or raised her downcast eyes.

The whole scene had passed with such rapidity that the two gentlemen and Nathalie, gazing at each other in silent wonderment, would have been almost inclined to believe themselves the victims of an optical delusion, had not the distressing state of Madame de la Regnie convinced them of the reality of what they had witnessed.

Their first care was of course directed to the unhappy lady. Raising her lifeless form from off the sofa, they bore her to the adjoining bed-chamber, and vainly administered all the restoratives they could devise.

As Alfred Derval was awaiting in the deserted *salon* the return of the messenger he had despatched for medical assistance, and pondering upon the strange events which had just occurred, his eye suddenly fell upon a small box which he recollected observing that Monsieur de Bussy held in his hand upon his entrance, and which, in his confusion, he had left behind him half open upon the table. In his listless impatience the young man was induced to lift the cover and examine the contents, when the sight which met his regard caused him to start back in amazement.

Among the sparkling diamonds the casket contained, was one of a larger size than the rest, and of a somewhat irregular shape, and which, forming the centre of the principal ornament, a long necklace, was so displayed as immediately to catch the eye of the beholder.

Snatching a printed hand-bill from his pocket, a single glance assured him of the truth of his suspicions—the stolen jewels of the unhappy Heloise de St. Croix lay upon him!—for it was these same jewels which Orsola had given to her associate to offer to his affianced bride, having succeeded in bribing the Jew to whom they had been pawned, and with whom she had had various dealings, into lending them to her for a short period; and having taken the precaution of getting them entirely reset, and the slight peculiarity which afforded so irrefragable a proof of their identity entirely escaping her observation, had imagined discovery to be impossible.

The description given by the "aubergiste" of the man Derval

was in search of also tallied, in many respects, with the person of Monsieur de Bussy, and the conviction that they were one and the same individual broke at once upon the young man's mind.

Not a moment was to be lost then, in following the traces of the culprit. Hastily summoning two police agents who were in constant attendance at the hotel, he dispatched them in quest of his retreat, until he himself should follow; and waiting only to write upon a slip of paper the following hasty words for Monsieur de la Regnie:—

"All is discovered! the countess's alarm is accounted for—De Bussy is no other than the villain we are in search of! *à tantôt* Monsieur le President.—Alfred Derval." He caught up his beaver and rapier and hurried forth to join in the pursuit.

Upon first emerging from the portal of the mansion, de Bussy reeled and staggered about, as it were in a state of inebriety, the surrounding objects swam before his eyes, or seemed to whirl round with frightful velocity and dazzling oscillations in one overwhelming vortex of confusion; and then, as he paused for an instant to collect his scattered senses, shouts and murmurs seemed to break upon his ear, and he thought he heard the voices of his pursuers! Running madly through the dimly-lighted streets, starting at every sound, trembling at every shadow, it was not until exhaustion completely benumbed his aching limbs that his mental powers in any degree regained their equilibrium, and allowed him to reflect upon the means of extricating himself from the desperate emergency in which he was involved.

He doubted not that the unhappy lady, heedless of the consequences, had avowed the cause of her affright, and that all was discovered. He must seek then the abode of Orsola, and at all hazards possess himself of the fatal letter, which he conceived to be the only tangible proof existing of his being the author of the wretched Heloise de St. Croix's misfortunes and death.

With respect to his complicity with the fortune-teller in the plan for appropriating Mademoiselle d'Aubray's fortune, that would rest upon the testimony of one witness alone, and which, powerful as it was, might admit of various points of controversy; however many proofs of his confederate's real character might be furnished by a domiciliary examination by the police, and thus while her condemnation was almost certain, none of the same grounds for implicating him in any criminal proceeding would exist, were the momentous document once destroyed. Somewhat re-assured by these considerations, he drew his beaver down over his eyes and hastily bent his steps towards the abode of his accomplice.

In abruptly turning the angle of a street, he had well-nigh come in contact with two shabbily attired individuals, who, as he stepped aside to avoid their encounter, appeared to gaze upon him with a peculiar expression of impudent assurance.

Cowering beneath their glance, and quickly brushing past them, Raoul turned aside into a narrow and obscure alley, which branched out in the same direction as the open street into which it again led a short distance further on.

The feverish sensitiveness of guilt, ever ready to impart a glaring colouring even to the most dimly traced and feebly embodied objects which strike upon the mirror of the eye, and lend its most magnifying proportion to the most ordinary events, caused Raoul momentarily to relapse into his former state of apprehension at this trifling interruption to his progress. Stifling his fears by increased velocity of motion also, he proceeded on his way at a rapid pace, and soon arrived at the fortune-teller's abode, not however before his alarm had been again excited by the shadow of a male figure which the light of a flickering *reverbère* cast upon the wall of an adjacent house, and which, upon his turning round, immediately disappeared. Was he watched? Were de la Regnie's myrmidons already upon his traces? But his better reason speedily prevailed; he was not the only dweller in that great city, who was still abroad at that early hour of the evening, the only wayfarer who sought the shades of night to hide "the throes and struggles" of a troubled mind.

No sooner was the street door shut behind him, however, than the two men he had encountered, stealthily emerged from an obscure corner, and whilst one took up his station before the house, the other walked hurriedly away.

CHAPTER XI.

Upon de Bussy's entrance into the apartments of his ally, he found her seated in the laboratory, and by the light of a globular lamp, busily engaged in amalgamating the contents of various phials and gallipots which lay around her, whilst an earthen vessel, containing an infusion of sweet-smelling herbs and aromatic roots, was seething over a *guéridon* filled with charcoal, and emitting a fragrant effluvium hroughout the abode.

Scarcely raising her head, and without in the least disarranging herself from the occupation she was so intent upon, Orsola received her visitor with a complacent smile.

"You are back early, Raoul," said she. "I should have thought it impossible to have despatched your visit with so much celerity; the stately manners of the old people and mawkish "niaiserie" of the die-away little wench were too irksome to bear with a moment longer than was strictly necessary, I suppose. Come, out with your tale; how were you received? How did our old friend comport herself? I dare be sworn she did not."—

"I came not to answer idle questions," interupted Raoul bluntly, "we must part, Orsola, and that instantly!"

"What! again your idle fears! again your craven apprehensions!" exclaimed she bitterly. "I blush for you Raoul."

"I must have the letter!" continued he in the same tone of dogged resolution, and heedless of her revilings.

"You are mad Raoul!" retorted she, "or the fumes of your afternoon potations have obscured your intellects. Again I warn you to beware how you defy me! Is this your return for all the services I have rendered you?" continued she with great volubility as he attempted a reply. "Is this my reward for keeping you from beggary, and lending a helping hand to save you from disgrace and punishment?"

"The letter!" interrupted he, in a menacing tone, and firmly clenching his teeth together.

A shrill and contemptuous laugh was her only reply.

Maddened by the delay, "I must and will have it!" cried Raoul wildly, "approach me at your peril." And rushing to the writing table which stood by the fortune-teller's side, covered with papers and receipts, he snatched his dagger from his breast and vigorously strove to wrench open the lid.

Orsola's eye detected his sudden movement at a glance. Starting up she seized upon his arm with the convulsive gripe of a tigress, whilst her forehead swelled with fury, and her dark eyes seemed to flash with fire.

"Villain! base and perjured villain!" cried she, as he struggled to free himself from her frantic grasp, "hold or I scream for help!"—and vainly did he strive to unlock her slender fingers; vainly did he seek to crush them against the wall, and dash her to the ground with reckless violence. She bravely maintained her hold, foaming with rage and pouring forth the bitterest invectives that human tongue could utter: at length, however, her strength began to fail, and she loudly screamed for assistance.

"Silence, woman!" cried he furiously, "or beware!" and he brandished the dagger he held in his unfettered hand, aloft.

"Never whilst I live!" responded she with redoubled shrieks. "Coward! miscreant! I fear you not!" and more she would have said, when Raoul in a frenzy of desperation, buried the glistening weapon to the hilt in her heaving bosom, and the words died away in the gurgling of the ebbing life-blood:—and then, reeling forwards, she fell a gory corpse upon the floor.

Dropping the deadly weapon of his wrath, the murderer stood for an instant rivetted to the spot. He had ruthlessly shed the blood of a defenceless woman! and she too the unflinching partner of his fortunes during years of turbulent vicissitudes, the confidant of his hopes and fears, the cherished mistress of his

youthful days. And, hardened profligate as he was, all other feelings gave place to one of agonizing remorse, and he had well nigh cast himself upon the floor beside the lifeless victim of his fury, and implored forgiveness from her dying lips. But repentance came too late! the vital spark was gone for ever! The form, but now so full of life, of nerve, of energy, lay at his feet a bloody livid mass, the mere cold receptacle of the busy spirit which had fled for ever, and left it to decay and wither like the sapless branch, the rotten stem, of the lightning-stricken forest tree!

And now a red and lurid flame suddenly broke forth and roused the sinner from his torturing reflections. In her fall the unhappy woman had overturned the lamp which stood upon the table, and fire had quickly communicated to the papers and other inflammable objects which lay around. But it was especially when the raging element reached the naphtha, turpentine, and spirits of wine, used by the deceased for chemical experiments and other purposes, and which were stowed away upon the shelves of the narrow recess, that its full fury developed itself; and whilst the most stifling and overpowering fumes and vapours diffused themselves around, streams of burning liquid pouring forth from the blackened jars and cracking bottles, speedily attained the furniture and draperies, and rendered the conflagration general, except where the blood which issued from the reeking body of the mistress of the abode, opposed a counteracting influence to its progress.

He must fly instantly, or destruction was inevitable. Turning his starting eyes away as he passed the bleeding corpse, and shuddering as he came within its immediate contact, he gained the door—darted through the antechamber—and was already upon the landing, when a noise from below broke upon his affrighted ear! Pausing for a few seconds he leaned over the iron bannister panic-stricken and bewildered, and the sound increased and confused murmurs became audible, and angry clamours and savage cries!—and then—or did not his ear deceive him? The clank of arms was heard and the measured tread of soldiery—and then! and this time he was certain there was *no* deception: the voice of Alfred Derval in active parley with the old portress—and tottering back he leaned against the door-post for support.

Yes! his retreat was discovered—all escape was hopeless! nothing remained but boldly to face the myrmidons of justice or passively await the devouring element's approach.

Impotent rage now replaced his former abject terror. He tore his hair—he beat his throbbing head against the wall, cursing his evil lot, and ejaculating the bitterest imprecations, when a faint ray of hope suddenly calmed his paroxysms and breathed fresh vigour into his trembling frame. The roof of the next house, considerably lower than the one he was in, slanted down

within a few feet of the window of the fortune-teller's bedroom, adjoining the laboratory. Could he not jump upon it, and seek a hiding place upon the top of the contiguous habitations, or descend unseen into the street through the trap-door of some "grenier?" and he recollected too, that he had once in drunken bravado, well nigh attempted the perilous spring, as he and Orsola sat in mirthful joviality at the open casement. No, his lucky star, his protecting genius had not abandoned him, and had mercifully suggested the expedient. But how to force a passage through the flames? how to reach the loop-hole of salvation? and, O, horror! must he not again come in contact with the pallid remains?—and her glassy eye would glare upon him again—her livid finger point at him in fitful mockery —and his teeth chattered, his hair stood on end at the only thought! Summoning all his resolution, however, he rushed back into the apartment, struggled through the murky stench and sickening vapours, boldly retraced his steps beside the stiffened corpse, and throwing open the window had already placed his foot upon the sill, when a firm grasp upon his shoulder caused him to quake with agonizing dismay—his heart palpitated, his head grew dizzy. Was it the spectre of the murdered woman which hung upon his traces?—an imp of Satan come to revel in his agony? And the glance he stole behind him, as the breezes of the night somewhat restored his prostrate courage, had well nigh confirmed him in his idea; for a shining, swarthy visage, hideously convulsed, a pair of fiery eyes rolling in their sockets, and sparkling with fiendish rage, encountered his terrified regard, and but for the herculean gripe, he would have sunk upon the ground and cried for mercy.

It was the negro boy. Alarmed by the shrieks of his mistress he had entered just at the moment of the consummation of the horrid deed, and fearful lest he also should fall a victim to the assassin's rage, had hid himself until he quitted the apartment, then emerging from his retreat, he knelt down beside the corpse and supporting the head upon his shoulder, tried to staunch the ebbing stream, and recal departed animation. Bitterly did he weep when all his efforts proved unavailing, for whilst stern to others, to him she had been ever gentle, and had rewarded his fidelity by repeated acts of kindness.

His first sentiment of affright had speedily given place to one of exasperation towards the murderer, who had besides always behaved to him with brutality. A silent witness to his return, he could not bear to see him escape the penalty of his crime, and obeying the impulse of mingled sorrow and revenge, was determined to oppose his flight, even at the peril of his own life.

"Unhand me, reptile! worm! accursed hound! unhand me or I strike you dead," cried Raoul, as soon as he became aware who it was that assailed him.

"Murder! assassin! help, help!" shouted the lad in the shrill and guttural accents of his race, and clinging like a serpent round the body of his opponent.

A fearful struggle ensued. Raoul's superior strength had almost yielded to the cat-like agility and elasticity of limb of the young African, when the latter's foot slipping, he loosened his grasp, reeled aside, and as the fugitive bounded from the window, fell almost into the arms of Alfred Derval, who was rushing in at the head of a company of "mousquetaires," and with the "exempt" who commanded it at his side.

Raoul alighted in safety upon the projecting roof: but now a new obstacle awaited him. The frost had rendered the slanting tiles so smooth and slippery, that to maintain a footing upon them was a work of the greatest difficulty, whilst to clamber up them was next to impossible. In a kneeling posture, and thrusting his lacerated fingers between the crevices, he managed to support himself for a few seconds, and the shouts of the assembled multitude roared in his ear from the yawning abyss behind him, and the glare from the blazing rafters flashed before his eyes, and the quickly spreading flames approached—and anon his hands grew palsied and benumbed and refused any longer to maintain their hold; and in the agony of despair he shrieked aloud for help, and with a convulsive bound made one last effort to surmount the acclivity, when again his feet slipped and he slid to its very verge. Still he clung to the slender water-pipe which ran along it suspended in the air, and screaming frantically until it bent, cracked, and finally gave way, hurling him over into the court beneath.

The hollow sound proceeding from his fall upon the pavement caused the affrighted inmates of the house to hurry to the spot, and a fearful spectacle presented itself to their wondering regard. There lay the corpse of the wretched man, the brains issuing from the cloven skull, the eyes starting from their sockets, the jaw gaping, the arms convulsively entwined, the dazzling apparel begrimed with smoke, and reeking with blood and gore.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of Derval and the soldiers, the fire was not extinguished until the whole upper part of the house was consumed, and when Orsola's remains were discovered among the ruins, they presented scarcely a vestige of a human form, so completely charred and blackened were they by the action of the destructive element.

As soon as the fire was sufficiently subdued as to allay all fear for the safety of the adjoining buildings, Derval proceeded to draw up a "proces verbal" of the dreadful circumstances of the affair, from the testimony of the negro, and after it had been duly signed by him and the "exempt," the only important witnesses to its veracity, returned with all possible expedition to the Hotel la Regnie.

For some hours did the countess continue in a death-like trance; or, when the restoratives which were applied produced a momentary return to consciousness, she would cast her eye confusedly around her, and tightly grasping the hand of Nathalie, who sat weeping at her side, would immediately relapse into complete insensibility. Monsieur de la Regnie paced the apartment in extreme anxiety, and ever and anon casting a timid glance at the doctor, who stood beside the bed to watch the effect of his medicaments. However, favourable symptoms at last declared themselves,—the languid pulse beat more regularly, a slight flush suffused the lady's wan and sunken cheek, and the first alarming crisis was apparently surmounted; indeed, the old count's apprehensions were at length sufficiently allayed to enable him to listen with attention to the fearful narration which Derval had to communicate to him upon his return to the sick-chamber.

He had, upon the receipt of the note which Alfred had despatched to him, immediately arrived at the same conclusion as the young man had done, as to the cause of his wife's sudden alarm: namely, that her penetration had identified the gaily dressed bridegroom with the individual they were in search of, from the description of the latter's person she had perused; and the subsequent events confirmed him in his belief.

Although Alfred related the details of the horrible scene he had just witnessed, in a whisper, fearful of disturbing the renovating slumber into which the invalid had apparently fallen; her, attentive ear, acutely sensitive to what was going on around her, overheard almost every word he uttered. Her persecutors were then no more, and every vestige of her nocturnal visit to the fortune-teller's abode was destroyed! And peace and serenity took possession of her soul, and the tears which burst from her heavy eyelids were those of happiness and joy.

Shortly afterwards, Nathalie and Alfred Derval were united, and through the interest at court of his kind protector, and his own industry and ability, the young man speedily rose high in his profession, and was at length appointed "procureur du roi," in his native town, Bordeaux—a situation he filled for many years with honour and renown.

Frequent were the journeys of Madame de la Regnie to the residence of her beloved child; and when, a few years afterwards, the worthy old count was gathered to his fathers, she took up her abode entirely under her daughter's roof.

She never confided to her the secret of her birth, however; and all the efforts of her husband to penetrate the mystery attending it, proved utterly fruitless. For why should she disturb her darling child's felicity, and perchance expose her to the world's unmerited opprobrium? The tie that bound them could not be closer drawn, their mutual happiness be more complete.

Katarina remained in attendance upon her cherished mistress until the end of her life; and the negro, Hassan, grew gray in the service of the attached couple—became the playfellow of the blooming children who blessed their union, and earned the esteem and sympathy of all who knew him, by his fidelity, cheerfulness, and good-nature.

DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

No. XII.

George Canning's Statue in New Palace Yard, to Spencer Percival's Statue in Westminster Abbey.

"I SAY, Percival," said Canning, "it is sometimes amusing for a statue to stand on its pedestal, and chuckle over the days that have passed."

"What are you turning over in your bronzy effigies, I should just like to know?" inquired the marble figure in the Abbey.

"Why," continued the other, "I was at that moment thinking on the strange hap-hazard uncertainties that sometimes call a man, hitherto all unknown, at once into daylight, and place him before the eyes of the whole world, by which he gets such a start on the road to greatness, and climbs so high up the ladder of fame, as none of the Eastern-sages would ever have dreamt of—or the Western ones either."

"Ay, things do strangely come about—a pamphlet was the making of me," said Percival. "In fact, I wrote myself up."

"That was extraordinary."

"It is not usual:—most people write themselves down. I was called to the bar in 1782, when I was twenty, and got a silk gown in 1796: and about that time I perpetrated a pamphlet in order to prove 'That an impeachment in the House of Commons did not abate by a dissolution of Parliament.' The thing fell under Pitt's notice, and it took his fancy amazingly—so much so, that it very soon brought about an intimacy between us. This at once opened a new field to my sight—the political one. As soon as I cast my eyes upon it, I looked round and perceived that the first thing was—to get into Parliament. An opportunity offered when my first cousin Lord Compton was raised to the earldom of Northampton—a circumstance which caused him to vacate a seat in the Commons, into which I stepped.—I say, Canning?"

"What?"

"Nobody knows to this day how *you* got the first start."

"Exactly: and I don't know myself very well. When people, however, make out that I was totally and entirely unknown to any one connected with the government, until I actually stepped forth into public life, they are mistaken. True, I began in a manner friendless, because I began poor—which is the same thing: but I had an uncle who was much devoted to the Whigs; and at his house, whilst I was but a mere child, I there met Burke, Sheridan, Fox, and several other great guns of the day. It was Fox that advised my being sent to Eton. Pitt was one of my early patrons; and lady Hester Stanhope hints that he at last grew jealous of the protegé whom he had previously called forth from obscurity."

"What an idea!"

"Rather."

"It is a pity," said Percival, "that you began so poor. I should like to know how you got your qualification for a seat. You began as an adventurer, and were forced to make politics your trade. This drove you into the commission of many inconsistencies—not to say errors—from which I think you would have recoiled had you been more independent. Although you were brought up amongst Whigs, it seems more than probable that you were a Tory at heart: but when a man flirts now with one lady and now with another, it is difficult for lookers-on to decide which he loves most."

"Your simile is facetious."

"I propound a comprehensive one on purpose. You came out as a humble follower of Pitt, and there was no mistake about this—but it may have been gratitude. Some say the licentiousness of the French revolution so terrified you from liberalism, that this was one of the main causes of your adopting the more sober measures of conservatism—besides which, your mind was naturally prudential. Others say that want of money drove you to fight under any banner that would the soonest lead you to fortune."

"Those were hard things to say of a member of Parliament." observed Canning's statue, a little sulkily. "One's 'principles,' as you are well aware, who have heard many a hustings speech, are what every member so tenaciously harps on."

"Of course," returned Percival, drily.

"One must never omit alluding to them," continued the bronze.

"Or one's constituents would have nothing to feed on," rejoined the marble.

"Which would never do," added the former.

"Why, Lord Malmsbury," proceeded Percival, "makes out that you stuck to Pitt, and resigned with him, only because you saw the country could not do without your patron; and that he

and you must soon come in again. Your inconsistencies in respect to Lord Castlereagh, Byron's friend, were peculiarly striking. Why you hated him is best known to yourself: but so much did you abhor his contact, that you threatened to resign if he were not dismissed. And it seems, indeed, that your intrigues at last really got him dismissed from his post: but a duel followed, in which you were wounded on Putney Heath. The idea of being wounded at Putney! How disgusting! After that, though you would not accept office *with* Castlereagh, you nevertheless accepted office *under* him by joining the embassy to Lisbon. Wounded at Putney! On your return to England, however, you could make up your mind to sweep away these reminiscences, and take office with the said Castlereagh and with Addington Lord Sidmouth,—whom you had so bitterly lampooned! O, Canning!"

"Now I am a statue," was the reply, "I am cool enough to ponder over these things at my leisure. I confess that all this is not as it should have been; but you know I was a new man —I was obliged to adhere to my best patron for place—and I was thus driven to herd with those whom I loved not, only from self-interest and necessity. Had I had Fox's money without his dissipation, I would not have done such things. Poverty, says the proverb, makes one acquainted with strange—colleagues. But the death of George the Third rescued me from my political degradation."

"For a time it did," said the marble: "but when the ferment arose concerning Queen Caroline and her accusers, you were again guilty of one or two inconsistencies. You espoused the Queen's cause; and thence, you necessarily became disacceptable to the King. First you offered to resign—but then you were wanted: you quitted England for a while—you returned—you then tendered your resignation to His Majesty, and it was graciously accepted. It is said that you were really sensible of your inconsistency: and when you addressed your concstituents at Liverpool you set about repelling charges with which you had never been accused. This was amusing. You escaped these perplexities by getting appointed Governor-general of India: but Castlereagh's suicide—you know Byron's cutting line in *Don Juan*—again altered your plans, and you stepped into the Foreign Office. As you remarked, Canning, when you first spoke to me, strange things do come about."

"I am rather annoyed at the way you are going on."

"I am sorry for that, as your annoyance argues that I thrust home. Why, your hostility to Fox, which was both vindictive and personal, savoured of the inconsistent. You were now with him and now against him: you exceeded him and the Whigs in the cry of 'No popery!' and yet you made extraordinary con-

cessions towards emancipating the Roman Catholics. But you took part with the Queen,—not perhaps to gain a triumph for injured innocence, as to prevent the triumph of notorious guilt. Before you resigned, people used to say that your were minister to 'George IV. and Petticoat IV.' However, I give every one his due. When you got power you used it well. You liberated England from the trammels of the holy alliance—you protected the infant constitution of Portugal—and you established the freedom of the American Republics. You did well, too, in resisting the reckless change of civil and religious liberty at home; and you showed your judgment in the course you took respecting the Test and Corporation Acts. In 1827 you were made Premier—"

"Ah," cried Canning, with an air of triumph, "and that was always my grand point of ambition."

"Every body knew that. But this no sooner took place than your colleagues, either mindful of your former inconsistencies, or jealous that a new man should rise above them, began to drop off and desert you,—so you courted the Whigs. But what then? Why, remember the words of the old song; 'If you will not when you can, then you shall not when you will.' So they rejected your caresses. Earl Grey, their leader, was your enemy, and they would have none of you; although at the commencement of your career, before it was suspected there was a spark of Toryism in you, they eagerly claimed you as their own. Some of your biographers say that you were killed by Lord Grey's speech."

"Do they! That tale is now superseded by Lord George Bentinck's new reading; to wit, that Sir Robert Peel 'hunted me to death.'"

"I suspect," said Percival's alabaster, "that much of Lord George's indictments during one of the most extraordinary and most revolutionary of sessions that is on record, and much of D'Israel's fury, had more than a little to do with party motives."

"Not impossible," rejoined Canning. "Talk of inconsistency! Talk of my first courting one party and then courting another! Look at Peel!"

"Look at Peel, indeed! But I hope you will not try and justify your own flirtations and fittings by saying,'Oh, Peel has done just the same.' Because Sir Robert has been a 'gay receiver,' as the servant girl said, that fact cannot vindicate *your* gay receptions, as the girl would again say."

"Oh, no: but I was trying to shift the topic off myself upon him."

"Ha! honestly spoken. Out of such strange things arise new combinations; and out of such disruptions of the original

concrete arise new mixtures—new conglomerates—and astounding coalitions."

"The revolution of session 1846 will produce some remarkable political marriages," observed Canning's statue, "and observation teaches me to think, that a politician ought to be very careful how he abuses an Oppositionist one session, seeing that during the next he may be sitting on the same bench, cheek-by-jowl, with him."

"Your prudential mind is perpetuated in your bronze," said Percival.

"And also," proceeded the former, "he ought to be careful how, when he is on the Opposition benches, he cries out definitely, that such and such an abuse ought immediately to be amended; since, if a sudden revolution places him in power, the nation should peremptorily call upon him to set about amending this same abuse—an abuse which, perhaps, he never had any intention of meddling with. It was only his cry whilst he was out. He raised a clamour to bring about a change in the ministry. There are many such disinterested patriots going. Those who get up and hurl their aspersions against monopolies, patronage, high salaries, place-seekers and place-holders, are generally those who are *out*, and not those who are *in*. Those who are *in*, feather their nests and hold their tongues: but those who are *out*, set up a clamour against the others, charge them with wriggling themselves in—goodness knows how—by fraud and trickery—blindly lay all the evils in the land to their pernicious councils—make out, somehow, that their erroneous principles keep up the price of corn and meat—produce bad harvests, and diseased potatoes—create imaginary distresses in the country, only that they may glut their envy, and heap higher their obloquy; and thus, do everything in their power to poison the nation against the reigning ministry,—not because they sorrow for the course pursued by that ministry, but because they would willingly turn them out of those comfortable places, whereinto themselves would like to be esconced. These are the statesmen that profess themselves ready to die for their country! But mark the change. The *ins* go out, and the *outs* at last get in. Who are the carpers now? Those who have gone out declare, forsooth, that they were on the point of bringing the country up to the highest pitch of prosperity, that they were,—a consummation which they would really have achieved, had they only remained in a little longer: that their work was nearly completed for which they had toiled so ardently and so devotedly: but that now, whatever evils might follow their ultimate ejectment, the fault would not be theirs, but the blame would rest upon those who turned them out before their good work was done.

"This furnishes them with an ample store of ammunition to keep up a long-continued bombardment upon their successors. But how with these successors—now the *ins*? Do they remedy the evils they so carefully and repeatedly pointed out, now they find themselves in the right places where they have the most power to so? Don't be in a hurry with them. Rome was not built all in one day. They say they have found everything topsy-turvy on coming into office; and that it will first take a considerable time to set matters to rights, so as to counteract the pernicious measures of their predecessors,—that the Home Office is all abroad, the Foreign Office they cannot be at home in until it has been purified, that the Treasury is all sixes and sevens, that the House of Lords must be fresh shuffled and dealt—so as to bring up the trumps, that the House of Commons must be weeded, and even that the most important changes must take place, not only out of the Royal Palace, but also within it—not forgetting the politics of the ladies. They proclaim aloud, that they are forthwith going to set about this excellent achievement. Very well:—to do this fritters away a year or two in preparation—so much time gained. Salaries have gone on, and vacancies have been filled up by personal friends. The people swallowed the promises, they keep quiet, and hope on.

"A man takes a house. On getting into it he finds that the former occupier left it very dirty, and sadly out of repair. It must be swept, and dusted, and scoured, and papered, and painted; and until this is done he cannot call himself settled; nor can he dispense his civilities to his friends out of doors. So it is with a new ministry. Another man has a farm. He finds that his predecessor had never manured the land for several sessions—seasons, I mean; and consequently, that he must be at some outlay on this score, or otherwise he could never expect a good return in future. Everything has been done in the most unwise or most slovenly manner: the tools are out of order, there is nothing in its place. He must first put matters to rights; don't hurry him; and then he will tell you where he is. The servants that he finds on the estate, he soon perceives will not suit him; besides, he secretly recollects that he has some humble friends of his own. So he gives his predecessor's servants the sack; and their places are speedily filled up by the hangers-on of his own. New brooms sweep clean. A fresh steward will render an account of his (predecessor's) ministry: a new cook will put the former in a stew; and a fresh gardener will rake up old dudgeons, and graft them with revenge. In due time blossoms and fruit will come of all this. So it is on the political farm.

"But the previous occupier of the house will carp at the newcomer. Now his lease has been snatched from him he will agree

that he, indeed, went on very well and very comfortably there; and that there was no reason why he shouldn't have continued to do so, only his landlady and his creditors (those to whom he owed much) turned him out. I choose to say landlady instead of landlord. I would have said landlord before 1837. The former tenant of the farm will say the same. He persists that *he* also was very well off where he was, never better; and throve there very much to his satisfaction—so much so, that he was enabled to marry a wife, and bring up a numerous family in comfort and respectability; only in his case, too, the other tenant made a more promising offer to his landlady, so he got notice to quit. Do you perceive the analogy?"

Percival's statue smiled assent.

"My bronze has not stood here," added Canning, "just opposite the Houses of Parliament, so long for nothing. I have learnt to observe, and he who observes soon learns to comment."

"You certainly have learnt to comment," said the marble.

"Then," rejoined the former, "I have progressed to the second stage."

"Statues," said Percival, "seem to have vast privileges of speech."

"So I thought," rejoined Canning, "when you discussed me just now."

"I doubt you not."

"But keep your eyes open. Look sharp, and take no notice. I'll give you a wink from time to time, for we shall see many vagaries played at St. Stephen's after this revolution. Corn, potatoes, cotton, sugar, income-tax, repeal. *Ins* out, and *outs* in. Look sharp, and take notice. We'll keep to our pedestals, and chuckle; what do you say?"

"Agreed."

And here ends our political dialogue.

BERTRAND DE BORN AND HENRY II.

BY MRS. CHARLES TINSLEY.

[Bertrand de Born, Lord of Hautefort, and one of the most celebrated of the troubadours, aided Henry, Duke of Guienne, eldest son of Henry II. of England, in his rebellion against his father. After the death of the young prince, which de Born commemorated in some verses that are yet extant, King Henry beseiged the latter in his castle at Hautefort, which he took, making Bertrand prisoner. When his captive was brought before him, and reminded Edward of the strong attachment that had subsisted betwixt the prince and himself, the bereaved father burst into a flood of tears, and in the name of his dead son restored to him his castle, his fief, and his liberty.]

With a heavy weight on him,
The conqueror of that hour,
Lay the hand of grief o'ermastering
All else of earthly power:
Where was the light of conquest
That might disperse such gloom
As made that lonely father's heart
Of love the living tomb?

He looked upon the vanquished,
And that look before him brought
All the past's dark ingratitude,
With the lightning speed of thought;
There the son rose up before him
That had wrought such bitter wrong;
And a silence like to death was born
Of that wo than death more strong!

Upreared at length the proud head
Of the vanquished, where he stood;—
"Complete, O king! thy work," he cried,
"And seal it with my blood.
And still the fevered throbbing
Of the heart that to the last
Feels for thy son the love his own
Returned throughout the past!"

A sudden change came over
The grief-bowed monarch then:—
Forward he sprang, and sharply cried—
"Speak not those words again!
Know'st thou whose ears their import drink,
Whose heart their boast must wring?
Was it even with that love ye came
The father's love to sting?

"Far colder was that rebel heart
When living, than now—dead,
To him whose lavish fondness still
Heaped favours on his head!
Yet say'st thou it beat warmly
For *thee*—O man of sin!
It needed other arts than mine,
That wayward love to win!

"Deemed ye the father's heart was stone,
Its human pulses steel?
Thought ye the nature that ye wronged
Nor love nor wrong could feel?
Alas! small heed thou gav'st to this,
When—by fierce passions led,
And heavy hopes, thou brav'd'st my power
In concert with the dead!

"Be still! no added words to these,
Can half their power attest;
If *thou* yet hold'st the recreant dear,
His sire still loves him best;
And by that love unprized, unsought,—
And by *his* love for thee,
Take back the spoil our hosts have won;
So farewell!—thou art free!"

THE TWO SECRETS.

A TALE.

CHAPTER I.

About two leagues from the city of Toulon, and upon the sea-coast, there formerly stood an antique château, which, from time immemorial, had been in the possession of the wealthy family of De Renneville.

Without possessing any particular claim to architectural beauty, the building presented an imposing appearance, occupying, as it did, a spur of the cliffs behind it, and standing out in bold relief from the crags and rocks in the background.

It formed two sides of a court-yard, and egress was obtained by means of a road which skirted the base of the neighbouring acclivities.

The portion of the edifice fronting the sea, which alone possessed any regularity of *façade*, looked out upon a terrace ornamented with statues, and partly overshadowed by the orange trees which were planted along it in stiff formality; a flight of steps led down into a garden beneath, extending a considerable distance, and terminating in a grove of olive-trees.

The sun was just sinking below the horizon, upon a March evening, towards the end of the last century, when two persons were seated at the window of the saloon of the château, which opened upon the terrace, and were gazing upon the prospect before them in pensive silence.

The one was a lady sunken in years, of somewhat rigid demeanour, and whose physiognomy bore a marked expression of sorrow and anxiety in its deeply-furrowed lineaments; she had been handsome, and there was a look of dignity, almost of severity, about her lofty brow and sparkling black eyes, which denoted the habit of command, and exacting obedience to her will, and which contrasted strangely with the expression of sadness and despondency that played around the drooping nether lip.

The matron was of tall stature and perfectly erect, although the locks which escaped from beneath her velvet coif were of silvery white.

She was attired in an ample robe of black serge, with boddice

and tight sleeves; and from her waist hung a rosary of carved ivory.

The other occupant of the casement's embrasure was a slender maiden of about seventeen, and of very remarkable personal attractions.

Her complexion was of the fairest shade, her eyes of the deepest blue, and the profusion of auburn locks which encircled her physiognomy, imparted a seraph-like and almost ethereal grace and sweetness to her whole appearance.

Her attire was simple; consisting of a sombre-coloured cloth gown, totally devoid of all trimming or embroidery, but which, in its narrow folds and scanty dimensions, served admirably well to display the exquisite symmetry of the figure it enshrouded.

The young girl's eyes were fixed upon the pallid features of her companion with pity and commiseration; and while one hand served as a support to her pale and somewhat hectic cheek, the other hung languidly down, and reposed upon the huge ungainly head of a mastiff dog, who had nestled himself close against the *fauteuil* of his young mistress, and maintained a perfectly motionless position while luxuriating in her fond caress.

Rousing herself from her abstraction, and seemingly unable any longer to support the train of bitter thoughts which occupied her mind, the old lady suddenly arose from her seat, and began restlessly to pace the apartment.

"Evening again!" muttered she, after a pause; "and still he comes not; and how to wile away the dreary hours of the night? how to dispel my dire forebodings? I cannot bear this dreadful suspense; some ill has befallen him, my darling boy! I am sure it has"——

"Nay, nay, dear Aunt," interrupted the young girl, mildly; "be not thus cast down; it is but nine days since my cousin said we might expect him; he might have been induced to postpone his departure from Rome for a day or two. The roads are bad at this season; contrary winds often prolong a sea voyage. He had not decided how he purposed travelling, and"——

"You know not what it is to count the days—nay, to number the very minutes, during four long years of separation, Herminie!" exclaimed Madame de Renneville, somewhat petulantly, or you would be aware how useless it is to reason with one's anxiety. I know you mean it well," continued she, in a softer tone; "I know you can have but one motive in striving to decoy me into a false hope, ever patient, ever gentle, as you are; but 'tis all in vain, my child; my heart is filled with the gloomiest presentiments; my mind is tortured by a thousand apprehensions. Is he not my only hope?" added she, relapsing into her former soliloquising accents, and pacing the room with increasing

uneasiness of manner;—"the only remaining scion of our race?" and here a heavy sigh precluded further utterance, and she sank exhausted upon a couch.

Herminie softly approached her aunt, and was busily employed arranging the cushions at her back, when a low growl from her favourite suddenly attracted her attention, and caused her to turn round in astonishment.

The animal had approached the door which led into the corridor, and now stood, with ears erect and body motionless, as if in readiness to spring forward and bar the entrance; even the well-known voice of his mistress failed in alluring him to her side again; and his growling became louder and more prolonged, until at length he found a fuller vent for his anger in a savage bark.

Madame de Renneville had started from her seat, with the feverish anxiety of long-protracted suspense, at the first symptom of uneasiness the dog had exhibited, and fixed her eyes upon the door in mute expectation.

"Come here, Trim! come here, sir!" exclaimed Herminie, dreading the reaction which might ensue should her relative's hopes again prove abortive; "it is but the gardener locking the terrace gate. I thought you knew better, foolish fellow! to bark at Jacquot, *Fi donc!*"

Vain were her words, however; the dog's wrath was now worked up to an apparently ungovernable pitch of intensity; he heeded her not, but, bounding forward, his tail on end, his flashing eyes almost starting from their sockets, he yelled with rage, and tore with claws and teeth at the bottom of the door panel.

The young girl turned pale, and tottered to the side of her aunt.

On a sudden, hasty steps were heard, the door was burst open, and a young man rushed into the apartment. Fortunate for him was it, also, that two of the male domestics of the household were close enough beside him to ward off the formidable attack of Trim, who sprang at his throat the instant he espied him, and whose fury at his approach their united efforts could scarcely control.

"My son! my Gaston!" ejaculated Madame de Renneville, as the young man threw himself into her arms. "Heaven be praised for this and all his mercies!" and tears of joy rolled down her pallid cheeks as she pressed the traveller to her bosom, and remained for some moments locked in his embrace.

Herminie stood somewhat aloof during these first ebullitions of tenderness; at length, however, as the Comte Gaston turned round and surveyed her with an inquiring look, she advanced and offered him her hand with unaffected cordiality.

"'Tis long since we have met, *mon cousin*," said she, smiling at his embarrassment. "and you have, I perceive, quite forgotten the little girl you used to dandle on your knee and feed with *bonbons;* my memory is not so bad, however; I recollect *you* perfectly."

The count hastened to grasp the proffered hand, and muttered something about the change which had taken place in his cousin's features, and the alteration a few years often made in personal appearance.

"True, my son," rejoined Madame de Renneville, "and you yourself have not entirely escaped the influence of time; although in no wise altered for the worse," continued she, observing the sudden flush which overspread the young man's cheek, "only somewhat stouter, more manly looking, and a little bronzed, from exposure to the sun; that is all; your old favourite Trim, however," and she pointed to the dog, "sagacious as he is, has evidently lost all recollection of you, and, indeed, I never saw him so fierce with any one before; 'tis jealousy, no doubt. Come, sir, be quiet! and beg pardon for your inhospitable reception of your old master."

The dog, which the servants held fast by the collar, crouched down before the uplifted finger of the old lady, but, upon the count's approach, began to growl anew, and gaze upon him with menacing looks.

"For shame, sir!" said Madame de Renneville, angrily; and, turning to the domestics, she added, "Take him away, and tie him up, until he learns better manners."

Her orders were obeyed, and the irritated animal was led from the apartment.

The young Count de Renneville, whose return to the family abode, after a long-protracted tour in Italy, had been anticipated with so much impatience by his mother, was of handsome exterior; his complexion, although somewhat swarthy, was clear and soft; his features regular and delicately moulded, although possessing sufficient prominence of outline and lineament not to appear effeminate.

But the expression of the dark and deeply-sunken eyes was one of boldness and effrontery, rather than of benevolence or joyousness, whilst the smile which continually played around the thin and compressed lips, was of a somewhat cynical and dubious character, betokening more of frigid stoicism than of kindliness of heart, of suppressed irony than of generous warmth.

He was of middling height and extremely well proportioned; indeed, the natural elegance of his deportment served to counteract the effect of the ungraceful costume of the period, consisting of a long-waisted coat with immensely broad *nevers* and flat collar, wide flaps at the hips and enormous buttons, tight small-

clothes with flowing knee-ties, top-boots, and a low-crowned hat with a broad brim.

His white cravat was loosely twisted around his neck, and tied in a large bow; and his hair, closely trimmed in front, hung down behind in straitened meshes.

"You knew not that Herminie had become an inmate of our abode, Gaston, ever since the death of her poor father, at Nantes," said Madame de Renneville, drawing her son a little aside; "I would not tell you of her arrival, but determined to keep it quite secret, and prepare you a pleasant surprise upon your return; but your want of recollection of her must have hurt the dear girl, I am afraid, much as she might try to hide her annoyance; she has so often talked of you and of your kindness to her, as a child. And, now Monsieur le Voyageur," continued the old lady, aloud, and in a cheerful tone, "you must give us a true and particular account of your journey; Herminie and I are all impatience to know your adventures on the road. What could have befallen you? We have been expecting you for many days past."

"I was detained at sea by adverse winds, dear mother," answered the young man; "and the lugger in which I had taken my passage from Civita Vecchia, was heavily freighted, and but a clumsy sort of craft; besides, she did not get her cargo on board until some days after the time announced for her departure."

"Prudence ought rather to have induced you to perform the journey by land, at this uncertain season," said Madame de Renneville.

"Prudence!" exclaimed the young man, with a half suppressed sneer; and then hastily resuming his former tone, he added, "Could I have anticipated causing you uneasiness, dear mother, believe me, I would have done so, but I could not foresee the delay in the boat's sailing, and you know my fondness for the sea."

"Well, thank God! you are arrived at last, my own dear boy," answered Madame de Renneville, imprinting another warm embrace upon his cheek; "I will no longer repine, for now that you are restored to me, I feel so grateful, so happy, that I would fain forget the apprehensions which have so long tormented me."

"It has, indeed, been a long and tedious separation, dear mother," answered Gaston, with confusion; "but could I resist the temptation of witnessing the triumphs of my countrymen? could I stifle the proud satisfaction of assisting at their glorious achievements? when every day brought forth a battle and realized a victory! when all Italy was ringing with the name of Napoleon! when every Frenchman's heart was glowing with

enthusiasm; much as I longed to see you again, dear mother, I could not tear myself away from the contemplation of the prodigies which daily offered themselves to my regard!"

A shade passed over the pallid features of the Countess, at these words; Herminie, on the contrary, seemed to imbibe a portion of the enthusiasm, which the speaker himself exhibited and gazed upon him with almost breathless interest.

"You must need refreshment, Gaston," said the former, apparently anxious to change the subject; "let us adjourn to the *salle à manger*, where we shall find our evening meal in readiness."

"Willingly," answered the young man, tenderly drawing her arm under his own; "my gallop from Toulon, where I disembarked, has given me a voracious appetite; come, *ma cousine*," continued he, taking Herminie familiarly by the hand, "you must also accept my poor services as an escort."

A slight blush suffused the maiden's countenance at these words, and it was with a faltering step that she accompanied her conductor into the adjoining apartment, where an elegant repast was prepared.

After the traveller had rendered ample justice to the viands which were placed before him, and drowned all recollection of the scantily-supplied table of the vessel he had just quitted, in repeated glasses of the sparkling wine which crowned the festive board, he reconducted his mother and lovely cousin to the saloon; and the former animated conversation was speedily resumed.

So numerous, indeed, were the questions of the two ladies, as to all the tourist had seen during his lengthened absence; and so varied and elaborate the anecdotes and descriptions they elicited, notwithstanding the constant interchange of letters which had been carried on between the mother and son, that it was near midnight ere the happy trio separated for the night.

CHAPTER II.

The sun rose in gay refulgence upon the morrow; and soft and balmy was the breeze which rippled the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean.

Herminie sallied forth early, as was her wont, and was strolling up and down the terrace before the mansion, attended by her inseparable companion, Trim, who frisked about in the wild exuberance of his joy; and, as if to shake off all recollection of his disgrace and confinement of the preceding evening, now rushing forwards, now loitering in the

rear to sniff the joyous air of freedom, and every instant bounding up to his young mistress, and almost overpowering her with his rough endearments.

At length the maiden opened the iron wicket which led into the garden, and tripped lightly down the steps. Ever since Herminie's arrival at the château, the garden had been her principal source of interest.

The old lady herself had little taste for such things, and had willingly confided to her niece the care of this previously neglected part of the domain, which under her auspices speedily presented a new aspect, and testified to her unwearying exertions to improve its cultivation.

Also, where Nature has been so bounteous, and the genial temperature of the climate causes the various shrubs and plants, which in other places require all the attention of the skilful gardener, to spring forth and thrive almost spontaneously, the task was an easy one, and the result certain; and even at the early period of spring our tale commences, the acacias and hawthorns were in full blossom, the eglantines and myrtles already budding, whilst the earlier flowers, blooming forth in the richest luxuriance, and mingling their fragrance with the odoriferous perfumes of the fir-trees, wild thyme, and juniper-bushes, which sprouted forth from the ravines and fissures of the cliffs and crags around, impregnated the whole atmosphere with an aromatic odour.

Herminie pursues her way along the winding paths, pausing, ever and anon, to cull a flower for the bouquet, with which she intended greeting her aunt's appearance at the breakfast-table, or to tie up some fugitive twig of whitethorn, or outstretching branch of honeysuckle which had escaped the eye of the old gardener. Nimbly did her slender fingers perform their task, and light and airy was her footstep as she traversed the flower-beds, avoiding the slightest contact with the tender plants which bloomed upon their surface, and leaving scarce a vestige of her incursions in the rear.

Too well trained to follow his mistress in her occasional deviations from the beaten track, Trim, after following her to the verge of the forbidden ground, would quietly sit himself down to watch her return, carefully following her with his eyes; or, when the taller and more umbrageous shrubs momentarily shut her out from his attentive gaze, would listen for the smallest sound which marked her progress, and welcome her back, each time anew, with the most violent demonstrations of joy.

It was upon one of these occasions that the young girl was somewhat startled by hearing a low growl proceed from her favourite, whom she had just quitted; but a few paces distant, although screened from view by some tall espaliers, she quickly emerged from her concealment and regained the gravel walk.

The dog received her with his usual whine of delight, and fawned at her feet; then, resuming his erect position, his wiry bristles and his ears on end, he gazed with angry eyes in the direction of the château: an instant after, a footstep was heard, and Gaston de Renneville appeared, sauntering along the path towards them.

As soon as he became aware of the young girl's presence, he quickened his pace, and speedily stood by her side. "Good morning, *ma belle cousine*," said he in a familiar tone, "I had not thought to meet you so early abroad."

Herminie shook back the ringlets which encircled her sparkling countenance: "It is I, rather, who should wonder at seeing you already up and about, *mon cousin*," answered she, gaily, "after your fatiguing journey and exertions of last evening, to afford entertainment for my aunt and myself; we must have tired you to death with our merciless questioning, I am sure; however, you must take into consideration the natural anxiety of us *campagnards* to learn something of what is going on in the world around us. Be quiet, Trim!" exclaimed she, turning to the dog, which had kept up a continual growling ever since the count's approach, "you have already forgotten your last night's *penitence*, I perceive; take care I do not have you punished again, sir!"

"I am at a loss to conceive what can have made Trim take such a dislike to you, *mon cousin*," continued she, as the animal slunk away a few paces, and remained sorrowfully looking up in the face of his young mistress.

"That I cannot tell, I am sure," answered he; and then, apparently anxious to turn the conversation into another channel, he rejoined, "The garden does credit to your skill and industry, Herminie, it is quite beautiful."

"I am very glad you admire it, Gaston," replied she. "I have often thought of you during the solitary hours I daily pass among my flowers, and longed to ascertain whether you would approve all I have been doing, upon your return."

"You have wrought wonders, Herminie," returned he, "and displayed perfect taste in all your improvements."

"I will show them to you later," replied she, eagerly; "but mind, you must give me your real opinion; I like not flattery from any one," and a faint smile played around the corners of her mouth; "and between cousins, and such old friends as we are, it would be altogether misplaced."

These words were uttered by the young girl with a calm earnestness of manner and a half-reproachful tone, which imbued them with something of severity, kind as was the allusion to their former intimacy.

"You may rely upon my candour," answered Gaston, as they

regained the terrace and approached the open window of the saloon.

As the cousins entered, they were joined by Madame de Renneville, and warm and prolonged were the greetings which were interchanged as they took their places at the breakfast table.

Cheerfully did the meal progress, the conversation of the preceding evening was quickly resumed, and again produced numerous recitals of the young traveller's adventures, combined with a thousand droll and original remarks upon men and manners, and the various interesting objects which had come under his observation.

Warned by the evident dissatisfaction exhibited by his mother the evening before, however, at his enthusiastic admiration of the young general whose name already resounded from one end of Italy to the other, and whose hand was one day to hold the destiny of kingdoms within its grasp, Gaston avoided as much as possible all allusion to his achievements; or, when forced to mention him, took care that it should be in measured terms.

Gratitude at the deference her son paid to her opinions, the old lady gazed upon him with the most devoted affection; and as she sat in her arm chair between him and her adopted daughter, tears of joy bedewed her furrowed cheek, and she would, ever and anon, cast up her eyes to heaven in pious gratitude.

As they arose from the prolonged breakfast, Herminie prepared a plate of food for Trim, who had stealthily followed her in from the garden and ensconced himself under her chair; the animal, however, looked piteously up in her face, and licking her hand, refused her bounty. In vain did she stroke his shaggy head, and encourage him with soft words; he still persisted in his refusal, until at length she withdrew the plate, and calling him after her, hastened to rejoin her aunt and cousin who had strolled into the pleasure ground.

Some hours were spent in inspecting various improvements which had taken place since the traveller's departure; and leaving the old lady to repose on a bench, the cousins rambled about engaged in familiar converse, amid the shrubberies and young plantations, returning, at frequent intervals, to enliven her with the results of their cogitations; the faithful Trim keeping, all the time, close at the heels of his mistress, and following her every movement with his eyes.

In the afternoon, the young Count announced his intention of returning to Toulon, in order to settle with the captain of the ship in which he had come from Italy; for, from his great anxiety to see his mother, he had hastened to the château the instant the vessel entered port, without waiting even for the disembarkation of his effects.

Promising to return, ere nightfall, he sprang upon the horse which was ordered out for him, and gallopped off upon his errand.

It was some time before he relaxed the velocity of his progress; then suddenly drawing up into a walk, he, for some moments, abandoned his steed to its own guidance.

There was a look of exultation and triumphant assurance upon the young man's countenance, as he leant listlessly back in the saddle and gazed upon the smiling scene around him; and whilst his eye wandered restlessly over the mighty expanse of blue and limpid waters which bounded the horizon, his usual Sardonic smile would, ever and anon, flutter around the corners of his mouth, and then, almost instantly, relapse into an expression of stern defiance.

At length he again clapped spurs to his horse, and speedily reached the city gates.

The man he sought was easily found, and having paid his passage-money and superintended the disembarkation of his effects, he started on his return homewards.

Notwithstanding his haste, however, the dusk overtook him ere he had got far upon his road, and night was fast closing in as he approached the vicinity of the family abode.

The bridle road which the young man had taken, after occupying for some distance the summit of the cliffs, at length descended very abruptly into a narrow gorge in the rear of the château gardens.

Slowly descending, and relying entirely, in the increasing obscurity, upon the sureness of foot of the animal he rode, Gaston had attained a sort of ledge, or platform, in the side of the cliff, and which, although more than half way down, was still at a considerable elevation above the ravine, when, on a sudden, his progress was arrested by the sight of an indistinct object, which sprang up a few yards before him. Somewhat startled, the young man drew up his horse, and paused, when a low growl suddenly broke upon his ear, and ended his uncertainty: it was his cousin's favourite, the trusty Trim!

"Accursed brute!" muttered Gaston between his teeth; "are you ever to track my steps? Are you alone to expose me to suspicion, and"—— but here an idea suddenly crossed his mind: could he not at once destroy the animal which had evinced so implacable a hatred of him, and filled him with so much apprehension? The loneliness of the spot, the advanced hour of the evening, everything seemed to favour the execution of the design, and preclude the danger of discovery; his aim was unerring, his hand had never failed him; the impulse was uncontrollable!

Drawing a pistol from his breast, he pointed it coolly and

deliberately at the dog, which stood gazing intently upon him at the distance of a few paces. He pulled the trigger, and a cry of agony echoed the report, and proved that the shot had told!

Throwing himself off his horse, he rushed to the spot, but found nothing; and all he heard was a rustling noise, as of a body falling among the tangled brushwood of the ravine, and then all was silent as before!

Every trace of his victim had disappeared! and, inwardly exulting in his success, the young man re-mounted his horse, and arrived at the château without further interruption.

He found the ladies anxiously awaiting his return in the saloon. Shortly after his entrance, his equanimity was somewhat disturbed when Herminie suddenly exclaimed, "I cannot think what has become of Trim; he was in the garden with me some little time ago, and scampered away, I know not whither."

"Shall we send out in quest of him, my love?" said Madame de Renneville.

"Shall I go, *ma cousine?*" rejoined Gaston hastily.

"No, no," answered Herminie; "he knows his way back wherever he may have wandered to; but I cannot conceive what it was that induced him to rush away as he did, he who so seldom can be enticed from my side even for a moment. Did you see anything of him, *mon cousin?*"

"I! nothing," answered the young man abruptly.

"It is very singular, too," continued Herminie; "I thought I heard the report of fire-arms just after I came in."

"This must be inquired into," exclaimed Madame de Renneville, rising from her seat and pulling the bell; "poachers have been seen in the plantations more than once lately; or, perhaps, the smugglers may have again attempted a landing, and, alarmed by the dog's vigilance, have fired at him."

Herminie turned pale at these surmises, and a tear unconsciously stole down her cheek, at the possibility of evil having befallen her long-cherished favourite.

Servants were despatched in all directions, and the *gardes de chasse* directed to keep on the alert. The night was too dark, however, to distinguish the nearest object, and all researches proved fruitless.

At length, just as Herminie was about to seek the privacy of her own chamber, there to give vent to the sorrow which oppressed her innocent heart, and which she felt it hopeless any longer to control, a low scratching suddenly became audible at the terrace window, accompanied by a plaintive moaning.

Rushing forward with an exclamation of delight, she tore back the bolts and fastenings, whilst De Renneville stood somewhat

aloof, to conceal the involuntary shudder and trepidation which he strove in vain to subdue.

A feeble whine followed the opening of the window, and an instant after the maiden's faithful protector crawled into the apartment; but how changed! his sturdy limbs tottering under him, his foaming tongue hanging out, his shaggy coat bedabbled and besmeared!

A gleam of delight momentarily lit up his glassy eyes, as he fawned at the feet of his beloved mistress.

Kneeling down, Herminie supported his drooping head upon her arm, and gazed upon him with an expression of mingled affright and bewilderment. On a sudden a cry of horror escaped her lips, as she glanced at the sleeve of the gown she wore. It was not the evening dew! it was not the moisture of the briny element, as she at first conjectured, which had soaked through the slender drapery and chilled the arm beneath, but blood!

Madame de Renneville and Gaston were quickly by her side; upon the approach of the latter, the dog uttered a dismal howl, and made a violent effort to rise from his recumbent posture, but his strength failed him; a convulsive tremor agitated his stiffening limbs, and, casting one piteous look upon the young girl's countenance, he licked her hand, and expired!

"Who could have dared to commit this outrage?" exclaimed Madame de Renneville angrily, when the evident traces of a pistol bullet were discovered in the poor animal's side.

The assembled household looked aghast, for the dog had endeared himself to every member of it by his good-nature and sagacity, and was alike a favourite with the fishermen and peasantry of the surrounding neighbourhood, amongst whom he often wandered in company with his young mistress.

The circumstances of his death thus appeared an unfathomable mystery, which no one present attempted to elucidate, until, at length, Gaston, who had speedily recovered his composure, reverted to the smugglers, who were known at times to infest that part of the coast.

That they were the authors of the cruel deed speedily gained credence, and various measures for their apprehension were agreed upon for the morrow, which, it is needless to say, proved fruitless.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE LAMENTED JOSEPH LOCHLIN MILLER, Esq., CIVIL ENGINEER.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

FAREWELL! too much beloved, too gifted one,
For the brief course it was thy fate to run:
Too brief, alas! for those who held thee dear,
Who watch'd thine opening virtues year by year,
And felt the dawning of thine early worth
Spread sunshine round the sweet domestic hearth.
Oh! how a father's pride beheld in thee
All that a father's heart might wish to see!
Oh! how a mother's love, a sister's joy,
Saw in the man the promise of the boy!
The noble form, the sweet engaging face,
The winning manners, formed by native grace,
The genius rare, beyond the reach of art,
And all the nobler virtues of the heart,—
All that affection wish'd for, hope could give,
Seem'd in that highly-gifted one to live.

And thou art gone! untimely call'd away,
While yet thy hopes were bright, thy spirit gay;
While she, thy grieving sister, sorely tried,
Weeps in that ruin'd home, where all have died
That made life pleasant to her gentle heart,
And when she saw them, one by one, depart,
And leave her stricken soul still more bereft,
Till, of those household gems, not one was left.

It seems but now, that thou wert far away
In Eastern climes, where fervid sunbeams play;
Where, o'er the spicy groves and flowery plains
Of far Ceylon,* eternal summer reigns;—
Thou loved of many hearts! it seems but now,
That youth and health were beaming on thy brow,
And Hope, with all her rainbow-colours bright,
Shone round thy pathway in that land of light.

* This highly-talented and most amiable young man was the only one, of six Civil Engineers, sent out by the Government to the Island of Ceylon, in the year 1841, who lived to return to his native country. His constitution, however, was so much impaired by the effects of that baneful climate, that his health gradually declined, and he was cut off within about a year and a quarter from the time of his return, at the age of twenty-seven.

Full oft an anxious mother's fondest prayer,
Unheard, unseen of all, was wafted there:
And when the few short years had roll'd away,
Like morning mists, that shroud the mountains grey,
And thou wert sailing o'er the deep blue sea,
That rose between thy native land and thee,
In eager hope thy long-lost home to find,
And clasp the loved ones thou hadst left behind;
Ah me! when thou hadst reach'd the well-known door,
To which thy joyful thoughts flew on before,
How dark the tidings, and how deep the shock,
That came at last, thy fondest hopes to mock!
No mother's face, no mother's form was there,
But in its wonted place the *vacant* chair;
And while a father's and a sister's tears
Gave mournful welcome to the lost of years,
These, to thy filial feelings, told too well
The painful truth, that language fail'd to tell.

A father's blessing still 't was thine to gain,
For this thou didst not cross the seas in vain:
But soon, alas! when but a twelvemonth past
Had o'er him time's assuaging shadow cast,
He, full of years and honour, sweetly slept
By her, for whom his latest tears were wept.
And soon, too soon,—in manhood's earliest bloom,
Thou, too, wert summon'd to the silent tomb,
Ere yet thy brilliant course was well begun,—
Too soon the sire was follow'd by the son;
(As oft when falls the full and ripen'd sheaf,
Some with'ring blight may sear the greenest leaf,)
And thus a threefold ruin darkly fell
On her, whose threefold grief 't were vain to tell.

Peace to the dead! for they in bliss are met;
But one remains, who grieves and tarries yet;
Daughter, and sister, and companion,—she
The loved and lost, on earth no more shall see:
But there's a hope, a hope that cannot die,
Will dry that tear that trembles in her eye,
Will to her stricken heart sweet solace bring,
And hover round her, as with angel-wing,—
The hope of *meeting*, when life's dream is o'er,
Those cherish'd ties, "*not lost*, but gone before."

SAD FACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction."—*Byron.*

WRITERS torture their imaginations to conjure up some terrific or heart-rending scene of fictitious woe, for the purpose of ministering to their own sickly sentimentality, or creating a morbid sensibility in their readers, which, in neither case, leads to any good or useful result. Whereas, if they only carefully studied the ordinary occurrences of life, they would find ample scope for the most startling and affecting delineations of the pen, which, by their truthfulness, might awaken an active and *wholesome* desire in the benevolent minds of those who perused them, to endeavour to ameliorate the miserable and lost condition of the sufferers from the poverty and crime they so feelingly depict, to arouse the luxurious from the apathy of self-indulgence. The columns of every newspaper (even the most fashionable) are filled with barbarous and revolting acts of atrocity. For instance, the "Morning Post" of Friday, June 19, contains the following appalling statement, given by two witnesses, man and wife, in their examination respecting the supposed murder of a young woman at Shadwell, by her paramour:—

"John Lewis, a foreman at a coal-yard, stated that at the time of the occurrence he lived at No. 7, Labour-in-vain-street, and that he went to bed soon after twelve o'clock on the night of the 1st of June. In consequence of a *quarrel* with his wife, she did not sleep with him that night. He had been asleep about half-an-hour, when he was disturbed by a man (the prisoner) who was calling out, 'Jane, let me in.'

"Hannah Lewis, the wife of the last witness, recollected the night of the 1st of June. She *sat* up all night, and the prisoner disturbed her husband twice during the night, by calling out to his wife, and knocking at the door. Witness remarked to the prisoner, 'Father, I think she has got a drop; you had better break open the door,' which he refused to do. Directly afterwards she heard the deceased within the house fall from the top of the stairs to the bottom."

Good heavens! here is an awful state of society, in a country boasting the extreme of piety and civilization! One poor creature actually being murdered in the most deliberate and brutal

manner, and that, too, whilst employed in outraging the laws of her country by keeping guard over an illicit still. At what an untimely season to die! And another, in consequence of a quarrel with her husband, *sitting* up all night. Perhaps a char-woman, returned from a day of toil, worn in mind and body, with the prospect of a severer one on the morrow. How unfit for exertion, heated by passion, and unrefreshed by her unnatural vigils! Or, if not, in all probability the mother of a young family, dependent on her efforts for their scanty comforts. How could she, in her excited frame of mind, minister to their wants, attend to their necessities; how encourage them by her example, how chide them for their faults, how applaud them for their virtues? She who, the previous night, had given way to the most ungovernable outbursts of temper to *their* father? How could she approve, how could she condemn? What weight would the opinion of such a mother have on her wretched and neglected offspring? Would her children not scorn her admonitions, deride her threats, and exasperate her to fresh displays of anger by their indifference and disobedience?

Oh, what must have been her reflections through that long, dreary night of lonely watchings! How must she have been absorbed in her own heart's bitterness, not to *heed* the desperate disputes of her neighbours! How callous, how apathetic was her unfeminine observation to the murderer, "Father, perhaps she has had a DROP." She felt no innate horror at the idea of a young female being in a disgusting state of intoxication! Her imagination did not recoil at the contemplation of the suffering and degradation its fatal indulgence entails on its deluded votaries. She did not picture, with an instinctive shudder, the horror and barbarity to which, at that moment, one of her own sex was exposed, when totally unable to foresee or escape from impending danger. No! too long a familiarity with the destructive vice, had blunted her sensibilities, hardened her feelings, and produced that impassibility which a few years before she would have deemed it quite impossible for *her* to experience.

Alas! alas! I fear all the profligacy and demoralization of that class of persons, is to be traced to that one great and crying evil of our day. Yet whilst the poverty-stricken, the sick, and sorrowful, are allured by the most seductive names to drink the the "fire-water, the cup of trembling," which is represented, in the most glowing terms, as a pure and invigorating cordial for the fainting spirits, a Lethean draught for pain and misery, whilst they are invited to quaff destruction under roofs of gorgeous magnificence, there is no remedy; thousands upon thousands will fall under the car of this monster idol of Juggernauth, to be crushed in the dust of disgrace and obloquy.

It is in vain that "Wisdom uttereth her voice in the streets;"

it is in vain that every hospital is crowded with expiring victims; it is in vain that every jail, every gallows, holds up examples to the misled and infatuated multitude; gin, gin will still be eagerly sought as the universal *panacea*, the benign geni which levels all distinctions, elevating, under its inebriating influence, the beggar to the throne; and, consequently, quarrels, bloodshed, and every other crime will be rife in the land to an enormous and terrifying extent.*

Yet, that otherwise respectable woman felt no repugnance, when called upon to give her evidence, in a full court of justice, to mention the suggestion she had made, respecting the probable state of intoxication in which the poor murdered thing was. Why should she have done so? Her *own* disagreement with her husband, her *own* loss of rest, might have arisen from the same common cause,—drink.

The husband, too, he evinced no shame, no contrition, in admitting that he and his wife had had a serious quarrel; that she had sat up all night, in consequence. No! he confessed that he went to bed, went to sleep, that he *could* go to bed, that he *could* go to sleep, under such comfortless and distressing circumstances, leaving her to sit up alone; to watch his lonely slumbers, to brood over her wrongs, to recall the time when she found rest in his bosom, welcomed there by blessings from his lips. Oh! for the grievous change! Now he could repose without her; or, if he awoke, it was not to reconcile himself to his wife, to implore her to forgive and forget, to come and rest her weary frame; not to rush to the rescue of an ill-treated woman, but to utter his selfish complaints, that he was disturbed by the sanguinary deed then performing!

Where was the manly penitence, the holy piety, that formerly kindled the English heart, even to seek reconciliation with a foe,—even to ask pardon of Heaven, for having offended, by not suppressing the outpourings of wrath? Where was the warm, pure blood, which would have boiled with honest indignation, in defence of the meanest female, when shrinking from the coward hand raised against her? Where was the hallowed memory, that, of that hapless and trustful sex were our mothers, our sisters, our wives, and our daughters?

The once venerated name of Woman has lost its saving influence; her beauty has lost its power; her reliance has lost its sweet subduing mastery over the loftier mind of man, proud in the consciousness of superior strength, and the ability to protect. She is no longer an object of affectionate and respectful homage;

* During an inquest on Wednesday week, at the Penitentiary, Millbank, Captain Grove, the Governor, stated that *within two years and a half* they had transported from that prison upwards of eleven thousand prisoners.—*Leicester Journal*, 1846.

no longer a being who sheds an almost heavenly glory around; who makes the place where she dwelleth, as it were, holy ground. No; love and respect are banished from our hearthstones, and, in lieu thereof, are tyranny, brutality, and violence. Man is no longer swayed by one ennobling sentiment; and woman, sensible of her own debasement, yields to despair and wretchedness, until the very name of shame is swept from her recollection, and she becomes a complete cast-away!

Oh! for the voice of saints and angels, to speak to the misguided hearts; to warn, to succour, to save, to make them hear, in a horrible fear, the denunciations of the Almighty, against the sin they love; to make them FEEL and ADMIT the truth of its awful consequences, the misery and ruin it leads to.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? Even he that looks upon the wine when it is red, and finds that it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.

"Be not among wine-bibbers, among riotous livers;

"For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

"Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine;" for,

"The anger of the Lord, and his jealousy, shall smoke against that man, and the Lord shall blot out his name from under heaven."

This is no vain threat; but, one that will be fearfully fulfilled: for, "God is not a man that he should lie."

Oh! the folly, the madness of exciting the wrath and indignation of One so supreme in majesty and power. One,

"Who covereth himself with light as with a garment: who stretcheth out the heavens like a curtain:

"Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters: who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

"Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:"

And who, but for his exceeding love, could annihilate, for ever, the rebellious sons of iniquity and sin.

Nor is it merely to save himself from eternal perdition, that it would be wise in a man to observe sobriety. Even HERE, in this world, it conduces to his happiness and prosperity; for what a lost, wretched, forlorn, despised being, is the habitual drinker! A stranger to all peace of mind; with no self-respect; no pleasing recollections; no delightful retrospection; no present self-satisfaction; no future hope, prospects, or anticipations to comfort, support, or encourage him. He is CONSCIOUS of destroying his time, his strength, his means, his blessings, his home, character, life itself. He has thrown away the friends, the

respectability, the money, the very faculties which might have maintained him in credit, and supported him in sickness and in age; and now to THINK, to reflect, is torment; and he fulfils the assertion of the apostle: "Destruction and unhappiness is in their ways; and the way of PEACE have they not known." The way of PEACE? Alas, no! Misery and anguish follow his uncertain steps; a mark for scorn, a signal example for the young; he drags on a wearisome and degraded existence, loaded with disease, shame, and self-reprobation; bowed down by premature decay; feeling, every hour, an intolerable burthen, every demonstration of sympathy, a covert condemnation, longing for death, yet dreading its approach, lest, relieving him from temporary, it should plunge him into everlasting suffering. For, as Dr. Lettsome observes, "There is a foretaste of future misery in his mind! Such horrors take place, as are dreadful even to a by-stander! The poor victim is so depressed, as to fancy a thousand evils. He expects momentarily to expire; and starts up suddenly from his seat, walks wildly about the room, breathes short, and seems to struggle for breath."

When, at length, death does come, as a thief in the night, and takes him quite unprepared, the friends and mourners round his bed, contemplating the bloated and inanimate clay, find the spontaneous current of affection's tears suddenly forced back to the swelling fountain of the heart, by the painful and humiliating reflection, that the being they bewail, *only* lived for his own and their disgrace; and that, instead of lamenting, they ought to rejoice at his removal, as a relief to himself, and, alas, all connected with him.

"Look on this picture, and on *this*." See the father returning from the labours of the day; fatigued, but yet cheerful,—satisfied with his lot, and asking from the Almighty, whom he emphatically designates *Providence*, to grant him only a continuance of his present blessings, health and content. See the mother, who has spent every hour in her due portion of domestic toil, truly proving a help *meet* for her husband, meeting him with smiles; while the children, neatly, though humbly clad, surround their happy parents, who share with them the frugal meal, eaten with a zest of enjoyment which evinces that "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." Then, when after having duly offered up the evening sacrifice of their innocent prayers, to their *other* Father who is in heaven, the precious babes are tenderly consigned to their lowly beds, to dream their pretty artless dreams, hallowed by the kiss their mother just bestowed; he, seating himself on the honeysuckle-shaded settle at his cottage door, to enjoy the pipe which awakens such serene reflections, is joined by his wife, with still a portion of her maiden charms—at least, in his partial eyes—who,

while her fingers are busy in the mechanical task of knitting the stocking or comforter, for him, against the approaching winter, enters on the topic ever uppermost in her heart—her children's future prospects, the various tastes they already display, and the hopes she has of being able, by the hoardings of many an act of extreme self-privation, to gratify these most praiseworthy inclinations. (For the poor, whose minds have not been perverted by vice, nor their hearts hardened by intemperance, have their *hopes*, their *anticipations* for their children; take the liveliest interest in their welfare; feel the most laudable ambition to promote it; and look forward, with an almost prescient eye, to that period when, treading in their own steps, their sons and daughters are honest, virtuous, laborious, and prosperous.)

After this *dear* confidence of wedded love, as he deliberately knocks the ashes out of his pipe, and she as slowly fixes her pins into her knitting, like persons absorbed in deep and more important meditation, simultaneously and involuntarily their faces are upturned above with an expression of devout reliance, blent with fear, lest in craving the fulfilment of those hopes for their blessed offspring, they do not ask *too* much; a tear springing to the mother's eye, and a sigh escaping the father's lips, at the idea that, perhaps, by desiring more, they may dispose the Almighty to diminish their present happiness. With feelings attempered and subdued to a proper Christian tone by this inward salutary monition, they re-enter the humble abode, to taste the calm and angel-guarded slumber of piety and peace.

This is no vain flight of a poetic imagination; no Utopian vision of Arcadian felicity; but a simple and unexaggerated sketch from *actual* nature, drawn from the *life* by the author, as witnessed by her, with deep emotion, in her unceremonious intercourse with the rural peasantry of the beautiful and highly picturesque village of King's Norton, Leicestershire; celebrated for its church and scenery, as well as for the wealth and comfort of its inhabitants. There, every labouring man has a cow, a few sheep, and a plot of garden-ground; there, every man *feels* that he has a stake in the country of his birth, for he is an *occupier* of land; there, there is not one pauper—one distressed person; there, longevity ever has been and is proverbial. And why? Because there, there is no public-house—never was! no sink of iniquity to allure men from their homes, to encourage poaching and discontent, to foster vice and harbour crime. That is the grand secret: what a man drinks he drinks in the bosom of his family; a little mild beer, brewed at home, enough to do him good, only, never to injure his health or besot his understanding. A liberal and judicious proprietor ever setting his face against the innovation of one of those meretricious buildings denominated a "Gin Palace," to draw the inconsiderate and

unwary into its dread vortex; to form a rallying-point for the idle and dissolute; a nursery for embryo thieves and murderers. The moral and peaceful inhabitants of that rural and lovely district have been taught that "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." They have learnt betimes that "sweet is the sleep of a labouring man, when the stomach is not charged with surfeiting and drunkenness." Such a man "shall not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day." For "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

Yea, *thrice* blessed is the man who, with the wife of his bosom cradled on his defending affectionate arm, can say, in the unquailing rectitude of an approving conscience, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

THE INNOCENT VICTIMS.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"The Princess de Lamballe, whose only crime seems to have been her friendship for Marie Antoinette, was literally hewn to pieces, and her head paraded on a pike through the metropolis. It was carried to the Temple on that accursed weapon, the features yet beautiful in death, and the long fair curls of the hair floating around the spear."—Scott's Life of Napoleon.

Yes! beautiful in death was still that head,
Round which commission'd angels glory shed;
Beneath whose aureated ringlets bright
Budded the wings for Paradisean flight.

Foul monsters! spare *her* gaze to contemplate,
(Anticipating from ye *equal* fate,)
The awful vision of her murdered friend,
An added horror to her doom to lend.

Poor hapless queen! now weeping in that tower,
Not for thyself, but that *he's* in the power
Of ruthless ruffians, bent on blood and crime;
Thy husband (showing fortitude sublime).

For him alone death wakes appalling fears,—
For him alone the wife dissolves in tears,—
For him alone the queen would abject crave
From *rebel* subjects, freedom from the grave.

O good, as beautiful! forbear to plead,
'Twill not avert the meditated deed;
Ferocity, now loose, with crimson hands,
Nor touch of pity feels, nor understands.

Learn, rather, how to die, that thou may'st meet
The mercy from a Saviour's mercy-seat,
Denied thee here, who now, in fetters fast,
With the vain mock of earthly grandeur past,
And every *prestige* that did overawe,—
Making thy merest word a sacred law,
Findest thyself *but* woman, stricken, bowed,
A common atom of the *common* crowd.

All that remains for thee, then, is to seek
Strength to endure, and resignation meek;
Inform'd by Him who suffered deeper wrongs,
Forgiveness to the Christian still belongs.

He look'd on death as the fruition blest
Of all his tear-sown sorrows, winning rest
Eternal, everlasting, but obtained
By who have borne the *most*, and *least* complained:
Look thou on it the same, and grief and fear
Will from thy trembling bosom disappear.

Behold! 'twill soothe, to mark that tranquil face:
In its serene expression thou canst trace
The certainty that Mercy aim'd the blow
That freed the spirit from all pain and woe.

Peruse it as a page where God hath writ
A bless'd assurance (for thee to submit
To the inevitable stroke of doom)
That bliss awaits thee, too, beyond the tomb!

SPANISH ADVENTURES.

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ANTHONY BLAKE.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Vieux Moustache.

[In the following chapters the ordinary course of the narrative is interrupted, and the scene of the hero's adventures is transferred from Paris to the Peninsula.]

MEANWHILE our hero was prosecuting his journey towards the south, to seek, in the simplicity of rural life, and the enjoyment of picturesque variety, that happiness which his intercourse with the great world had failed to bestow. For several days he continued his route without meeting with any incident worth recording; travelling by easy stages, and stopping occasionally at such places as were remarkable for beauty, either natural or artificial. Amongst these was the city of Orleans; and here Blake paid homage to the beautiful bronze statue of Joan of Arc, whose enthusiastic patriotism will furnish themes for the historian and the poet, when the stupid and ferocious bigotry which consigned her to the flames will excite nothing but contempt and execration.

At Orleans our hero embarked on the no longer "murmuring Loire;" and was wafted on its rapid current, in a very short space of time, to the handsome, gay, and pleasant town of Tours; whose principal street, *Rue Royale*, formed one of the noblest perspectives he had yet seen, and possessed, among its many beauties, broad flagged *trottoirs*—a very novel convenience at that time in France. Blake, however, did not remain long enough to form an acquaintance with any of his numerous countrymen who, attracted by the beauty of the situation, have fixed their residence in that charming part of what is justly called "the Garden of France." Indeed, society was not his object: like the stricken deer, he fled from the social haunts of his fellow-creatures, and plunged into wilds and solitudes, vainly to seek relief; but, instead of flying from, he bore with him the cause of his misery; and neither in the "busy hum of men," nor

the silent gloom of the desert, could he find a balm to eradicate the canker that consumed his happiness.

From Tours Blake proceeded southward, through a flat and uninteresting country, diversified, but not adorned, with an occasional *château;* which, possessing neither the graceful simplicity of the Grecian, nor the elaborate richness of the Gothic, offered to the eye a bewildered mass of ill-constructed towers, of different heights and ages, with steep and lofty slated roofs, and small, grated, prison-like windows. The gardens of these stately mansions of nobility were laid out with becoming formality; every walk being as straight as an arrow, and every tree clipped from its natural beauty into artificial deformity: sometimes, however, they were varied with a labyrinth, whose mazy windings led to a pool of stagnant water, decorated with a classical fountain, or a temple filled with mutilated statues of rural deities, with rakes in their hands, and their heads not unfrequently covered with full-bottomed wigs. Nor was religion exempt from the barbarous taste of the day; for every village exhibited its gaudy painted wooden cross, containing a finely-gilded Saviour, surrounded with appropriate accessories—a crowing cock, a spear, a sponge, a Judas's head, and a box of dice.

Through this uninteresting country our hero accelerated his motions, acknowledging the justice of a distinguished traveller's remark, that France is an ugly picture enclosed in a splendid frame; for he also had enjoyed, though in a hurried manner, the unrivalled beauties of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. In the singularly ugly town of Poictiers his enthusiasm was for a moment excited by the recollection of the glory which had once crowned the British arms on that memorable spot but the feeling was momentary, for the pressure of his own internal pain was too violent to admit of alleviation from mere historical reminiscences. Neither could he find any solace in the conversation of his fellow-travellers; though, generally speaking, they were lively, communicative, and well-informed but man delighted not him, nor woman neither; and he hurried on, in gloomy misanthropy, to get rid of himself. Vain attempt! The fiend that preyed upon his vitals was a never-tiring companion, whom chance or change could not inveigle from his side; and it was not until he arrived on the rich and beautiful banks of the Dordogne, that he felt a temporary relief from his insatiable tormentor.

In the magnificent city of Bordeaux, which many travellers have concurred in describing as one of the most splendid cities in the world, the spirits of our hero recovered for a time their customary tone. Its noble river, its extensive commerce, its splendid buildings, theatres, promenades, and other places of amusement, afforded so many objects to attract the attention

and divert the mind, that he almost began to think he had committed an error in seeking for happiness in solitude. But the novelty wore away, and the many *agrémens* of that beautiful city soon became, like all the rest, "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable."

Convinced now that he must only look for happiness in endless variety and perpetual change of scene, our hero quitted Bordeaux, and, turning his face still to the southward, he plunged into those unhealthy marshes, those arid heaths, those howling deserts of naked sand, and those gloomy forests of stunted pine, which constitute the department of *Les Landes;* extending from Barsac to Bayonne, and producing nothing but immense quantities of resin, which render this district though the most unpromising in appearance, one of the richest in France.

These sandy deserts strongly reminded Blake of the barren wastes of the Carnatic; the pine trees of the one bearing a striking resemblance to the cocoa-nut topes of the other. The deception was also favoured by the extreme heat of the weather; the excessive power of the sun frequently producing on the sands that mirage, or glassy appearance, which in the East is called the *Seiraub*, or water of the desert; but which, like the cup of Tantalus, disappears on approaching it, and eludes the parched lips of the thirsty traveller. When the cruel and besotted bigotry of Ferdinand and Isabella drove the Moors from Spain, the unhappy wanderers applied to the French monarch for permission to settle on, and cultivate, these deserts, which was refused; and they still remain a sterile monument of the dark superstition of the early ages of Christianity.

At Dax, noted for its hot-springs, our hero first saw the Pyrenees, elevating their beautiful outline above the horizon; and, heartily tired of the desert, he here quitted the *diligence*, resolved to vary the scene by performing the rest of his journey to Bayonne by water. He accordingly took advantage of some boats that were going thither with a lading of resin, and proceeded down the Adour, the picturesque beauty of whose banks formed a striking contrast to the dismal scenery he had hitherto travelled through. The country on both sides was extremely well wooded, rising into gentle hills covered with verdure; or broken into bold projections and massy fragments of rock, which jutted into the stream and gave a new direction to the current. Sometimes the mazy windings of the river were enclosed between level banks; on which, under the shade of lofty beeches and chesnuts, the angler threw his fly, in situations that would have delighted the "quaint old Izaak;" while the shepherd sauntered listlessly along, his flock browsing the luxuriant herbage around him. Through this delightful scenery the Adour rolled its

gentle stream; sometimes plunging into a narrow recess, and apparently losing itself in the embowering foliage; at others spreading out its waters in a broad expansive lake, whose shores displayed every requisite of rural happiness—woods and lawns, fields, and gardens, and cottages; high over all the Pyrenees at times elevating their majestic summits.

But ardent as he was in his love for the picturesque, the beauties of nature palled on the fancy of our hero, and he almost rejoiced when his arrival at Bayonne plunged him once more into the human vortex: but this, in its turn, brought satiety and disgust, to the heart of the forsaken enthusiast. Bayonne, in short, famous though it be for its hàm and its handsome grisettes, soon grew intolerably tiresome to Blake; and, with a vague hope of dissipating the sombre melancholy that oppressed his spirits, he prepared himself for a sketching excursion amongst those noble mountains, which now lay before him in all their wondrous beauty, at that time as little known to English tourists as the mountains of Nova Zembla.

It was now delightful autumn weather; the excessive heats of summer were past, while refreshing showers and gentle gales occasionally cooled the atmosphere, and diminished the toil of the pedestrian. Equipped in a light walking dress, with a small knapsack on his back, a portfolio under his arm, and his sketching-stool folded up as a walking stick, Blake trudged along towards the ancient capital of Navarre; chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, and occasionally chatting with a fellow-traveller, or labouring peasant, whose cheerful manners and careless gaiety seemed sure indications of a happy state.

The country from Bayonne to the passage of the Adour had a barren, heathy, and uncultivated appearance; but, on crossing the river the scene was entirely changed, for the Bearnais is a charming and a rich country, and displays in a high degree the united beauties of cultivated and picturesque scenery. A fine macadamised road conducted our wanderer over gently-swelling hills, verdant knolls, and smiling plains; laden with all the riches of autumn, finely wooded and inclosed with hedges of hawthorn and woodbine. On either side of the road lay extensive fields of corn and maize, the most gorgeous, at least, if not productive of all crops, interspersed with comfortable mansions, farm-houses, orchards, and cottages; while the vines, trained to the stems and branches of the oak, the beech, and the walnut-trees, imparted an air of elegance even to the humblest homestead. On the right, at a short distance from the road, ran the Gave-de-Pau, swollen to a torrent by some late rains; and receiving into its troubled bosom innumerable mountain streams, that tumbled in cascades from the surrounding hills; towering over whose

woody summits were seen the rugged pinnacles of the Pyrenees, clothed in eternal snow, and lit up into silvery brightness by the rays of the morning sun.

Nor did the appearance of the peasantry belie the flourishing aspect of the country. Sturdy, healthy, and cheerful, they seemed to feel the superiority they possessed over their neighbours, the Basques and Gascons; whose less productive soil presented greater obstacles to the acquirement of wealth, or even the ordinary comforts of life. The farmer of Bearn, seated on his high saddle, with his feet in huge wooden stirrups, and his powerful horse heavily laden, in addition to his own weight, with innumerable bags and baskets of rural produce, looked the *beau idéal* of rustic independence; while his wife, jogging along by his side, on her ambling nag, seated exactly like himself, and equipped with trowsers, boots, and spurs, was a lively picture of a real help-mate, able and willing to play an active part in farm or market. Seated on some mossy bank, or strolling leisurely along the road, our hero frequently encountered some blooming specimens of the female peasantry; their handsome features, partially shaded by the scarlet *capulet*, or short mantle, trimmed with velvet; but all, even in their moments of relaxation, sedulously employed with the distaff: with indignation, however, he could not help remarking that often while the women worked hard in the fields, or carried heavy loads to market, their lords and masters lounged about lazily, or swaggered along with nothing in their hands heavier than a walking-stick.

With a mind ill at ease, though somewhat relieved by the constant variety which presented itself, our hero pursued his journey through this delightful country: endeavouring to persuade himself that man, to be happy, need only be possessed of the absolute freedom which he now enjoyed; that perfect bliss was incompatible with the cares and connexions of society, and that every step he took towards divesting himself of all worldly feelings and considerations advanced him rapidly on his journey towards the temple of happiness.

"What more has man to do," he exclaimed one afternoon, while resting himself after a long walk, "than just to satisfy the cravings of his nature, and lie down in humble thankfulness that he has wherewithal to support existence? Are not the proud, the vain, the ambitious, and the avaricious, all acting in manifest contradiction to the will of the Deity, by creating around them a world of artificial wants and enjoyments, totally at variance with that simplicity in which alone true happiness consists? Why can we not content ourselves with the delightful occupations of rural life, so congenial to the cultivation of every virtue; instead of congregating together in crowded cities, which are

nothing but immense lazar-houses of disease and vice? Heaven is my witness that I feel more truly happy at this moment, fatigued as I am, sitting under this fine walnut-tree, and gazing on that beautiful panorama of mountains, crowned with the splendid *Pic du Midi*, than I should be in the most magnificent palace, where tyrant Custom would reduce both mind and body to the most odious and humiliating slavery."

It was drawing towards evening when Blake concluded his soliloquy, and he was just thinking of seeking a lodging for the night, when one of those sudden and heavy showers so common in autumn, put a period to his philippic against the refinements of civilized life. The tree under which he stood, sheltered him for a short time from its violence; but its mountain of leaves, becoming at length completely saturated, poured down a deluge which obliged him speedily to evacuate his post, and face the "pelting of the pitiless storm."

The shades of night were now descending fast,—the rain was descending still faster; the road was long and dreary, and appeared to Blake to become longer every step he took. His clothes were completely wet through, so was his knapsack; and their united weight, added to his previous fatigue, made him utter many fruitless wishes for any one of those city conveniences before despised, to relieve him from the burthen even of his knapsack; which, however independent it might render him on other occasions, was, in its present condition, no very pleasant companion.

Shakspeare says, "Foundations fly the wretched;" a remark which often occurred to our hero, as he measured, with aching feet, step by step, this apparently interminable road. Fatigued, vexed, and impatient, he laboured on, however, till at length he arrived at a solitary *auberge;* displaying, as well as he could make out in the increasing gloom, the sign of the *Chapeau rouge:* and though its appearance was anything but tempting, he hailed it with as much joy as if it were the termination of all his worldly cares and anxieties.

Blake had to wait some moments before he was admitted, as a confused noise of voices inside prevented the people from hearing the repeated applications he made at the door with his stick. It was at length opened by a stout good-looking wench, who, with smiling looks, invited him to enter; and he did not hesitate long in obeying the welcome summons.

The room into which our hero was ushered was not remarkable for elegance or cleanliness. The warmth of the climate, or some other cause, had apparently rendered it unnecessary to board the floor; which consisted of hardened earth, wrought into a fanciful description of fretwork, by the impression of countless hob-nails with which the shoes of the peasantry were

carefully fortified. Certain undulations, also, in the surface, the result of time and friction, gave it an agreeable variety of hill and valley, which caused a corresponding oscillation in the footsteps of the weary sojourner. The ceiling, at first sight, appeared to have been painted by some eminent master, in *chiaro 'scuro;* but, on a closer view, those lines which seemed to constitute rocks, and towers, and temples, proved to be nothing more than the cracks and fissures wrought by the hand of Time in this venerable fabric. The seemingly luxuriant foliage, also, and floating clouds, were not the work of art, but the effect of accident: for when the wind prevailed in a certain quarter, the smoke, in attempting to ascend by its proper vent, was immediately blown down again and spread itself all over the room, leaving, on its evaporation, those picturesque delineations which, at the first *coup d'œil,* had attracted the admiration of our hero.

In one part of this superb saloon, as it was very properly designated, stood a dresser, containing the china and crockery of the establishment; and in another an *armoire,* or wardrobe, in which the thrifty housewife stowed her bed and table linen; while, on either side of the last mentioned piece of furniture, a bed was cunningly placed in a recess, and concealed from the general gaze by a party-coloured stuff curtain. At the extreme end of the "saloon" stood a huge antique fireplace, over which was tastefully arranged a formidable *batterie de cuisine;* and the hearth was enlivened by a blazing wood fire, which threw a ruddy glow on a group of travellers and rustics, who sat around on wooden benches, regaling on cider and *vin du pays,* and talking, laughing, and singing in full chorus.

Having taken a place in this circle of good fellows, Blake joined in the conversation without any ceremony; and, under the character of an English landscape painter, was received amongst them with the most perfect good-will. Some of them inspected his sketching book, and wondered what could possibly be the object of such fantastical hieroglyphics as they found therein: others admired the facility with which he spoke French; and an old Jew pedlar, who was one of the company, entered into chat with him in his native language, very much to the amusement of the rest, who seemed to take particular pleasure in the Hebrew version of "our northern, whistling, grunting guttural."

The savoury preparations for supper being at length concluded, the party sat down to table; consisting of the *Bourgeois* and *Bourgeoise,* their daughter Suzette, the Jew pedlar, a little Breton carpenter, on his travels for work, and two or three peasants from a neighbouring hamlet. Blake, after his long walk, felt every inclination to do full honour to the festive board; and, as all his companions seemed equally well-disposed the smoking dishes with which it was liberally laden, were

speedily emptied. Sundry libations of the *vin du pays* were also poured, not upon the ground, after the stupid manner of the ancients, but down the throats of the thirsty worshippers, who rightly conceived that this direction was best calculated to promote digestion, and ensure a sound sleep and pleasant dreams.

The discussion of these creature-comforts seemed very much to endear the company to each other, and to open the sluices of that social confidence so necessary for the maintenance of good-fellowship; a feeling that was still further enhanced by the storm of wind and rain which was now raging violently outside. Closing round the fire, whose cheerful blaze and friendly warmth were doubly enhanced by the contrast, the wine and the conversation flowed with unrestrained freedom; the late war forming naturally a principal topic in a country which had witnessed so many of its closing struggles.

"You have suffered a good deal from the war, if I mistake not," observed Blake, "in this immediate neighbourhood."

"*Helas! oui, Monsieur,*" replied the *Bourgeois*, with a sigh; "we had three nations plundering us at the same time—the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and the English."

"*Ma fé!*" exclaimed the *Bourgeoise;* "our own soldiers were worse than any of them; for they destroyed everything they couldn't carry away, lest it should fall into the hands of the enemy."

"The English, however, were *braves gens,*" said the *Bourgeois*, with a patronising air.

"And *jolis garçons,*" cried Suzette, with *naïveté.*

"They paid for everything they got," continued the *Bourgeois*, regarding our hero with a gracious smile, and smacking his lips after a long pull at the flagon. "*Par Dieu!* the English are good fellows after all, though they have robbed us of our *petit caporal.*"

"And given us a *grand cochon* in his stead," said one of the peasants.

"Who is famous for eating nothing but potatoes," said another; "*un veritable roi de patates.*"

"And for drinking coffee well sugared," added the *Bourgeoise.*

"*Cor pleu!*" cried the little Breton; "*Louis dix-huit* is petter than fifty Napoleons."

"No one would say that but a *sacre chouan,*" exclaimed the *Bourgeois*, looking very fierce, and striking the table with the handle of his fork.

"Or one of the *ancienne noblesse,*" said the *Bourgeoise:* "perhaps *Monsieur* is a baron of the old *régime.*"

This little waggery of the landlady's produced a general laugh at the expense of the Breton royalist, who was waxing

very choleric, when a tremendous noise outside caused an immediate silence within; and every eye was directed towards the door, which it was expected, from the ferocity of the summons, would instantly fly open, and give entrance to a legion of devils.

The knocking having continued for some time, the *Bourgeois* at length mustered resolution enough to demand who was there; when a gruff voice exclaimed, in commanding accents,—

"*Ouvrez la porte, au nom de l'Empereur!*"

"In the name of the Emperor!" reiterated the *Bourgeois*. "*Sacristi!* has he come back to us again from St. Helena? I'll open the door for him with all my heart."

"But you shall do no such thing, *mon ami*," cried the *Bourgeoise*, catching him by the skirts. "How do you know it's the Emperor?"

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed the *Bourgeois*; "didn't he come back once before from Elba?"

"*A la bonne heure*," said the *Bourgeoise*; "what of that, *nigaud?*"

"*Morbleu!*" exclaimed the *Bourgeois*; "what's to prevent him from coming again? St. Helena is not so far off as Elba."

"*Par exemple!*" cried the *Bourgeoise*, with a gesture of contempt. "*Que tu es bête!* 'tis almost as far as England."

Here a terrible shout, and another thundering knock at the door, spread a panic amongst the company; and Suzette, clinging to her father, cried out,—

"For the love of the blessed Virgin, *mon père*, don't open the door; they're robbers and murderers!"

The *Bourgeois* laughed at the folly of such an idea, and insisted on being allowed to open the door of his own house; but this was now become unnecessary, for, in obedience to a powerful external application, it flew from its fastenings, and a tall gaunt figure, half naked, staggered in, and tumbled upon the floor.

Our hero and his boon companions immediately rose from their seats; the *Bourgeois*, his wife, and daughter, recoiled several paces in terror and astonishment; and the fallen intruder, having regained his feet, took an old forage cap from his head, and, waving it about in token of victory, exclaimed,—

"*Vive l'Empereur! et à bas les Bourbons!*"

Then making a zigzag course towards the fire-place, shouldering everything that came in his way, he flung himself into three chairs, and demanded supper and wine *à discretion;* threatening the whole house with the utmost vengeance of the Emperor, if he was not immediately supplied.

The first idea that occurred to Blake, on the sudden apparition of this intrusive guest, was that he must be drunk; but his sub-

sequent conduct led him to believe that he was mad, an opinion in which the rest of the company seemed to participate. He was a tall, raw-boned figure, whose flesh and strength appeared to be sadly exhausted by fatigue and fasting. His dress consisted of an old pair of trousers and a military jacket, with one boot, and the forage cap before mentioned; his conversation consisted of oaths and incoherent exclamations, having reference to old campaigns and well-remembered battles; the only method he appeared to have in his madness being his constant cry of

"*Vive l'Empereur!* and down with the Bourbons!"

The violent actions and ferocious aspect of this *ancien militaire*, whose grim visage was rendered still more terrible by a beard of a month's growth, had a visible effect on the nerves of the company. The *Bourgeois*, with many a *peste* and *sacre*, began to adjust his broken door, calculating, at the same time, the amount of damages, and the most feasible mode of remuneration. His wife and daughter, in fear and trembling, had fled for shelter to the farthest corner of the room. The rustics paid their share of the reckoning, and, with a "*bon soir à la compagnie*," sneaked off to their respective *chaumières;* while the Jew seated himself on his pack, in breathless anticipation of an attack on his property; and the little Breton gathered himself up in the chimney-corner, where he was effectually blockaded by the formidable figure of the mad soldier; who, squandering his limbs in various directions upon three or four chairs, seemed determined to monopolize the whole fire to himself.

In this hopeless state of affairs our hero resolved to go to bed, and, accordingly, begged Suzette to show him where he was to sleep; but poor Suzette was overcome with terror, and incapable of doing anything, or even of comprehending what was said to her.

"*Madame la Bourgeoise*," said Blake to the landlady, "have the goodness to show me where I am to sleep."

"*Mais, Monsieur*," replied the landlady; "it is impossible for me to do anything while that mad wretch is in the house."

"*A manger! sacre vingt-cinq dieux!*" shouted the soldier. "Bring supper instantly, or I'll exterminate *tout le monde*."

"*Que le diable m'importe*," said the *Bourgeois*, *sotto voce*, "if you get any supper from me, *sacre gueux*."

"*Souper, tout de suite!*" vociferated the mad Napoleonist. "*'Cre nom de Dieu! Savez-vous, Messieurs,—je suis—de la garde imperiale—j'ai servi*—Friedland—Moscow—Austerlitz—*mais enfin—que voulez-vouz? Vive l'Empereur! à bas les Bourbons!*"

"Mine Got! mine Got!" exclaimed the Jew, sighing heavily; "we shall all be taken up for a conspirashun."

"My good friend," said our hero to the *Bourgeois*, "you had

better give the poor devil what he wants; 'tis the only way to keep him quiet."

"Not I," said the *Bourgeois*, doggedly; "I know the *sacre Jean Foutre* hasn't a *sou* in his pocket."

"Then, what do you mean to do with him?" demanded our hero.

"I shall get some assistance," replied the *Bourgeois*, "and turn the fellow out; it is by no means respectable to harbour lunatics, especially when they are disaffected to the government."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Blake, "you would not, surely, turn the poor naked wretch out on such a wet and stormy night as this!"

"But I shall, though," said the *Bourgeois*. "He's a downright revolutionist, and should not be harboured by any loyal subject."

"Nay, nay," rejoined Blake, "rather than subject the poor devil to a drenching that may cause his death, I myself will pay for his supper and night's lodging."

This entirely altered the case: the loyal and discreet landlord consented to harbour the rebellious madman, against whom he had exclaimed so violently a few minutes before; and immediately set before him the poor remains of the supper which had already been all but demolished by his other guests; expatiating on the excellence of each fragment, as though it were a whole joint fresh from the *broche* or the *casserole*.

"*Tenez, Monsieur,*" said the conscientious *Bourgeois*, as he handed the mad soldier a piece of *bacaliau*. "*Voici un gigot de mouton superbe.*"

"*Bon! Bon!*" cried the half-famished wretch, as he devoured it with a voracious appetite. "*Pas mal;*" but I have eaten better at Friedland—*c'est à dire, Marengo—mais enfin—c'est égal—du vin! du vin! Je suis abimé de soif——*"

"Here is some excellent Burgundy," said the *Bourgeois*, handing him a bottle of light *vin du pays*, which the soldier emptied at a draught, exclaiming,

"*Ah, coquin!* 'tis Rhenish—fit for the Guinguette. *Je me souviens—c'etait à Preuss-Eylau—non! Wagram——mais que voulez-vous?*

"C'est le trin-trin,
C'est le trin-trin,
De mon verre et de ma bouteille."

"Will you taste this splendid *Izard*,* just brought in from the mountains?" said the *Bourgeois*, handing the soldier the sad remainder of a fricasseed rabbit.

"*Mais c'est excellent,*" cried the madman, gobbling it up at a huge mouthful. "They're not bad, these mountains of yours—

* The Chamois of the Pyrenees.

we drove the English over them, *sacres Jeans Foutres—mais enfin——Vive l'Empereur ! à bas les Bourbons !*"

"Here is an excellent flask of Champagne," said the *Bourgeois*, helping the soldier to a bottle of cider.

"*Bon ! c'est pas mauvais !*" cried the latter, as he swallowed the beverage with a wry face. "You're a *bon enfan. L'Empereur vous payera——*"

"*Je me moque de votre Empereur,*" said the landlord; "I want none of his payment: I'm satisfied with the promise of the English gentleman here."

"The English!" shouted the crazy soldier: "down with the English!" and starting up, he seized our hero by the collar, demanding if he was one of the *sacre Jean Foutres* who had murdered his Emperor.

Blake had just risen from his seat, for the purpose of going to bed, when this attack was made upon him, to which he responded by tripping up the heels of his adversary: then leaving him sprawling on the ground, he retired to the apartment allotted to him, under the guidance of Suzette and her mother, who were too much alarmed to separate for an instant.

It was some minutes before the doughty adherent of Napoleon recovered his legs, which, with some difficulty, he at length accomplished; when seeing the Jew grinning at his overthrow, he made a sudden spring to annihilate him at a blow. This onslaught might have been productive of unpleasant consequences to the vender of copper rings and *diamans en fer blanc*, had it taken effect: but, foreseeing the attack, the wily Israelite slipped from the grasp of the enraged Napoleonist; who, not meeting with a resistance to counteract the impetus of his charge, tumbled over the pack of the pedlar, and fell with his nose to the ground.

The little Breton, who had hitherto sat in the chimney corner, as quiet and immoveable as one of his native *chouettes*, expecting that his turn would come next, started up nimbly, and jumping over the fallen veteran, escaped out of the door; where he found the Jew and the landlord consulting on the best and safest means of ejecting the enemy. A contest accordingly ensued between these three heroes, as to which should lead the assault; each encouraging the other to take the post of honour, and modestly contenting himself with the humbler station of a *corps de reserve*.

"Mine wordy *Bourcheois*," cried Moses, imploringly, to the landlord, "shave mine goots for the love of Got!"

"Confound your goods!" said the landlord: "I have enough to do to mind my own."

"But, my goot frent," argued the Jew, "mine goots is under your protection."

"Every one for himself now," replied the landlord, "and God for us all."

"Mine Got!" exclaimed the Israelite, in a burst of agony; "what shall I do? that mad rascal will shteal my chewels, and my gold shains."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the landlord; "you and I will subscribe and give little Louis here a five-franc piece, if he'll go and turn out the madman."

"*Sacre nom te tieu!*" exclaimed the little Breton; "*che n'ai rien à pertre: che ne feux pas me pattre, parpleu!*"

"But he's a *sacre* Bonapartist," cried the landlord, appealing to his loyalty.

"*Shet ékal,*" replied the Breton, with stoical indifference.

"And you're all for *Louis deeshweet,*" added the Jew.

"*Che suis pour moi-même, parpleu!*" responded the cautious little *Chouan.*

"Oh, English shentlemans!" cried the Jew in his agony; "will nopoty shave ma goots? Mine Got! Mine Got! I'm a most unhappy shinner."

By this time the vanquished Bonapartist having got upon his legs, swore a tremendous oath, and made a solemn vow to murder every man, woman, and child, that came in his way; to demolish everything in the house, and then to set it on fire, *au nom de l'Empereur.* Having come to this humane and rational determination, he sat down to finish what remained of the supper; and there being two or three bottles of wine and cider on the table, he emptied them all in succession to the health of the Emperor, and the destruction of the Bourbons. This unusual dose producing a double effect from his previous weakness, his ravings became more incoherent than ever; and his voice growing weaker by degrees, he stuttered forth,—

"*Je suis—la Garde—Imperiale—Moscow—Smolensk—à bas les Bour—foutre!—Vive Nap—ap—foutre!*"

Here he tumbled headlong upon the ground, and soon fell into a profound sleep; interrupted occasionally by broken exclamations and threats of vengeance against the English and the Bourbons.

The party outside now finding that the enemy was *hors de combat,* ventured to approach the scene of action with due precaution. The pedlar seized his beloved pack, and the landlord having secured his equally precious silver spoons, they unanimously agreed in the wisdom of not disturbing a sleeping foe, and accordingly retired to their respective beds, leaving the unfortunate veteran slumbering on the ground by the fire-side. The landlord, having taken the precaution to lock the outer door of his *casa,* put the key in his pocket, and ascended to his apartment; the Jew and the Breton being left to occupy the two recesses in the *salle à manger.*

The bed appropriated to our hero was situated, with two

others, in a large and low apartment, which extended the whole length of the first floor, and was called, *par excellence*, the *chambre au lit;* being destined for travellers of a better description than those whose dormitory was the common room down stairs. In one of these beds were deposited the bodies of the *Bourgeois* and *Bourgeoise*, and the other had the happiness to contain the buxom Suzette, though Blake was not aware, until the following morning, of his proximity to so charming a creature. But, in fact, neither the fair Suzette, nor any other of Eve's daughters, occupied just then the thoughts of our hero; and it is doubtful whether even the image of his still-adored Ellen, which was seldom absent from his fancy, possessed sufficient power to dissipate the attacks of the drowsy god, whose leaden finger pressed heavily on his closing eyelids.

Not so the Jew and the Breton, whose alarming vicinity to the terrific Bonapartist kept them tossing about on their beds the greater part of the night in restless anxiety. Now, there are few things more apt to inflame the imagination with visions of terror than a sleepless night:—the solemn stillness that reigns around; the palpable darkness that seems, like a sable curtain, to hide a mysterious world beyond; the unoccupied state of the mind, prone to receive the most ghastly impressions, and the fever into which it is thrown by its fruitless attempts to compose itself; render it particularly obnoxious to the suggestions of the foul fiend: and if ever Satan is on the watch to undermine or worry his natural enemy, man, this certainly is his time. Nor did his diabolical majesty, on this occasion, sleep on his post; he saw, and promptly availed himself of the happy predisposition of his intended victims. At one and the same moment, he entered into the breasts of the Jew and the Breton; and, applying his torch to the combustible materials he found therein, he suddenly inflamed them both with an unconquerable conviction that the mad soldier was only waiting for the favourable moment to murder them, when sleep should lay them at his mercy.

There was not, indeed, anything extraordinary in the frightful apprehension which thus took possession of their faculties; for, independent of their proximity to so deadly a foe, the very elements conspired to enhance their terrors: the rain descended in torrents, and the wind howled fearfully through innumerable crevices which time had made in the antiquated fabric; sometimes resembling the doleful moans of unhappy wretches in the agonies of death, and, at others, the yells and shrieks of tortured fiends. This diabolical concert was also occasionally enlivened by a broken shout, or a sanguinary ejaculation, from the mad soldier, whose sleep was not the repose of peace, but the struggles of the night-mare, which distracted the unhappy maniac with all the horrors of the sack, or the battle-field; and forced

him to act over again, in imagination, scenes, with the terrible reality of which he was, perhaps, but too well acquainted.

The expiring embers of the huge wood fire, which had recently blazed in the gigantic chimney, occasionally gave out a short-lived flame, or a fitful flicker, which threw a lurid glare across the room, that strangely altered the forms and colouring of the objects it fell upon; giving to the most innocent articles of household furniture the appearance of lurking fiends, on the watch to grasp at the souls of the victims, the moment they should be divorced from their suffering bodies by the lunatic assassin. The huge mysterious wardrobe was made of polished oak, quaintly carved with knobs, projections, and cornices; which, imperfectly illuminated by the flickering of the dying embers, and seen as they were *en profile* by the Jew and the Breton, resembled, in some degree, the grinning faces of infernal imps. But, to complete the picture of this imaginary Pandemonium, a faint blaze from the hearth would occasionally light up the copper *casseroles* overhead, (well burnished by the hand of the tidy Suzette,) and give them the appearance of unhappy souls, frightfully illuminated by the internal fire that burned without consuming them; while in the centre of all was fixed, by way of ornament, the stuffed head of a bear, which the *Bourgeois* was laudably proud of, having assisted at its capture in the Valley d'Ossau; and which now, to the diseased imagination of the trembling watchers, assumed all the infernal dignity of the Arch-fiend himself.

The state of horrid excitement into which they were thrown by all these concurring circumstances was altogether intolerable; and the excruciating agonies of the Jew and the Breton, if borne much longer, must have resulted in madness. Wearied nature would occasionally assert her rights, and close their eyes for a moment in ghastly slumber; but this, terrible as it was, would speedily give way to a start of waking reality, still more dreadful. At length, having screwed their courage to the sticking place, they quitted their beds much about the same time, though, of course, quite unknown to each other, to seek comfort and courage from the society of their fellow-lodgers, who were, very unfairly as they thought, safely stowed away out of the reach of danger.

On this expedition, creeping along with all possible silence, to avoid waking each other—for number one was the order of the night—the Breton had, by a few seconds, the start of the Jew; and was fortunate enough to discover, without difficulty, the dormitory of his more distinguished fellow-lodgers: there, after groping for awhile, he managed to take up a position in the bed of he knew not whom, and kept himself as quiet as a mouse, for fear of disturbing his bed-fellow. The Jew soon after arrived

at the head of the stairs, on a similar errand; but, unfortunately for Moses, in his fright and hurry to escape the impending evil down stairs, he stumbled, in his ignorance of the topography, against a bed, in which he attempted to take refuge; but its inmate, thus rudely disturbed, and disliking a bed-fellow not of his own choosing, struck out boldly right and left; and the unlucky Israelite received a slap in the chops, which seemed to have come from the arm of a giant.

Staggered by this uncouth salutation, Moses would have fallen to the ground, but was saved by another bed which stood opposite, and into which he tumbled, very much to the discomfort of its two occupants, who, effectually roused by the shock, seized the intruder by the hair, and, revengeful as bees, pommelled him without mercy for interrupting their slumbers; shouting out, at the same time, "Thieves! Murder! Robbery!" and such other exclamations as, from time immemorial, have been in use on similar occasions.

Our discomfited Israelite, thus finding himself in the wrong box, made an effort to release himself from his enraged antagonists: in this he at length succeeded; and resolving to regain his own quarters, if possible, as the alarm was now become general, he groped about for the doorway. In his search, however, he stumbled upon another bed, in which, endeavouring to take refuge, he received five knuckles' full in his eyes, with a force and impetus that laid him sprawling on the floor.

Fully convinced now that all the imps of hell must be leagued together for his destruction, Moses resolved to have one parting blow at the fiend from whom he had received the last salutation, before he should be entirely demolished. He therefore thrust his left hand into the bed, and seizing on the first object that presented itself, which appeared to consist of long silken tresses, he bestowed upon the face and head to which they belonged, without consideration of sex or age, a shower of hearty thumps, which immediately produced a whirlwind of screams, outcries, and imprecations.

The whole house was now involved in one scene of uproar and confusion. Blake, from whom the Hebrew had received the first salutation; and the landlord, who had administered the second; both got out of bed, and grappling one another in the dark, each supposing he had hold of a robber, they began to lay about them with might and main. The *Bourgeoise*, finding that her husband was engaged, like a faithful helpmate as she was, immediately got out of bed to his assistance, and seized upon the first object that came to her hand. This was no other than the head of the little Breton, who had hitherto lain snug and silent under the bed-clothes, where he had first made his lodgment, but was now attempting to escape in the midst of the hurly-burly. In

this, however, he reckoned without his host, or rather, without his hostess, for into her clutches he unhappily fell; and never was enraged Grimalkin more expert at maltreating an unlucky mouse, than she at belabouring her chance customer. Seizing the unlucky shaver of boards by his curly locks, hitherto the pride of the promenade and the *Bastringue*, she applied her nails and knuckles, alternately, with such good effect, that he immediately gave tongue, and they roared in concert.

At this period of the battle a fresh reinforcement arrived on the field, in the person of the mad soldier; who fancying, from the uproar, that his quarters were beat up by a cloud of Cossacks, staggered to the scene of action, shouting at the top of his powerful voice, "*Vive Napoleon! à bas les Bourbons!*" On arriving at the head of the stairs, he came in rude contact with the Jew, who was making a hasty retreat, after wreaking his vengeance on his invisible foe. The result of this violent collision was the immediate overthrow of the Israelite, upon whose prostrate body his adversary fell with a terrible squelch; the one shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and the other exclaiming, "Sho help ma Got, I'm shlain, misherable shinner, vot I am!"

The combatants being thus all fairly engaged, kicking, cuffing, and bawling in full blast, the only unoccupied pair of hands in the house were those of the fair Suzette; who, amidst weeping and wailing, bethought herself of throwing some light on this mysterious affair. She accordingly applied to a little phosphorous bottle, which always stood by her bedside, by means of which, having lighted a taper, the whole field of battle was displayed to her wondering eyes.

It consisted of several groups, whose picturesque attitudes might afford an admirable study for an amateur of battle pieces; and in delineating the "human form divine," he would be materially assisted by the lightness of drapery which characterised the combatants. In one place stood the triumphant Blake lording it over the fallen landlord, who begged in moving tones for mercy from the supposed robber. But Fortune, as if willing to compensate for the degradation of one member of this illustrious family by the exaltation of another, showered all her fickle favours on the landlady; who, shame to the lords of the creation, appeared astride on the vanquished carpenter; flourishing, like the heroic Trulla over her fallen Hudibras, not her cudgel, but her brawny fist, which, ever and anon, descended with unerring aim on the disfigured visage of the prostrate Breton.

The third group of this nocturnal tragi-comedy was formed by the Jew and the mad soldier; whose attitudes, though not so graceful as those of the Laocoon, were in excellent keeping with their respective characters; the crouching position of the Israelite contrasting finely with the commanding one of the

soldier; who, with one hand upon the throat of his adversary, flourished the other and shouted with exulting voice, "*Vive l'Empereur! à bas les Bourbons!*

The sudden appearance of the light put a period to this sanguinary affray; which is known to this hour as "the battle of the Jew and the Breton," in that lovely part of France which constituted the paternal dominions of "*le bon Henri*," the conqueror and father of his people. Its casualties amounted only to a few bloody noses and black eyes, of which latter decoration the fair Suzette had obtained a couple from the vengeful fury of the Israelite, in return for the terrific blow he complained of having received from her fair hand. It is true that she vehemently denied the charge, but as he confidently repeated it opinions began to be divided as to the respective veracity of the parties; while the sly little Breton looked as if, in reality, he "owned the soft impeachment." Finally, the combatants, finding that all were friends and allies, willingly withdrew their individual claims to victory; and a general act of amnesty was passed by all except the mad soldier, who was for continuing the action, as he considered the refusal of the landlord to pour a triumphal libation to be an excellent *casus belli*. He was, however, not only overruled, but overpowered, and thrown into a corner, to sleep off his debauch on a heap of straw.

The shutters being now unclosed, admitted the early rays of "grey-eyed morn;" and the male combatants hastened to attire themselves, that they might no longer shock the modesty of the female belligerents. Our hero then paid his own and the mad soldier's reckoning, and buckling on his knapsack, he sallied forth, with staff in hand, in quest of fresh adventures.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

THE STILL-BORN.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

WHAT means this hush?—what means this mute amaze?
The furtive glance of each averted gaze?
The stealthy whisper? the portentous shake
Of each bow'd head? Oh, speak! in mercy, break
This awful silence—*stillness of the grave.*
Ah! know ye not, a mother's heart doth crave
Exulting confirmation, that the pain
Of travail's anguish she may not retain,

For joy that in the world a man is born?
Alas! alas! how is my rapture shorn
Of its most radiant beams, by the cold calm,
Which fills me with indefinite alarm!

Joy hath its speechlessness as well as woe.—
But, then, my babe is silent; can *it* know
The holy pleasure of its father's heart?
Can intuition then so apt impart
The hallow'd loveliness of sympathy,
That it suppresses nature's wonted cry?

Wish'd thou a son and heir? Let not the sex,
This blissful hour, my tender husband vex;
My daughter to your precious bosom take;
And love her for her grateful mother's sake.
Not that?—not that? and yet thy looks imply
A pale despair, a mournful misery.
I *am* a mother? yet, yet there doth seem
A hidden myst'ry like a hideous dream.
Hist! what is that? Oh, not the thrilling sound,
Which was to echo to my heart's profound;
The plaintive wail—the pity-waking tone,
Responded to by that fond heart alone.

Oh, exquisite, divine maternity!
Thy music is the new-born's first faint cry,
Thy pleasure, the first gentle kiss imprest
On lips that eager seek thy fragrant breast;
Thy piety, the sacred love that sways
Thy soul, when from its inmost depths it prays
For blessings on the hapless innocent,
In Heaven's *dear* graciousness, benignly lent!

Give me my babe, then; hither bring my child.
Mistaken tenderness! oh, I am wild,
Mad, sick at heart with this unkind delay!
Almighty God! my husband turns away
In sobbing anguish! I no *more* need ask.
Bereaved! bereaved! and, now my only task
Is thee, my stricken husband, to console.
Poor *disappointed* father, I'll control
The heavy anguish of my mother's grief,
Intent alone to give to *thine* relief.
O my full heart! forgive! that shriek'd-out sigh,
Is my babe's requiem! oh, *but* born to die!
Still, on thy icy lips, a mother's kiss
Bear thou, my precious, to the realms of bliss!

THE MYSTERIOUS MAN.

"I CANNOT, for the life of me, tell," said an old burly fellow to his companion, as they were walking during the Sabbath afternoon in the old Collegiate Churchyard,—"I cannot, for the life of me, tell who this curious-looking dark chap is, who has just come to live at old Darley's shop, in the Market-place; he is a most unaccountable person; he never speaks to a neighbour, not even to say good-morrow. By our holy St. George! I should be surprised if he is not a spy of Boney's (meaning Napoleon Buonaparte); he looks so very cunning."

"Pooh, pooh, man!" said his companion, "you are too hard upon the poor fellow. He should not be condemned for his looks; he may be as honest a man as yourself. Suppose he has a quiet way of his own, are there no other men in this wide world beside him that look equally suspicious, and are honest after all? Think every man honest until he is proved a rogue."

"Nay, nay, Morrison, now you advocate the fellow's cause too strongly; and if I did not know you for a quiet townsman, I should say you were in league with him. I tell you I have my suspicions, and will keep them until it is proved to the contrary."

"Hush," said Morrison, "here he comes."

As he said this, a tall, finely-made man came stalking up the yard towards them. He wore a complete suit of black, and over all was a short cloak, thrown carelessly over the left shoulder, similar to those worn by the Spaniards. His face was of a dark olive complexion; his small black eye was overshadowed by a thick, bushy eyebrow; his mouth was small, but appeared much smaller from a profuse moustache overhanging.

This personage walked slowly along, with his eyes bent intently upon the ground, though you might see, from the restless motion of the corners of his mouth, and the occasional shrug of his broad shoulders, that his thoughts were elsewhere. He passed the crowd of loungers without ever raising his head, and glided in and out of the several tombstones as mechanically as though he knew every inch of the ground, and had been there from his childhood.

"He most certainly is a curious fellow," said Morrison; "I almost begin to suspect him. Do you think, Wyat, that he would speak to me, were I to go to him now?"

"Speak to you? aye. Yes, I believe he would; but it would be in a way that you would remember. Why, Mervale spoke

to him yesterday, and he very politely told him to go to the d——."

"Well, I will bet you a new beaver, I speak to him, and get a civil answer; and, what is more, I will converse with him for the next ten minutes."

"Done," cried Wyat, in great glee; "ah! ah! why, you precious fool, he has not spoken fifty words to anybody only behind his counter, since he came to town."

Morrison walked across the yard towards the stranger (who was then seated on a grave-stone), and, passing close to him, wished him a good-morrow.

Corsino, for it was he, raised his head, and surveying his interrogator from head to foot, and, curling his lip, gave utterance to a "hum," and resumed his old position, chuckling, as Morrison moved away, in the greatest glee.

He had scarcely left him before he heard Wyat laughing with all his might, until he was almost black in the face.

"Oh! oh! oh! oh!—you have talked to him ten minutes, have you?—oh! oh! oh!" and he could not get on any further, and his fat sides shook again.

"Well, upon my soul, that is the most curious fellow I have seen for a long time; he might have been the Emperor of all the Russias from the scornful look he gave me; but I will be even with him yet. But who is that, Wyat, crossing the yard right towards Corsino?"

"Oh, that is his daughter, I believe; so 'tis said; but there is no knowing anything about it."

"By the Mass! but she is a pretty little creature, and no mistake; far too pretty to belong to such a bear as yonder."

Morrison was right: the little creature he alluded to was a model of perfection. Her face was of that beautiful mould so peculiar to the females of Italy; her large dark eye seemed to swim with a golden light; her raven locks fell in luxuriant curls down over shoulders as pure as alabaster: and altogether her face wore such a sweet expression, that few who saw Corsino believed her to be (as she passed for) his daughter.

She tripped lightly along the churchyard, and, going behind her father, gave him a slight tap upon the arm. He started; but in a moment a smile passed over his features, and patting the child's head playfully, asked her what she wanted.

"My mother has sent me to say the dinner was ready," replied the child, "and you know that we do not like you rambling from home so much."

"Well, well, Leonora, I shall, perhaps, improve sometime; however, I will come, though, heaven knows, I want no dinner. I have had food enough for the mind already, and that has satisfied my body also."

So saying, they walked away, and were soon lost to the sight.

* * * * *

Our scene now changes to Corsino's house.

It was the night following the scene just mentioned, that Corsino was seated in a small room, with a quantity of chemical instruments before him; he was leaning over a crucible placed upon a stone, and watching the contents very closely. His face was covered with a mask, that was fitted on very closely with a strap passing round his head. This mask had a pair of large glass eyes, which gave such a hideous appearance that he almost seemed like a demon. He did not remain long in this position, for the contents of the crucible began to boil, and taking it off, he carefully placed it beside the window to cool.

"Now," said he, taking his mask off, "if that will not settle this little piece of business I have in hand, it will not be my fault. I have not been a pupil of old Exili for nothing. If the best physicians they have in all the country can find the cause of death out after taking that, I will forgive them."

"Ugh, ugh! the very scent of it is enough to poison the strongest constitution; and if that girl's father can only get one dose my revenge will be complete. Ha! ha! ha! a goodly sight will he look. It will teach him not to meddle in other people's affairs. He is, I suppose, pining after his pretty Leonora. Oh! revenge, revenge, thy cup is sweet. I would not give up this little piece of business for a king's crown. Oh, Beatrice, Beatrice, 'tis my love for thee that casts this work upon me; but I will have thee yet; thy husband shall die! die! and then there will only remain one obstacle, but that will soon be put aside."

He was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Who's there," said he, in an agitated voice.

"Here is a stranger come to the shop," said Leonora, "and has brought a letter for you."

Corsino opened the door, and tore open the letter. His eye rambled carelessly over its contents at first, but after perusing it a little while, one of his demoniac smiles played over his features, and a suppressed chuckle escaped his lips.

"Tell the stranger to come this way, Leonora, and mind no one interrupts us. You understand."

"Yes," replied the girl, timidly. "I suppose this is another of his dreaded secrets," thought she. "He appears to have too many to do much good. However, it is no use repining. I hope, ere long, I shall see the beautiful skies of Italy; that I shall, once more, tread my native land, and then I shall be happy."

Her pretty face beamed with delight as these thoughts passed through her brain; and a beautiful smile banished the momentary sadness that had been there before.

"My father would see you up stairs, sir, if you please; if you will follow me, I will show you the way."

This was addressed to a man wrapped in a large travelling cloak, that quite covered his body, and shaded the lower part of the face from view; but from above this a piercing, small grey eye roved restlessly about, as if perpetually in search of something. He followed the little girl up stairs, and was ushered into the presence of Corsino.

Corsino locked the door, and, motioning the stranger to a seat, desired him to remove his cloak. He complied with his request, and disclosed a form that one might have taken for a skeleton in black clothing. His legs and arms were exceeding short, but as thin and emaciated as it was possible to be; and his body corresponded with it. He walked to the chair with such a snake-like motion, and took his seat therein, as if he were doing something he did not wish any one to see.

"Well, Pedro, what news? has any one been inquiring after me, in Naples? Has Giulio F—— inquired after me at all?"

"Inquired after you? aye," said Pedro, in a squeaking voice. "Inquired, did you say? I can tell you, if he can only once get a blink of you, he will do his best to bring you to justice. He swears 'twas you who stole his pretty daughter. By the bye, Corsino, is that the wench who showed me up stairs?"

"Yes, yes, that is the one; but never mind that at present. Tell me how his wife is? Does she remember poor Corsino? Has the poor image-maker passed from the minds of old friends?"

"I know not, indeed, whether Beatrice has forgotten you or no, but she weeps daily for her long-lost child."

"If! Pedro. If she would have taken me for her husband, this would not have happened. Her peace of mind would have been secure; but since she slighted the addresses of the poor artist to marry Giulio—she must suffer. My burning love cries out for 'revenge,' and I must have it, though I go through fire and water to obtain it. If it ends in my execution, I care not; but I hope to manage affairs better than that. She must be my wife, Pedro! my wife! I have made a solemn vow that I will not rest until I obtain her."

"Now, man, you talk nonsense. What good would she do you? Talk about love for her! I really do not know what you men call love. I never experienced aught to move me as you are. Bah! 'tis no one but an ass that would so let his feelings heat him and annoy him. You have been everlastingly talking and raving about revenge ever since Beatrice got married. Be more manly; care nought about such trifles. You never see or hear me put myself in such a state?"

"You!" said Corsino; "you! why, man, do you suppose that I can expect warmth of feeling in adamant? Thy cold,

chilly blood was ne'er warmed by aught, unless it were with the sight of gold florins; and for that thou wouldst pawn thy soul. However, we will not quarrel for that. When are you going back to Naples?"

"In three days; for I have some urgent business that calls me away sooner than I thought."

"Well, then, that will just suit me. I will accompany you on your journey. Do not ask me what for, for I cannot tell any one. God knows it troubles me enough without throwing any one else into the scale. Remember, when we meet, I am a stranger."

Pedro bowed, and, wrapping himself in his cloak, bid Corsino a good-day, and was soon traversing the streets.

"There goes a wily hound," said Corsino, as soon as he was gone. "I would mould him to my purposes, but I am almost afraid of him. He is the most greedy fellow after gold I know of, and I fancy he would not stand at ruining my cause for a hundred florins."

Two days after this conversation, Corsino's shop was closed, and the family had disappeared for good, much to the astonishment of good neighbour Wyat, who always said he was no good to any one.

We will now transport our readers to the beautiful city of Naples.

In the large mansion of one of the richest men of that day sat a female, getting her morning meal. Beside her, upon a splendid hassock, sat a little boy. These persons were Beatrice —— and her son, a boy of about five years of age.

Few persons ever looked upon a more beautiful face than that of the lady; but there was something in that pale, sorrowful look, which showed that the heart was brought low by cares of a nature which only a female and a mother can feel. Her beautiful clear complexion vied with the white neckerchief she wore carelessly thrown over her shoulders. Her languid eye seemed to gaze on vacancy, and occasionally a tear would course its way down those pale cheeks, showing the tumult within. She was thinking of her long-lost daughter—the first pledge of affection. The child on which they had set all their darling hopes had been wrested from their grasp when in the midst of their happiness. She had scarce begun to lisp the name of mother ere she was carried no one knew whither. Death would have been preferable to the torment she now endured. Harassed, day by day, with the thought of her darling child, Beatrice grew more and more weakened every hour. Her beautiful face grew pale and thin; a dark rim began to show itself underneath the eye, and that dread torment, consumption, began its work. Such is the being now before us.

"Tomaso, my dear," said the fond mother, stroking the head of her boy, "have you seen your father this morning? I do not know what has become of him."

"I saw him crossing the lawn about two hours ago: he seemed to be going to the gardener's lodge"——

He was interrupted by the entrance of the person in question, who, walking up to Beatrice, kissed her pale forehead, and asked her why she was so melancholy. He was a man in the prime of life, tall, but rather slender. His face was not so handsome as the men of that clime generally are, but still there was a very pleasing expression about it. He had formerly been an officer in the Guards, and had received a sabre cut in the forehead, which still showed a red scar.

"Why so melancholy, Beatrice?" said he. "Come, cheer up, girl; we must meet our misfortunes with more courage; it will not do to be desponding altogether."

"Oh, Giulio! it is no use talking; my poor girl haunts me day after day. I could not forget her if it should be my death."

"I do not wish you to forget her, but do not always be so sorrowful. Here is little Tomaso," said he, taking the boy upon his knee, "who will do all in his power to make up our loss; besides, I have heard some good news from old Pedro, that miserly old dog, you know. He says he has seen the villain Corsino in the city."

"Holy Virgin protect us, then! may we be preserved from a second calamity like the one we have had! Should we lose our boy, then would the mother's life have to atone for the loss. 'Tis my firm belief that Corsino, and no other, took our Leonora, out of revenge. The villain thought that he could force me to return his hated addresses, and because he could not, he robbed me of my poor child."

It was too much for her, and, ere her husband could get to her, she had fainted.

Assistance was immediately called, and it was some time ere Beatrice was conscious.

"Poor girl!" said her husband, "her grief gets worse and worse. Oh, if I could but grasp that villain's throat, I would have his dastard life, though I should end my life on the gallows!"

"Papa," said the little boy, coming in the midst of this reverie, "there is an old man waiting in the ante-room to see you."

"Tell him to come forward, Tomaso."

He went away, and returned immediately, followed by the old man.

He was tall and stoutly built, and, for a person of his age, appeared uncommonly straight and hearty. He wore an immense pair of green spectacles, which, protruding out from

under a shaggy pair of eyebrows, gave him a very sinister appearance.

"I believe I have the honour of addressing Giulio F——?" said he, with a low bow; "if so, I have some news for your own private ear. It very nearly concerns your welfare."

"Speak out, sir, speak out! I have no secrets that I wish to keep from my boy: besides, he can do no harm."

"Excuse me, sir; you must be by yourself, if you wish to hear what I have to say; if not, I shall be under the painful necessity of leaving you in ignorance of it all."

"Leave the room, Tomaso, for a little while."

The boy obeyed, and they were left alone.

"You once had a daughter, I believe, had you not, some few years ago, who suddenly disappeared?"

"Yes, sir, I believe I had; and would give all I possess to the man who would find her for me. If I knew she were in safety, 'twould be balm for my wounded spirit; it would restore my dying wife to health, and diffuse happiness through a sorrowful house; but to remain thus in suspense is worse than all."

"So far, then," said the stranger, "your hopes are realised. I have seen your child, and she is well. But I cannot tell you more here; but if you will come with me to my house, I will relate all that should be dear to a father's ear. You will wonder why I cannot continue here. I have my reasons: let that suffice."

So saying, he arose, and, desiring Giulio to follow him, walked out of the house; and, continuing at a rapid speed, soon arrived at a small villa, at the far side of the city, where, taking a latch-key from his pocket, he let himself in through a small door in the wall, at the bottom of a winding staircase.

Giulio followed him up the steps, and they were soon seated in a small room, without any furniture excepting two chairs and a table. The walls appeared of great thickness; and, as Giulio's eye wandered over this small room, the stranger eyed him, and, with a grim smile, said—

"You appear astonished, good sir, at the appearance of this little place; may I ask, is there anything very striking about it?"

"I was busy looking for the door, friend; for I see none, excepting the one from the outside."

"Still there is one, though it has pleased a little whim of mine to have it concealed as much as possible. See here," said he, and, touching a spring in the wall, a large stone revolved on immense hinges, and left just room enough for a man to get through.

"That is a very ingenious contrivance," said Giulio, (laughing to conceal his anxiety, for he began to think he had got into a

very curious predicament). "What may have induced you to have such a place as that made?"

"Oh, nothing particular, only a whim, as I told you before; but now I will just get a bottle of wine, and then we can proceed to the business we had in hand." He passed through the door, and immediately returned, bringing a bottle and a couple of glasses.

He poured out two glasses, and desired his visiter to drink. After he had taken one sip, he laid down the glass, and desired him to proceed.

"You would wish, no doubt, to see your daughter. Now, I can gratify you, but not to-day. I have plans to carry out in order to bring her here, that will take me three or four days; however, I will let you know when you are to come. I found it out quite by accident that the child was your daughter, and considered it my duty to come and inform you, for I heard of her disappearance four years ago."

"Oh, how shall I repay so much kindness?" said Giulio. "What can I do in return for all this kindness? If you were to take my fortune, I should consider it too small a recompense for this."

"You can repay me by keeping all you have heard secret. Do not even let your wife hear a word, or it may ruin the cause. Thy daughter is in the hands of a villain, who would venture body and soul to obtain his ends; and those ends are the demolition of you and all your house, excepting one person, and that is your wife."

"Ah! say you so? then I have a good idea who you mean—it is that black-hearted villain, Corsino."

"You are right—you are right; that is the man; and he is now in Naples. Look yonder at that spire, just beyond the Colosseum: well, at the left of that spire, in a small detached house, lives the man we want; but, mind you go not near him, or you must answer for the consequences."

Giulio, whose attention had been called to the place shown him by the stranger, had not noticed that he had taken a small bottle from his pocket, and poured some of the contents into his glass; but, on turning round, such a demon's smile played upon his features, that it made him shudder.

"Now, Sir," said the old man, "I must remind you, that you may be missed from home, and that would not suit my purpose. Drink up your wine, and I will show you back part of the way into the city."

Giulio drank off his wine, and was soon on his way home; he left the stranger ere he got far into the city.

* * * * *

Two days after the events above-mentioned, Giulio was taken suddenly ill; the doctors were attending him, and all the house was in commotion.

Giulio, who had been waiting in anxious expectation for the appearance of the stranger, was now lying on a sick bed, and would most probably be still in the same position for weeks. Little did he think that the same hand that appeared to be held forward to assist him to find his long-lost one, had mixed the poison that was now chilling his blood and taking away his life. There he lay, unconscious of his danger, unable to reveal to any person his hidden thoughts; even his wife, who now attended his bedside and smoothed his pillow, saw his anxiety, but that she attributed to his disease. The doctors consulted together, but could not define the cause; they saw that his life was in a very precarious position, but, whatever they prescribed, he still remained the same, or even got worse.

"How is he this morning, doctor?" said the anxious Beatrice, on the second day of his illness; "have you any hopes?"

The physician shook his head, and said it looked a hopeless case; there was something eating away the inside, but he could scarce tell what.

That night Giulio F—— lay a corpse. His wife and little boy stood in the chamber of death, looking upon the face that was once so dear to them. The face that used to smile upon them was now cold and fixed; the teeth appeared to be hard-set, showing the agony of his last moments.

This was the scene for an artist. There lay the dead, stretched out upon his last couch. His beautiful wife, with her eyes fixed intently upon what was her husband, her left hand placed upon the head of her little boy, who was sobbing as though his little heart would break.

O death! death! cannot thy cold, icy hand grasp enough of victims without bringing into thy service the hand of the assassin? without infusing into the heart of man the spirit of revenge, immerging the soul in the bitter cup of jealousy, making love, that should bring happiness to all, a subtle poison? Does the justice and the mercy of an almighty Creator show itself in acts such as these? Are assassins' hands fit instruments to carry out his work? Are the harrowing scenes of the death-bed of a dear relation suddenly grasped and wrested from our hold—are such scenes required to make it a warning to others? 'Tis a fearful sight to see all that was once dear lay cold and lifeless before us, when but a few hours before all was happiness. Yet such scenes do often happen; such an one now presented itself in the house of Beatrice F——. It was too much for her. Her weak constitution had had too many sorrows to contend with, but this last was a blow too heavy. The once beautiful

girl, who was the joy of Naples, now drooped and pined away in sorrow and misery.

Two months after the events just narrated, as Beatrice sat in a room, with her little boy seated beside her, when the servant entered, followed by a man who was no other than the old miser Pedro, who, making a low bow, asked the lady if he could speak with her upon some very weighty matters.

Beatrice dismissed the servant and Tomaso, and, desiring Pedro to seat himself, asked him what he wished to communicate.

"Have you heard, lady, that the notorious villian, Corsino, (who fled from Naples to England to escape the police,) has been captured this morning at a villa on the east of the city, in the disguise of an old image-maker?"

"Corsino?" said Beatrice, "Corsino taken? Then Heaven be praised; it will prove the clue to find my child; for I strongly suspect the villain still."

"Yes, lady, that is the reason I came to you; for your suspicions were correct; your child is found; your long lost one is now at my house, safe from the villain's machinations."

"Leonora at your house? Oh, then my cup of joy is full. I thank God for her deliverance. Would my poor Giulio had lived to see this, and then he would have died happier than he did; he would have gone to his last home with his spirit less wounded, and his heart at rest. But, Pedro, when shall I see my child?"

"You can see her directly, lady, if you would compose yourself."

"Now! What, here? Let me clasp my first-born to my heart, and then I could almost forgive her persecutor."

Pedro rose from his chair, and, opening the door, beckoned with his hand, and in a moment afterwards Leonora was in her mother's arms.

Could aught depict such a scene of happiness? Leonora wound her little arms round her mother's neck, and smiling through her tears of joy, laid her little head upon her shoulder, and seemed lost to all but the being whom she caressed. What at this same time would be the feelings of Corsino? Immured in a dark dungeon, his guilty conscience goading him to the quick, the image of Giulio floating before him, writhing under the subtle dose he had administered to him, the groans and last gasp of the dying man, carried before the throne of his Maker with his sins yet clinging to him, ere he had time to breathe a prayer.

Here lay the perpetrator of the deed, waiting the just sentence of his country; here he lay, to be tried for his former deeds of guilt. But that did not make much impression upon

his black heart. 'Twas the loss of his revenge that harassed him; he wanted to have got Beatrice into his power, and he would have suffered upon the gallows contentedly.

"O Pedro, Pedro, could I but get these chains from off my body, I would make thy sneaking body writhe under me, and would crush thee as I would a worm. I was a fool to let thee know the secret of that room; and if thou hast still that phial, I am ruined; the murder will out; for thou dost know that Giulio was there. I must have lost my senses." He was interrupted in this reverie by the entrance of the turnkey, to tell him it was the hour of his trial.

He was tried and condemned, on the evidence of Pedro, for the murder of Giulio F——, and several robberies before his voyage to England. Four days afterwards he died the death of a murderer. Seventeen years passed away rapidly, and Leonora became a fine handsome woman, and married a rich citizen of Palermo, who did not prize her the less for her eventful life.

THE OPPRESSOR AND THE OPPRESSED.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Success shall follow every crime,
  Tyrant! conceived by thee;
Yet triumph not, *but* for a time
  Is sin's prosperity!
Each step in Fortune's flowery path
  Beguileth to the brink
Of the abyss (with descent eath)*
  Down which our Pharaohs sink.
Still more obdurate grows thine heart
  As riches swell thy store,
Till thou forget'st a worm thou art—
  A *worm*, and nothing more!
I murmur not the Lord permits
  The scourgings of thy rod,
For on the judgment-seat he sits,
  A just, impartial God.
And retribution *must* o'ertake
  The breaker of His laws,
Nor angel plead (for mercy's sake)
  The coward culprit's cause.
Each tear that from these eyelids start,
  In hopeless anguish shed,
Ere long, upon thy guilty heart
  Shall fall like molten lead.

* Eath, easy.

Thy proud imperious eye may loathe
The Lazarus at thy gate,
But there is One above can clothe
In robes of royal state;
Not in the purple and fine lawn
Thy form recoiling, shroud,
But woven with the hues of dawn
Which tinge each orient cloud;
Such raiment as the seraphs wear
(Where gold and sapphire shine)
When they unto His throne repair
To chaunt their strains divine.
Lost wretch! thou art, with all thy wealth,
A thing of fear and shame,
With tortured mind, and wasted health,
And villain-branded name.
With soul *too* sick for appetite,
Dainties but mock thine eyes;
While coarsest viands me invite
And nerve for fresh emprise.
With soul *too* weariful for rest;
Night comes, then thou *must* weep!
Vainly the eider's down is prest;
While I serenely sleep
Where toad and newt, obscene reptiles,
My humble bed partake,
Uncanopied, till morning's smiles
Bid me, refreshed, awake,
To breathe the prayer a conscience pure
Dictates to Heaven to send,
For patience, courage to endure
My *cross* unto the end.
Lord, let the chastening burthen press
Until I reach the shore
Where crystal founts of happiness
For me are gushing o'er.
For whom, Lord, lovest thou the most?
The poor, the meek, opprest;
Oh, such still form the heavenly host
In regions of the blest!
Then revel in thy glittering heaps,
Mean object of my scorn,
The beggar that on dunghill sleeps
For joys *eterne* was born!
Oh, worldly wealth is but a snare
By demons spread too well,
The golden meshes of despair
They fabricate in hell.

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

The Book of the Feet: A History of Boots and Shoes, with upwards of one hundred Illustrations of the Fashions of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Persians, Greeks, and Romans; and the prevailing style throughout Europe during the Middle Ages, down to the present period: also, Hints to Last Makers, and Remedies for Corns, &c., &c. By J. SPARKES HALL. Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS little work is quite a curiosity of its kind, and we think perfectly unique. It gives the history of the ancient covering of the feet, from the earliest period of the world. Mr. Sparkes Hall takes us back to the reign of Thotmes III., who ascended the throne of Egypt 1495 before Christ; he tells us, that during his reign the Exodus of the Israelites took place; and he gives us a view, copied from Rosselnini's great work on Thebes, of a shoemaker's shop of the period, with two of the "gentle craft" at work, surrounded with their tools. "The shoemakers are both seated upon low stools, (real specimens of such articles may be seen in the British Museum,) and are both busily employed in the formation of the sandals then usually worn in Egypt; the first workman is piercing with his awl the leather thong at the side of the sole, through which the straps were placed, which secured the sandal to the foot; before him is a low sloping bench, one end of which rests upon the ground: his fellow-workman is equally busy, sewing a shoe and tightening the thong with his teeth, a primitive mode of working, which is occasionally indulged in at the present day. Above their heads is a goodly row of sandals, probably so placed to attract a passing customer."

From the days of the Shepherd Kings to the reign of Queen Victoria, we are instructed in the art and mysterie of the Boot and Shoe; the fashions of the early Edwards and Henrys are illustrated by some very pretty copperplate and wood engravings; the high-heeled shoes of George the Second's reign are also illustrated; and we have a peep at the veritable

> "Bootès newe and faire"
> Of our good Queen Victoria.

There is much curious matter collected together in this volume, and we strongly recommend it, for the practical information and useful hints it contains for the *care* of the feet, and the cure of corns.

THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.*

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

ABRIDGED FROM THE ITALIAN OF F. B. GUERAZZI, BY M. E. N.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE more I reflect upon it, with so much of mind as Heaven has bestowed upon me, the more I think myself justified in affirming, that those kind of compositions which are called romances, are like blossomed rose-trees. Joyous with roses, lovely in their glowing hues, and exquisite in their delicious odours, they delight the eye of the wanderer, whose enchanted thought marvels how a flower can so nearly resemble the face of his beloved one. The comparison becomes more close if we consider, that as the stems of the roses are prickly with thorns, thus the paths that lead to perfection in these kind of works, are beset with impediments, some difficult, others impossible to conquer. But they differ, in so far, that in the case of the rose-tree, the passer-by, contented with the beauty of the flower, does not wait to inquire how it sprang forth; how its life is sustained; nor why it dies; and if he is influenced in the non-inquiry, by the absence of the desire, still more is he influenced by the deficiency of the power. But in the case of the romance it is different: art strives to dispose the events in a certain fantastic mystery, and to present them with all the invention of which the author is master; so that the interest of the reader, kindled step by step, may be kept eager to the conclusion; but for this end it is necessary to develope them with a natural *dénouement*, that the reader may not be indignant at having been induced to weep over events appertaining in no way to human nature. This is the labour; this is the difficulty; here lies the rock for the superior talent, and the abyss for the mediocre; and certainly it would be the abyss for ours, if the adventures we relate were not true, or, at least, if we had not found them in a chronicle of very ancient parchment, written in Gothic characters, and with gilded and illuminated initials; which manuscript, although a little injured by the moths and the mice, and also a little by the damp, is still a treasure of antiquity,

* Continued from page 272.

as any one who takes the trouble of coming to see it will be convinced.

The chronicle relates, that Count Anselmo della Cerra, being in his closet one day previous to the adventure last recorded, busied in examining papers of importance, heard some one knock at the door. Asking who was there, he was informed that a pilgrim, who appeared to have travelled from a great distance, was very anxious to speak with him. "A pilgrim! let him enter," said Della Cerra; and a man made his appearance, who, after carefully shutting the door, and walking up to the Count, threw off his *sclavina*,* and discovered himself.

"Gisfredo! you here! and in a pilgrim's habit? who would have recognised you?"

"Where nature fails, art avails, my Lord Count."

"What news? Is that rash fellow dead yet? has your cunning, united to his own folly, brought him to his ruin yet? Tell me, tell me, for I am impatient to hear; sit beside me; you will be more at ease, and I can hear you better."

"Too much honour, my Lord," said Gisfredo, bowing and affecting to decline; but the Count insisting, and urged with a "Well?" the most cogent interrogative that ever issued from the mouth of man, he related as follows:—

"My Lord, from the night on which you so earnestly commanded me to dog the steps of Rogiero, anxious to satisfy you, I have never lost trace of him. That same night I fell in with him as he was spurring, at a break-neck pace, (whether by accident or design) towards a torrent, where he would certainly have been drowned, if I had not warned him. Trusting to the service I had rendered him, I requested his escort, for thus matters would have proceeded much more securely; but he refused me with bitter words. The next day (my blood freezes to think of it), I was stopped by a band of robbers; and after they had ill-treated me, Heaven only can tell how, and taken all the money I had in my purse, they wanted to *propagginate* me at all risks. Whether it be from inclination or from habit, I hate to boast of what I have done for your Excellency; and, besides, let me do what I may, I can never acquit myself of the immense obligations I owe you, my Lord; wherefore I swear to you"—

"Be brief, Gisfredo; was your life in danger? What a pity if they had killed you. Knaves are wanted in this world."

"My Lord says truly; then, it suffices for you know that I was saved."

"I knew that already; for the devil is always more prompt to protect the wicked than"—

"My Lord says truly. I followed Rogiero with the ardour

* Long gown worn by pilgrims.—Translator.

of revenge, and the cunning of villany. As long as I knew him to be inflamed by himself, I let him run forwards; but the nearer he approached the French army, the more he slackened his speed. This new hesitation increased so much, that I judged it necessary to enter at night into his chamber, and to excite him by saying, in a lugubrious voice, like that of a ghost, '*Remember your father.*' He crossed the fords of the river Po with incredible fury; but there he became more irresolute than ever. I then determined to precede him; and presenting myself to Messer Buoso, I announced myself to be in your service, showed him my commission, and told him that a Neapolitan courier, with letters for him, was a day's journey behind me, and begged he would send men to meet and protect him; for if he fell into Ghibelline hands, with that charge, it would occasion great injury. Buoso sent the men, and they brought him in: it was night; I hid myself in a corridor of Buoso's house to see Rogiero pass. I can assure you, my Lord, it was a stupendous thing to observe the contest of the passions that lacerated his soul. He was near dropping down, and leaned against a wall, without moving backwards or forwards"—

"Villain! you take a delight in relating this despair!"

"Recollect what would be *your* joy in beholding it, Count! Perceiving that he delayed longer than was convenient, I approached, and whispered in his ear, '*Remember your father!*' He pursued me with impetuosity; and I fled before him from chamber to chamber, being well acquainted with the house, till I led him on to the part that Buoso inhabited; there I easily slipped away from him. From that time his acts were no longer voluntary. The Ghibelline traitor received the letters."

"The Ghibelline convert, you mean."

"Well, convert. The letters were sent to the French; and Rogiero remained with the French troops until they reached Rome."

"How! is he not with them still?" asked the Count, with a terrible oath, and striking the table with his dagger.

"Listen. A tournament was proclaimed at Rome; Rogiero and that Ghino di Tacco, the famous Italian brigand, combated there unknown. I saw terrible blows dealt there; such as were never equalled before in the world. Woe to us, if ever we become a mark for them!"

Anselmo changed colour, and said, with a faltering voice, "Proceed."

"The French were all unhorsed, almost all badly wounded. Belmont was run through the body; Monfort, Monfort himself, declared vanquished, and carried for dead out of the lists."

"What matters this? Proceed."

"Ghino, Rogiero, and their companions, having obtained the-

victory, fled; I followed them afar, and saw them plunge into the shades of the neighbouring forest. Here Rogiero spent some days, to recover from his wounds. One evening, as I was approaching his abode to bring him some news, I saw him wandering alone in the forest; I might have slain him; no living being was there, and he was unarmed; but you had not commanded me to do it, and without knowing whether I was right or wrong I remained inactive. I heard him utter strange words; I climbed lightly up into a tree; and, to madden him the more, I repeated, '*Remember your father!*' He seemed as if he had received a stab; blind with passion, he flew to seek me through the forest, and he ran, and ran, till, at the close of the day, he reached the Abbey of St. Victor; there, my Lord, an unlucky circumstance awaited us all."

"What?"

"Your man-at-arms, Roberto, converted into a monk, lay there dying."

"Ah! and *he* told him"—

"The whole tale of your treachery, as I learned from a questing friar."*

"Treachery! did you say treachery?"

"*I* did not say it; I have but repeated what the questing friar said."

"We are lost," muttered the humbled Count Anselmo; "and so much as I had warned that imbecile Roberto; we require crimes, and know not how to suffocate remorse for them. If I had but slain him beforehand, all would have been safe." And he involuntarily laid his hand on his doublet, and drew out a poniard: Gisfredo rose and moved away. They both remained silent some moments; at last the Count turned his head and spoke:—

"Gisfredo, where are you gone? Remain beside me. Why did you move away?" Then perceiving the poniard in his own hand, he laid it aside, adding, "*Your* hour is not come."

"My Lord says truly. I understand you perfectly."

"Do as you will; then there is no remedy?"

"And cannot you find one? The devil! Will a head like yours, my Lord, be drowned in a cup?"

"Tell it to me, if you believe there is remedy, in the name of Heaven."

"I would tell you very readily, but really I am ashamed; it is so easy that it *must* occur to you; besides, it does not become me, who have only learned so much of grammar as is necessary for taking minor orders, to teach a noble like you, who know even the mysteries of astrology."

* A questing friar is he who goes abroad to seek alms for the brotherhood.—TRANSLATOR.

"Truly I will not deny that my mind is a little confused; matters have been going quite wrong for some time back."

"Ah, my Lord, there is a means of setting them all to rights; but you either do not know it, or will not know it."

"What is it?"

"Be liberal in disbursements. You are Grand Chamberlain, you may do it, and not with your own money; in *our* days people do nothing for love."

"Ah! you want money?"

"I do not say for myself; what could I want of money, Count, while I possess your favour? But if you would give me the the sum that the banditti took from me"——

"I do not know about the banditti; but certainly a brigand took it when I gave it to you."

"You do not believe me? I swear to you by all"——

"Hush! Oaths in your mouth only add to the reasons for not believing you."

"Well, as you please. Man often deceives himself by his own malignity. In brief, I have that money of yours no longer, and to do you any profitable service, I shall require more."

"Was there need of so much circumlocution to arrive at your *ergo?* Here are some *agostari* for you."

Gisfredo stretched out his hand with the manner of a person used to such gifts, put them into his bosom, bowed his head, and returned to his former seat.

Anselmo added, "A bargain with you; now that you have got the money, tell me what you will do with it?"

"I protest to you, Count, Gisfredo is no more greedy for money than a dog for cudgels; but the work I mean to do for your advantage cannot by any means be brought to bear without cash. The times have become difficult, and human nature corrupt; and there are so many traitors, that people will do you no service without a pledge."

"And you are a proof of it."

"Be reasonable, Count. Rogiero has quitted the brigand Ghino, and will take no road but that which leads him to Manfred; that is certain. Now if, as I have learned on the way, the King has summoned the Parliament of the realm to meet at Benevento, Rogiero will certainly journey towards this city. My advice is, that I should set out immediately with a band of from fifteen to thirty daring men, lie in wait for him, and make a feast for the wolves of him."

"San Germano!" exclaimed Anselmo, striking his forehead; "how true it is, that to see objects close at hand clearly, it needs a near sight! You speak wisely, but not in all things; you should take fewer men, to avoid suspicion; and, instead of street bravos, when you leave this, go to Caserta, and give my order

to the Seneschal, who will send you five or six men-at-arms; not more, I command you; and take heed that they do not wear the device of Aquino. As for putting an end to him, I do not think that would be advisable; what do *you* say?"

"Do as you choose: for my own part I have expressed *my* opinion: dead men tell no tales."

Count Anselmo considered awhile, and then said, "No, no! that bloody corpse on the public road, during the sitting of the Parliament, an esquire of the body-guard, a deserter, and condemned,—it would give the case so much importance, that it would cause more investigation than the thing merits. Do your utmost to take him alive if you can; but if not, kill him; but bring away the body, obliterate every trace, and bury it where it will never be found. Go, and use good speed."

Gisfredo departed. What he did, and what he left undone, the reader already knows; for, not having had an opportunity of murdering Rogiero without danger, he transported him, in a state of insensibility, to Benevento, where he found Count Anselmo, who had preceded the court thither, and by whose command Rogiero was thrown into a dungeon of the palace of the Roman Legate, which had been long abandoned, and had become ruinous from neglect. It was the Count's intention to let him die of hunger, not, as Gisfredo said, from a desire of his death, but to save the expense of supporting him.

When this commission was executed, Gisfredo returned to Count Anselmo, and said to him:

"This business is done, my lord. In a short time our man will become a saint, and perform miracles. He is now cloistered. The seal is wanting to the despatch: let us throw the key into the Calore,* and all is over."

"Well, but let us think of more. Let us find some priest to say a mass for him, that his soul may have nothing to reproach us with, and that it may know we have acted like good and loyal Christians: for the rest, we recommend him to heaven."

"My lord says well," replied Gisfredo, between jest and earnest, nor knowing with what feeling Anselmo spoke; and, seeing a slight smile on the Count's lips, he added, "*I* will say that mass. I am certain that some one in the next world, either above or below, will hear it."

"You will certainly come to a bad end, you are so impious, Gisfredo. I am now about to charge you with another commission, more difficult, and more worthy of your talents. Lay aside your pilgrim's habit, put on the livery of my house, and go to the court. You will be little observed, or, if you are heeded, you will be respected as my servant. Mingle with Manfred's people;

* The river that runs near Benevento.

be a spy upon the minister, the king, the queen,—all; note their acts, words, looks, and, if you can, even their thoughts. Be faithful to me; remember that my downfall must be your ruin, and my aggrandisement will be your advantage."

Gisfredo obeyed his lord's commands, partly from inclination, and partly because he hoped (but he deceived himself) to reap some great reward from it. He entered the court; and, as he was really subtle, he conducted himself sometimes with flattery, sometimes with reserve, sometimes using courtesy, sometimes rudeness; now retiring, and now coming forward again; soothing the sternest of the nobles with humility, and gaining the most crafty of the servants by money, till he succeeded in learning, in a few hours, what another would not have learned in as many years. In spite of his skill, destiny, which often thwarts good deeds, had decreed to overthrow his evil ones. Those which we have already related, we have seen performed with great danger; we have now to relate how the last occurred, in which he lost his life.

Wearied with the business of the day, the household of Manfred had retired to seek that sleep which, for some time past, had not descended, though invoked, upon the eye-lids of their sovereign. Gisfredo, to make himself of greater value with Count Anselmo, had penetrated, with tortuous and noiseless steps, and attentive ears, into the most remote of the royal apartments. His fate led him along. He entered a long passage; with his hand against the wall, stealing on tip-toe, without drawing a breath, he passed all along. He reached a chamber; he left the guidance of the wall, and advanced. He had not entered into the middle of the room when a suppressed sigh warned him that some one was there. He stood still: the voice of female lamentation sounded through that vast space.

"Perhaps," said the sad one, "perhaps man knows how to feign affection; perhaps the fiend has taught him how to feign a passion which consumes my life. Were the courteous acts, the look, the voice, false? Did he not tremble and sigh deeply? Yet he has left me alone in my affliction, unconsoled by the thought of my parents or of heaven. Tell me, at least, if thou art dead, that I may know where to direct my sighs! If the grave holds thy body, let it liberate thy soul, at least for a moment, to tell me that thou didst not feign—that thou didst love me. That apparition would be but for an instant of time. The soul! the soul was in the blood, and that is shed abroad! Oh, that I had the corpse! I would watch it as one that slept! I would deceive myself, saying, He will awake presently; and, since he could not be united to me in life, I would wait patiently to rejoin him death. I would pour balsam into his wound—alas! what wound!—dug deep into the middle of his bosom. Is it

incurable? Say the truth, is it incurable, master?* He does not answer! he weeps! and you, too, weep, Gismonda! Oh, Rogiero! who murdered thee, Rogiero?"

She rose impetuously, walking, with hasty steps, towards Gisfredo; who, retreating with less than his usual caution, stumbled over a foot-stool with some noise. The accident disturbed him; he lost the direction of the door; he felt along the wall, but the more he sought it, the farther he went from it. Iole, irritated by the noise, sprang upon him, and seized him by the breast. She felt a dagger under her hand—drew it from his vest—grasped it—and, threatening to pierce him, cried—

"You murdered him! Heaven has driven you into my hands, that I may avenge him!"

The present danger, no less that the future, if Iole's voice should attract any person thither, so much discomposed Gisfredo, that he replied at random, rather than advisedly:

"Pardon, Madonna; your Rogiero lives."

"He lives?"

"I swear it to you by all the saints!"

"He lives?"

"Yes; he is alive, and well as you are, lady!"

"It is not true! you are deceiving me."

"Do you not believe in the saints?"

"Yes; in *them*, but not in you."

"Yet truly he lives."

"Lead me to him! but do not expect that I will take this hand from your breast, or this point from your throat, till I see him."

"Holy Virgin! we shall be seen, lady; we shall be stopped. You will ruin me, and you will never see Rogiero again. To-morrow, I swear to you"——

The Swabian maid, rendered fierce by irritation, wounded him slightly in the throat, so that he was ready to fall in a swoon, and said to him, with a firm voice,—

"Guide me, and be silent."

Gisfredo, seeing that this was no time to plan subtleties, and that, if anything could save him, it would be honesty, submitted, in spite of himself, to act sincerely. But he seemed little inclined to it: although resolved in mind to conduct himself uprightly, his limbs seemed studious to betray. The Swabian maid held him tight, and often touched him with the dagger in her suspicion. He uttered a low cry. For a few steps further he gave no cause for distrust: then he excited it more than ever. In this manner they descended into the court-yard; two men-at-arms were walking about in different directions before the great

* "Master" was the title given to medical men in those days.

gate: to pass them unnoticed would be impossible. There is no royal palace which has not its secret door, through which Truth may sometimes enter, as says Giovanni Parini. At this moment Iole remembered that there was one here: she forced Gisfredo towards it; and by this means they emerged into the open air. What occurred subsequently the reader has already learned.

CHAPTER XVII.

"WHO will succour me?" said Rogiero, languidly, when recovering from his long swoon. "Who will succour me?"

No voice replied to the piteous inquiry. The unhappy young man lay prone, without venturing to open his eyes, like one who expected but to open them on new sufferings. Already his miseries were too great. If they had any tangible form, if they were external, he would have had courage to rise and close with them in mortal combat; but they dwelt agonisingly in the depths of his own heart, and he felt not his power able to suffocate them there, and to extinguish life together with them. He groaned inert under the intolerable burden; and though his mind shrank from the contemplation of the past in detail, yet the anguish of the concentred whole pressed upon his brain. For the third time, and in a louder voice, he repeated, "Who will succour me?"

His voice was lost in the distance, yet found not, in the space which it pervaded, a single charitable being to break the hideous silence: then he slowly raised his eyelids; all was darkness; he felt around with his hand, but in vain.

"They might have slain me, but death would be too little for those cruel wretches. Let the anguish of the body first exercise its tyranny; let the fearful anguish of the mind exercise its own; let the agonies with which nature has encompassed me be added to those which my fellow-creatures have heaped upon me, and let them triumph. Yet, by slow degrees, let not an atom of suffering be avoided; let each stab have its groan, but let them not mingle; let each be distinct; let every wound have its pang; let death be wholly and entirely felt: this, indeed, is a thought worthy of men!"

He drooped his head, and muttered fierce words. After a considerable pause he felt again all around him; this time his hand touched some object—he raised it—the bone of a human skeleton—he clasped it as a friend; he felt it all over like a mother stroking down the fair hair of her beloved first-born; then his hand dropped feebly by his side, and his lips, in unison with that demonstration of sadness, sighed, "There, the bones of the

victim will be buried with the bones of the victim." Again he touched the human relic: "Perhaps thou hast been still more unhappy than I; for the only thing conceded to mortals without measure, the only thing they can pursue and find no end, is bitterness; perhaps thou hadst a father who has shed many tears, but not over the ashes of his son; perhaps thou hadst a mother who hath wandered franticly from cemetery to cemetery, in order to breathe a prayer over her child's grave, but found it not."

He would have pursued this strain of meditation further, but that it was so painful his lips could scarcely utter his thoughts. Suddenly striking his forehead, he added, "And I shall never again see Iole, if she survives?" He was still speaking when a tempest broke over the castle; he raised his joined hands in a supplicating manner towards heaven; then, as if he thought the act unsuitable, he rose to prostrate himself; his knees struck against the breast of a skeleton, and its ribs snapped under him with a crackling sound, that seemed like a wailing; yet he did not change his place, but following the suggestions of the occurrence, he spoke: "Oh, destroying power, hear yet once my prayer; the prayer of a creature already laid upon the altar of destruction. The experience of years teaches that the world grows old in years and in infamy; that from son to son the inheritance of guilt is transmitted to us, still increasing in vileness; that there is no longer one unpolluted place where the just man can kneel to pray; there is not a stone where the head of the murdered has not lain; there is not a clod which has not been sprinkled with blood unavenged; the light displays manifest slaughters, the darkness conceals occult perfidy; all of us, in our stations, are destined to be either betrayers or betrayed. If she who, by the first crime, called down death upon her own head and ours was restored to life, and beheld, from the brink of her sepulchre, the deeds of the fierce men who have descended from her, she would shrink back in horror, beneath the stone, and would pray to die again. Our forefathers concerted in their wicked arenas to draw amusement from suffering nature, and applauded homicidal brother-men; but our fathers were called barbarians. Let all the tempests be collected into one; let creation be abandoned to their fury; let earth be buried among the fragment of the worlds that overwhelm it; let man be destroyed, and his memory perish."

We will pursue no further the words of this sufferer; we have related enough to show the aberrations of his mind from the right path; and how, irritated by extreme anguish, and blinded in his intellect, he had fallen into the impiety and presumption of blaspheming, rather than of supplicating, Him who alone could aid him.

Ceasing his querulous exclamations, he lay down again upon the earth, and, with tranquil desperation, awaited death. Many

hours elapsed thus, when a confused murmur struck his ear, and made him spring from the ground, and listen attentively; it appeared to him not to be far distant. and to come from above.

"Perhaps it was only in my own head," said Rogiero, and touched his forehead; but the forehead was cold. He listened with redoubled attention—there was certainly a murmuring. He groped about with his hands before him, feeling the earth with one foot, while he rested the weight of his body on the other; he directed his steps towards the place whence the sound seemed to issue. As he drew near, the murmur increased, and appeared to be human voices, though the words were not distinct; he proceeded with more courage, then the sounds decreased; he turned back, and strove to acquaint himself with the place: continuing his search, he found a staircase, which, supported on a half arch, descended from the upper part of the edifice, and extended to the pavement of the dungeon. He was at the foot of the staircase; it was very narrow, and without ledge or balustrade. He ascended cautiously, exploring with his hands; at the top he found a ltttle bridge, also without any parapet; he crossed it at hazard, and entered a corridor, which led him to a strongly-barricaded door: he judged that it must be night, for through the fissures of the door there issued a blaze of burning wood, such as his eyes, accustomed to the darkness, were not at first able to bear. He sought for a part that would afford him the best means of observation, which he soon found to be at the jambs, where the door, badly fitted, left him a space sufficient for seeing with ease. He discovered, collected in a circle, about forty persons, whom, although clad in mean garments, he recognised immediately as nobles in attendance on King Manfred: they were then silent; but sometimes one, and sometimes another, cast an impatient glance at a door opposite to that through which Rogiero was watching them.

"Is the hour past?" said one to another; and they mutually inquired, "Was not three o'clock in the morning the appointed time?" and the answer was "Yes!"

A sound of footsteps approached; it seemed to thrill the nobles. They rose from their seats. With eyes fixed on the door, they breathed deep in their anxiety to see who would enter; but, no one yet appearing, several seemed inclined to fly. A few drew their daggers, and stepped resolutely; but these were the most alarmed, though their gesture seemed to demonstrate the contrary. The door opened; a cavalier, completely covered in a mantle, and with a soldier's helmet on his head, advanced into the room. At the sight of so much discomfiture, and so many bared daggers, he laughed aloud; opened his mantle, and discovered himself covered, from head to foot, with heavy armour.

"Put up your daggers, barons," said he, "or you will break the points."

"Oh, is it you?" they all exclaimed; "yet our wariness was not without reason, for it never happened us before to wait for you, Count."

The voice of the newly-arrived person seemed familiar to Rogiero, who strained his sight to gaze upon him; and the latter, moving towards the fire, enabled him to recognise the features of the Count della Cerra.

"You say truly," replied the Count; "but the nearer a certain man approaches his ultimate destiny, the more he allies himself with us; and this new confidence can be derived from nothing but Providence."

"Speak sincerely, Count: where is your lord?"

"What lord?"

"The Count"——

"Ah! this is what I am about to tell you: he is retained by *the man*, to concert with him measures for the defence of the kingdom. I am come in his stead, most noble barons, to explain to you the state of affairs: let that suffice for the present. We cannot, at this time, arrange our plans for the future; because, as you are aware, we are not as many here as we ought to be; and *he* is absent who is, or claims to be, our head. Our friends, who are convoked with the remaining barons of the kingdom for the next assembly, will arrive, as well as I could gather, between this night and the following day; wherefore, nobles, you may assemble, if nothing hinders it, in this same place, the night after to-morrow."

"Excepting in case of sickness, we promise you to attend," replied the conspirators.

"Now, then, learn that our letters have reached Monseigneur Charles d'Anjou, and have been graciously received by him; and the Pope and the Count encourage us to the enterprise. The former promises us every spiritual aid, which, to say the truth, is not worth much in cases like the present; and the latter promises us his troops to support us, and privileges and franchises to reward us. Here are the letters which a secret messenger brought us from Rome the night before last. We will lay aside, if you please, barons, the letters of the Pope, as being of little importance, and because time presses; and we cannot, without suspicion, remain so long absent from court. Let us read the letter of Count Charles."

No one now could remain in his place; impelled by curiosity, all crowded round the Count della Cerra, who, taking some letters from his bosom, and selecting one, read it aloud:—

"Charles, &c., &c., &c., to the noble barons representing the realm of Naples, to all in the aggregate, and to each separately,

greeting: We know not, noble cavaliers, whom we ought chiefly to congratulate,—whether ourselves or you,—that we are all moved by the authority of the Holy Church, and still more by our natural feeling, to the succour of all those Christians who groan, in miserable degradation, under the burden of an impious tyranny. You have known how to appreciate your own most wretched state, and the purity of our intentions, the which, instead of counteracting them, you have promptly offered to second, as far as in you lies. And let not these words be unpleasing to you; for you know that servitude makes the heart sick, and the mind weak; but you, valiant nobles, excellently endowed by nature, have been singularly enabled to preserve both heart and mind sound and unimpaired. And we, in the first place, undertaking large emprises, expected the greater gratitude for it; and now, since it has pleased Heaven to favour our wishes, we shall have the more confidence. In all human affairs something must be staked, and, this being an inevitable necessity, we do not esteem ourselves too adventurous in staking our own glory rather than Christian blood, and"——

"All these swelling words," said an old man, whom Rogiero did not know, "do no good to soul or body. It is plain to be seen that this letter comes from Rome; it has the style of the bulls. Proceed to something good, if you please, Count Anselmo,—proceed to the compacts."

"As you will," replied the Count della Cerra, and, omitting two or three pages, he continued to read:

"It is already known to the world that the House of France does not oppress its vassals with taxes, nor despise the respect of the people, the love of the nobles, the good-will of all; that it is not covetous, intemperate, reckless, dastardly"——

"These are praises, Anselmo, and not compacts," interrupted the old man again.

The Count Anselmo, muttering over the letter, came nearly to the end, and then said, distinctly:

"Here is what he promises:"

And he read again:—

"Doubt not that our gratitude will be adequate to such good service: the principal posts in the kingdom shall be yours; the magistracies, and the right of consenting to the laws. We will accept as much authority as you will concede to us, and will hold ourselves therewith content. The *Regalias* shall be annulled; and the crown shall relinquish the right of imposing taxes, but retain that of decreasing them. But this is not the fitting time to explain all the salutary reforms which we have devised, in order to restore felicity to your beloved country; they shall be such as a loving father of a family would concede, and such as affectionate children could expect."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed the old man, for the third time; look, I pray you, whether this be not despatched from the apostolic Datory's office, *sub annulo Piscatoris.*"

"Hear the end," said the Count di Cerra, with a sudden irritation, which immediately changed to laughter, and he read on:—

"It would be useless, and, perhaps, injurious (observe *injurious*) to guarantee you the undisturbed possession of your castles, lands, and privileges; yet, nevertheless, you may not only expect, but feel certain, that we intend to augment your domains, and to aggrandise you with every kind of concession whereby a son of France can testify his satisfaction to his faithful"——

"Truce to these slippery words, Count," said the old man; "and please to pay attention to the last sentence of the letter; he has spoiled all in the end. In spite of his fine protestations, it is plain that his intention is to rob us."

"How?" asked all the conspirators.

"Oh, it is clear; he promises to increase our domains. Now, as he cannot bring any lands from France, it is plain, that to give to one, he must take from another."

"Baron," interrupted Di Cerra, "you make the expression more mischievous than it really is. Do you suppose he is thinking of spoliation, at the moment when he is about to acquire a kingdom?"

"Would he think of it at the moment when he would be about to lose the kingdom?"

"Something, Baron, is due to confidence; something to reputation; something to"——

"By no means. When these white hairs were brown, I thought as you speak; but *you* do not speak as you think, for your own hair is not still black."

"If grey hairs have taught you only to slander your species, it would have been better for you to have been bald, when your was brown."

The by-standers laughed at the reply. The old man waited composedly till the laughter ceased, and then resumed:—

"Age has taught me to know my species; it has taught me things which *you* know, but disguise, because you do not choose to make them public. And now, finally, what guarantee does Charles propose for the performance of his promises?"

"Guarantee? Can a man give a better pledge of his good faith, than by entering pacifically into a kingdom which he could have conquered?"

"Good faith, like the weather, changes in a day, Anselmo; and it does not appear prudent to me to run risks by depending on his own will. Let us take heed where we tread, for we are

travelling on a road whereon we cannot turn back; let us secure ourselves while we yet may; for there will soon be no longer time for it; and then precaution will be dangerous, and lamentation ridiculous."

"For my own part, I do not see the way to escape the danger. That which we suffer under *the man*, is a certainty; that which Charles is preparing for us, is an uncertainty; according to the calculations of human prudence, I think the matter deserves to be put to the test."

"You have interrupted my arguments thus, Anselmo; and I shall not delay now to demonstrate whether your opinion is deserving of praise or of censure. The day after to-morrow I will again propose the same doubts; for though I hate *the man* much, I abhor infamy more."

"When it is without profit;" muttered Count di Cerra, in a low voice; the old noble did not hear him, and continued:

"But now that I think of it, Count, it appears that you love liberty; to liberty you must add the equalisation of property; did not your creditors compel you to sell your family estate ten years ago? Be of good cheer; continue to uphold the Prince, your nephew, in his favourable dispositions towards Charles of Anjou; he is the sort of king to restore you that of which your debts deprived you."

"How! do you think"——

"I think nothing."

"Perdition on my soul!"

"Amen! The opinions you express may be sincere; but the time is unfavourable to their appearing so. Be assured, Count, that wiser men than you or I have thought thus. Unhappy men! their meditations have ended in sighs and wishes, and their acts in voluntary exiles or in violent death."

"Be it as you please; think as you will of my real sentiments but I hope to see the day"—

"And when do you expect it?"

"When every private passion is laid aside, and every individual interest forgotten, and we shall agree"—

"Then it will never come for us, for we shall be defeated; take away self-interest, and what remains to us?"

Much more was said on both sides; which, as unimportant, we omit. At length the Count di Cerra arose, and took his mantle, as about to depart, and said to the conspirators,

"There is no matter in this world, however difficult, which may not be brought to a good issue by firm will and discreet conduct. I bid you farewell, Nobles; I have been absent from the Court long enough to awaken suspicion. I hope that in future you will not grow impatient in awaiting me. Adieu! Let us separate with our usual caution."

A formal leave-taking ensued, and the light was extinguished; but Rogiero perceived by the sound of the footsteps dying away in the distance, that the persons assembled were departing. He waited a while longer; and when he was convinced that all were gone, he began to shake the door with the strength of a man who, having lost all hope, makes one last attempt for his preservation. He tried all means; wondrous and incredible were his efforts; yet, though his active force was great, greater still was the passive resistance of the door. He suceeded, at last, in moving it a little; but that was very different from forcing it. Whatever he might already have effected, much more remained for him to do; and now his breath was exhausted, debility succeeded to violence; perspiration flowed from his forehead, and blood from his hands; he sunk under despair and exhaustion. He turned back,—with what feelings let the reader judge,— traversed the corridor, and reached the little bridge; there an idea struck him to fling himself down, and be dashed to pieces on the pavement below; would not that put an end to all his sufferings, and procure for him a real and lasting liberty? Wrapt in this thought, he touched the extreme verge of the bridge; a hair's-breadth further, and his fall would not have been in the power of his own will. No sooner does an idea like Rogiero's spring up in our brain, than a contrary one awakens; and the soul would remain in operation, if passion did not interfere to determine its choice between them. Some philosophers, in order to explain the fact, (for amongst men there is a mania for penetrating all things, and explaining all things; especially those which are impenetrable and inexplicable,) have supposed within us the existence of two different principles; of which opinion we shall say nothing, as it is not *our* weakness to pronounce judgment on things which are neither comprehended nor comprehensible. Without wearying ourselves in investigating how the fact occurs, certain it is that it does occur; and thus Rogiero had hardly conceived the idea of dying, than another thought bade him live, and pictured to him his body disfigured with horrid wounds, his skull split, his brains scattered, his face distorted, his arms and legs broken, every member dislocated and disjointed in a horrible destruction, as is the state of him who falls from a height, and dashes among rocks. He drew back dismayed from the brink of the bridge, and trembled at the recollection of how far he had advanced to the verge; and, as if to free himself from temptation, he hurried down the staircase; and when he reached the foot, he sat down on the last step, resting his head upon his knees. In this attitude he strove to think of many things, and to prepare his mind for much; but soul, spirit, fire, in brief, the being that has the faculty of thought within us, responded not to his will; if

he endeavoured to confine his thoughts to one particular idea, they wandered to another corresponding, but different idea, and thence to another, losing sight of the subject; then Rogiero recalled them to the original point, and again they strayed from it, till he grew weary of wasting, in setting about thinking, the faculty which ought to be employed in thought; he abandoned the endeavour, like a knight who finds he can no longer rein in a furious steed. Then he plunged, as in delirium, into the realm of memory; and, mingling and confounding all things, he created dreams, some smiling with hope, some hideous with terrors irreparable; at length his eyes closed, and his limbs lay motionless in a heavy lethargy.

How long he remained in this state we know not; but after some time his optic nerves, affected by a sense of pain, recalled their powers to the ordinary offices of life; but before he had raised his eyelids, he heard a voice saying:—

"Alas! how dark! I hoped to have seen him by the light of the flames; but what shall we do? Is it not true, then, that hell is full of fire?"

"Madonna," replied another voice, "you are not in hell; and he whom you wish to see is now near you. Meanwhile, do not grasp me so tightly."

"No, no! I will do still worse to you, since I have not found him; you promised me, but you are false, and I will not be deceived."

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed Rogiero, opening his eyes, and immediately closing them again, as if to retain as long as possible an idea which he believed to be a dream; but not finding it again internally, he sought if it were indeed external and real; "Santa Maria! Is it Iole that I see?"

Iole, arrayed in a plain white robe, was before him; she was moving slowly forwards; her right arm, a little raised, held a dagger; the left hand grasped a man who carried a lantern, the feeble light of which, either by accident or design, he turned full upon her. Iole, at the sound of her name, stood listening, like one who is uncertain of having been called; but hearing it repeated, she replied, "What detains you, Rogiero?" And quitting the man, and dropping the dagger, she held out her arms.

Unhappy pair! after so many days of absence they could speak but in sobs, and soothe each other but by tears.

Rogiero suddenly saw the light fail: if the earth had sunk under his feet, he would not have heeded it, so forgetful of himself was he at this moment; but he was aware of the failure of the light because it robbed him of the light of that face whence he derived comfort for past sufferings, and firmness for future courage. He looked apprehensively round. Iole's guide had

stolen away, and now he was just about to close the door after him, leaving, with the blackest perfidy, the two lovers imprisoned. Rogiero sprang from his beloved Iole, and whether it was from his extraordinary quickness, or that the gaoler's hand trembled at the crime he was about to commit, Rogiero reached the door in time to prevent its closing. The wretch, perceiving his design had failed, sought safety in flight, but was immediately overtaken by Rogiero, who, grasping him tightly by the throat, dragged him back into the dungeon; there, taking the lantern from his hand, and holding it to his face, he recognised the pilgrim. He said not a word, but casting down his eyes, he perceived the glittering blade of the dagger dropped by Iole; he seized it, flung the gaoler to the ground, set his knee on his breast, twisted his hand in his hair, and prepared to strike. The Swabian maiden, who had hitherto stood as one stunned, now moved suddenly, and, uttering a loud cry, sprang forwards to arrest Rogiero's dagger.

"Stop!" she exclaimed, "do you think I will ever suffer a contaminated hand to touch mine?"

Rogiero raised his head, looked at Iole, and then at the gaoler, and again at Iole; she let go her lover's hand, he understood the act, rose up, and touching the prostrate villain with his foot, "Live," cried he, "live for more atrocious crimes, for a more ignominious death." He instantly fixed the dagger in his girdle, took the keys, and, drawing Iole's arm within his, added, "Come, fair and unhappy one; the innocent can find safety only in flight."

They hastened away. The gaoler, though severely bruised, rose, and, hurrying to the door, conjured them, for the love of Heaven, either to let him accompany them, or to slay him at once, as, if he remained there, he must die of hunger. They would not hear him, and Rogiero, striking him on the breast, drove him back, and his last groans were mingled with the grating of the bolts turning in their rings. History records nothing more of him; but long after, in the reign of Charles II., surnamed the Lame, that ancient edifice being demolished by the order of the Legate of the Holy See, the Lord of Benevento, two skeletons were found in a vault, one of which had the teeth fixed in the right hand, a certain sign that hunger raging in his vitals had reduced him to the miserable necessity of finding food in his own members. This skeleton was believed to be that of the gaoler.

Iole and Rogiero walked onwards without knowing whither in the shades of night; their arms were entwined, their hands in one another; without a pressure, however, without a tremor, in silence, and with equal steps.

"I have called him," said Iole, as she was speaking to her-

self; "I have called him with the first ray of dawning light; I have called him with the last gleam of the dying day——if he had but replied to the eager call——my life, made wretched by a mysterious sorrow, was wasting away in thick darkness. He appears to me, bright as an angel of mercy; he reveals to me the ruin, and vanishes like the lightning of the tempest."

All Italians, warmed by too bright a sun, and inspired by other causes unnecessary to mention here, are inclined to use, both in speaking and writing, a certain figurative style, which, from being common in the East, is called the Oriental style; the Neapolitans especially, and the inhabitants of the hotter parts of Italy, are addicted to it when any passion of either joy or sorrow moves them with an extraordinary excitement; wherefore we hope that no one will consider the colloquy of Rogiero and Iole that night is either overstrained or affected.

Rogiero replied, touching her hand with the lightest pressure, "I was not able to hear; the space between thy lips and my heart was filled up by the perfidy of men and the malediction of Heaven; the malediction, because crime impelled me on to crime, and at that moment a contaminated soul was sacrificed to infamy."

"When the sun sheds abroad the treasures of its light, when the firmament announces the glory of its Maker, I have besought thee from heaven with the fervid prayer of a languishing spirit; but Heaven heard not the suppliant. In the whirlwind of night, amid the whistling of the winds, amid the roar of the thunder, I have entreated for thee; but all were deaf to the unfortunate."

"Happy I, in whatsoever place justice or mercy may place me, so that I be but free from the den of the wild beasts that call themselves men."

"Whither thy spirit had gone, I knew not; but I mourned thee as dead; in the gardens of the Castello Capuano—near the fountain—between the gate and the arched way"—

"Where, on that fated night,"—

"I learned thy love,—and the ears of the Swabian Maid were open to thee,—*there* is a little mound of earth; these hands raised it;—on it is placed the cross which Constance, my father's daughter, hung round my neck ere she departed for Arragon. There, nightly, I invoked thy spirit."

"Ah! unhappy one! Why hast thou borne such a long day of grief?"

"Why? Wert thou not afar from me? Had I not lost thee? If it needs that I explain it to thee, it were in vain to speak, for thou canst never know it."

"I knew that thou wert living; but"—

"I sank under the weight; the fibres of the intellect gave way, and the mind ran riot through the frame. But in this

night alone, after a long space of time, I recover the use of my free-will, if it be not an illusion :" and she pressed Rogiero's hand : " yet greater still than the joy of being delivered from that state, is the fear of falling back into it again."

" Oh ! speak it not ! I should die with grief. But tell me, fair unfortunate ! what angel guided thy steps to the dungeon of the unhappy Rogiero ?"

" All was disordered ; but the faculty which responded to thy name was still sane. I heard ' Rogiero !' I remember no more : I awoke near thee."

Rogiero raised her right hand to his lips ; she placed her left hand on the rich mass of his beautiful hair, and said, " Be this the crown of love on the condemned head."

" Condemned !"

" Who can tell what number, preferring gain to repose, are seeking thee now, from land to land ! Who can say how many eager women implore the Saints that their lovers or their husbands may obtain the price of thy blood ! How many hopes, how many fears, depend upon thy head ! Between thee and the beasts of the forest there is but this difference, that the reward offered for thee is the greater."

" Oh ! ill fortune !"

" There is none to defend thee ; pity itself is silent,—the sentence"—

" What sentence ?"

" That of a rebel to the kingdom, a traitor to thy Sovereign."

" Santa Maria !"

" Art thou innocent ?"

" How can I be so ? am I not of the race of Adam ?"

" I mean, of the treason."

" I am not." Iole moved away a little. " Yes ! go ; despise me, thou, also ; abhor me ; unite with thy race : fling the stone at the wretched, for thus do all ! If thou didst but know how a victim was feigned for me to avenge, a criminal to punish, a fratricide, filial piety invoked ; if thou didst know how my destiny constrained me with unknown voices that seemed to issue from the spirits dwelling in the air, in the earth,—that it directed my steps to guilt as a current to the ocean—that it commanded even my dreams, wouldst thou, O daughter of the dust ! or couldst thou, condemn me ? Oh ! that there were one who could descend into the depths of the soul, liberate the thoughts, and scrutinise the heart, and place himself between me and my judges,—could hear and weigh justifications,—who would then contest the reward of patience with my spirit, or exonerate my contemners from the penalty of erroneous judgment ! Here, within my bosom, the eye of flesh cannot penetrate ; the intellect of man is as the dust, his reasonings as the clods of clay ;

the earthly judge pronounces sentence with wrath, because he confounds the guilt with the man; and pardon seems to him like an injury, and absolution like an offence."

And now the approaching tramp of horses struck the ears of Iole and Rogiero.

"Save thyself," cried Iole, "whatever thou mayst be, we shall meet again in another world. I love thee;" and she hurried onwards. "If they meet thee, I will defend thee; I, poor wretch! can innocence, can prayer prevail over the impassibility of avarice! Holy Mary! they have seen us; hear how they gallop: they are upon us. Holy Virgin! send us a protector. Let us fly; but who can escape from the ardour of persecution? We are taken!"

"Be firm," said Rogiero in a low voice, to Iole, as the pursuers came up, and like a courageous person he met the squadron, and said: "Cavaliers, have the goodness to conduct me to the abode of the king; for, if I mistake not, I can restore his daughter to him."

"Blessed be San Germano," replied the Captain of the Esquires, who headed the troop, "we have been seeking her for some time, through all Benevento. Princess, the Queen, your mother"—

"Ah, my poor mother! Let us go to console her: how I can comfort her, I know not; there is not a living being to whom I show my face who does not cast down his eyes afflicted. Yet, as she affirms it, think what her sufferings must be, if the sight of *me* is a comfort to her."

"I salute you, Cavalier, and take my leave. Princess"—

"No, Sir Knight," replied the Captain, "I cannot let you depart unknown; you must come with me to the King's palace; I would not wish to defraud you in anything that the gratitude of my royal master may deign to bestow upon you."

"Messer, I am one, heaven be praised! who needs no other reward for good works, than the pleasure which is derived from them."

"I readily believe you, fair sir; but gratitude is testified only by jewels and gold"—

"Nevertheless"—

"It is impossible."

"But"—

"I pray you, in courtesy, not to refuse; mount my horse; for I must accompany the Princess, and I could not well take her behind me."

Rogiero, considering that no good could accrue from obstinate resistance, followed the advice of the Captain, who commanded his men to ride on for a short space in front. Thus they proceeded about a hundred paces, when the mind of Iole, recurring

to all that had passed in one short hour, and unable to bear the intensity of thought, nor to understand how such things originated, began to wander again more wildly than ever.

"Cruel man," she said to the Captain, who was escorting her, "you have deceived me with fair words; you are leading me to see his execution. Could he not die without me? what needs this increase of cruelty? You do not speak—you cannot defend yourself! I do not ask his life; that is sacrificed to your avarice: I only ask you not to conduct me to behold his death."

"Princess, I am conducting you to your mother, on the honour of a knight."

"Silence! be not forsworn; say you *will* be cruel. I cannot punish you—it is useless to pretend goodness. See, what a crowd of people."

"Where?" said the cavalier, turning round.

"What a crowd is gathering in the square; they are not attracted by a sense of piety; do not believe it, though they feign it; but it is only idle curiosity, ready to laugh at the colour of the blood, as to weep at the sight of the steps that lead to the scaffold."

"But we are on the way to St. Salvadore's."

"It is a high solemnity; the bells are ringing, I know not why: perhaps, to call heaven to witness. But stop, be silent; woe to you if heaven should behold you. Look at the executioner, with his eyes modestly cast down, as if in compassion; but do you not see shine through them a ray of malignity, a joy in stretching out the arm and destroying. The word '*brother*' is on his lips, but do you not see an indefinite smile moving the muscles with the convulsion of joy?"

"Princess, do you not perceive it is night? and these kind of acts are not performed in the darkness."

"What pretended pity! the sufferer ascends the steps; two fierce men, in order to see the better how crime is punished, struggle together, and commit another crime. Silence!"

"But all the city is asleep."

"They are praying for him who is about to die; let us kneel and pray; the prayer is ended; has he a father? mother? children? I cannot bear the idea of their despair; he is kneeling at the block; the axe is raised in both hands; the edge will strike into the block, and between the block and the axe there is a neck—ah! a head falls—it gushes with blood—the mouth seems as if it had left a word unfinished—a meagre and trembling hand seizes the head by the hair; does the hand tremble with terror or with joy? It shakes the head, and, soiled with blood, holds forth that object to the people. What a trophy it is to exhibit for their applause. Woe! woe! it is he! death has disfigured him, but my heart recognises him. Rogiero, Rogiero!"

Rogiero listened to Iole with the deepest attention, and with what consternation the reader may guess. Prepared for anything rather than for leaving her disconsolate, he intimated that he had something to communicate to the captain; he drew bridle, and was soon at Iole's side; she was still under the dominion of the terrific vision; he dismounted, and taking her gently by the hand, said to her, "I am Rogiero."

The sound of his voice produced its usual effect, the afflicted maiden recognised him, and became composed. Rogiero wept; and the captain, wishing to wipe his eyes as if without thinking of it, found that the tears had flowed half down his cheeks. He understood the case well—better, perhaps, than was suspected. Looking more attentively at Rogiero, he recognised him, having formerly been well acquainted with him; he might gain two thousand *schifati*, which are fourteen thousand zecchins,* of modern Italian money, by giving up Rogiero, and he would incur no blame, for he would be acting loyally towards his sovereign, whose favour he might thus obtain; but, honour to virtue! he abhorred the price of blood, and therefore thus addressed Rogiero:—

"Scudiere, if you are guilty, I will not be the man to denounce you; nor, if you are innocent, will I be your betrayer. If you have had any evil motive for transgressing, have now an honourable one for amending; take my horse, fly, and conceal yourself; hasten away from Benevento. On the frontiers the times are approaching when you may obtain pardon, if guilty; and honour, if innocent. Do not wait a moment; a useless delay for expressing thanks may ruin you; away! If I do not mistake, the Princess will not oppose your escape."

Iole leaned with gentle and modest tenderness on the shoulder of the Captain, who added—

"Be quick! away!"

Rogiero sprang again into the saddle, and stooping down, whispered to the daughter of Manfred, "My soul is with thee!" and then disappeared.

Iole replied not; she sighed; and following her faithful escort, she returned, flattered by a whisper of hope, to the arms of her mother.

* The average value of a zecchin, or sequin, is 9s. 5d. sterling.

THE DYING POLE.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

The din of war had ceas'd,
And the nations were at rest
From the havoc and the ruin that ensued,
When the Despot of the North
Pour'd his savage Legions forth
To batten on the Polack's noble blood.

In a distant foreign land
The sad remnant of the band
Of heroes who had brav'd the tyrant's power,
Were convok'd in silent woe
Round the couch, all mean and low,
Of their Chieftain in his last dying hour.

In a lowly squalid room,
Amidst poverty and gloom,
The mighty once, now fallen noble lay;
And the sinking sunbeam shed
A dim radiance round his head,
As slowly his sad life ebb'd away.

On the bed his sword was laid,
And the portrait of the maid
Who had won his youthful love lay on his breast:
And a mist obscur'd his eye
As he thus, with heavy sigh,
His gallant fellow-sufferers address'd:

"Wide o'er our native land
The fell Tyrant's ruthless hand
Spreads the ravages of war and of crime:—
There the Cossack of the Don
Revels high, while pale and wan,
We perish in a far foreign clime.

"But though beneath the weight
Of our unrelenting fate
We are sinking, yet we ne'er shall complain:
We have done as men should do;
And though death is in our view,
Yet our honour is untouch'd by a stain.

"Through our fields and happy homes
Now the ruthless Cossack roams,
His pathway mark'd by fire and the sword:
While our children, sires, and wives
With their fortunes and their lives
Pay the forfeit we have vainly incurr'd.

"Ah! behold the hapless train,
O'er Siberia's snowy plain
As to bondage and to exile they are led;
Every joy is overcast
By sad visions of the past,
And their bleeding hearts are withering and dead.

"See the old and feeble sire
On the toilsome way expire,
Vainly calling on his son for relief!
See the mother and the wife
Clinging sadly still to life,
To cherish the young sharer of her grief!

"O God! who nerv'd my hand,
When I led the patriot band
To level cruel Tyranny's proud shrine,—
Let me wield that sword again
'Mid the ranks of gallant men,
And triumph and revenge may yet be mine!

"Ah! vain is every prayer!
Thus I end my sad career,
With the ruin of my country and my own:
But the freemen of the West
Shall arise when I'm at rest,
And finish what we now have begun."

Then his sword he feebly rais'd,
Which had once in battle blaz'd,
When the triumph from the foeman was riven:
And he kiss'd, with joy and pride
The lov'd image of his bride,
As his spirit sought the regions of heaven.

Beneath ungenial skies
Now the hapless stranger lies,
And his grave shall his children never see;
But many a sad tear
Has bedew'd his humble bier,
In the island of the Brave and the Free!

SPANISH ADVENTURES.*

A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN ANTHONY BLAKE.

BY CAPTAIN RAFTER.

CHAPTER IX.

The Laughing Philosopher.

EVERY trace of the storm had vanished, leaving behind a delightful freshness and a pure elastic atmosphere, that speedily restored the faculties of our pedestrian to their wonted vigour, somewhat exhausted as they had been by the occurrences related in the preceding chapter. The sky was serene and cloudless, and the early sun was tipping the snowy pinnacles of the Pyrenees with rosy hues; while the dense foliage of the hanging woods that clothed the steep sides of the neighbouring hills, glistened with the moisture left by the late heavy rain, and the varied tints of autumn shone out rich and beautiful under the influence of the ascending luminary.

The country was a perfect Arcadia, in the highest state of cultivation; displaying a succession of vine-clad hills, and flowery dales; gardens, copses, orchards, and meadows of the brightest green, sloping down to the *Gave de Pau*, which was now a noble stream, fed by a thousand rivulets, whose silvery flow might be traced through the dark avenues and mountain lawns; or seen leaping and sparkling from rock and mill-race, with which this lovely scenery was beautifully diversified. Fully occupied with the pencil, which was frequently called into requisition, our hero forgot his sorrows in the delightful task of transferring to his portfolio mementos of his morning's enjoyment; and the forenoon was pretty well consumed before his appetite reminded him even of the necessity of breaking his fast.

An excellent *déjeûner* of coffee, milk, eggs, bread, butter, and *izard* steaks, at a respectable *auberge* by the road-side, comforted the inward man of our hero, and fortified him for further toils. Towards evening he arrived at Orthez, the ancient capital of Gaston Phœbus de Foix, Comte of Berne, the handsomest man of his time (as Froissart tells us), a most valorous captain, a magnificent prince, a hunter, and a poet, but a ruthless enemy;

* Continued from page 334.

and thereby hangs a tale connected with English history, with which we shall not at present encumber our narrative. Having sketched its venerable cathedral, the ruins of its once magnificent castle, and some of the adjacent scenery, interesting to him as the field of one of our victories at the close of the last war, our hero quitted Orthez the following morning; and after a walk of some twenty miles or so, arrived at the large and populous town of Pau, where he purposed halting for a few days.

Pau, the capital of the *Basses Pyrenées*, famous as the birth-place of two such kings as Henri Quatre and Bernadotte, was fruitful in historical reminiscences, and interesting associations of the Troubadour and chivalric ages, with which our hero endeavoured to dissipate the melancholy that still clogged his spirits and blighted his enjoyments. His great resource, however, was the pencil, for which he found abundant food in this picturesque and beautiful locality. The town and venerable castle are boldly situated on a lofty eminence, overhanging the *Gave de Pau*, whose rushing waters flow in a torrent through one of the most fertile and beautiful valleys in the world, till they join the Adour a few miles from Bayonne. The whole province of Bearn lies like a map below the perpendicular eminence which is crowned by the castle; and presents a variegated and delicious picture of rural prosperity, even to the summits of the wood-covered mountains which enclose this unrivalled valley; while beyond, an amphitheatre of mountains recede from the eye in beautiful succession, displaying every variety of form and colour; till the view is closed by the snowy range, in the centre of which the *Pic du Midi* elevates its mighty cone and cloven summit in solitary grandeur to the sky.

Having seen and inspected everything remarkable in and about this venerable capital of Navarre, especially its ancient castle, the birth-place of the great Henri; whose tortoise-shell cradle, and table service, consisting of two iron forks of different sizes, he considered the greatest rarities of the place; our hero prepared for a long excursion amongst those Pyrenean valleys whose fertility is perhaps unequalled in the world, and whose exquisite beauties are even now much less generally known than they well deserve to be. One day, while taking a last stroll by the river's side, ruminating on his lost, his faithless, but his still-adored Ellen, as he listened to the bleating of the sheep, the singing of the birds, and the murmuring of an artificial waterfall, which was formed by a wear thrown across a narrow branch of the river, he beheld a young man seated in the shade of some sycamores, and employed in weaving the ozier twigs which grew on the margin of the stream, into little baskets; singing, at the same time, as merrily as if he were the happiest of created beings.

As Blake had a great respect for even the meanest of the

mechanical arts, he approached the basket-maker, and sat down on a little hillock beside him, as well from curiosity to observe his work, as a desire to listen to his voice, which was a powerful and finely modulated tenor. He had not sat here long, when the basket maker, having finished a beautiful air from the opera of "*Joconde,*" the *refrain* of which, "*On revient toujours à ses premières amours,*" he delivered with admirable taste and expression, addressed our hero, to his great surprise, in very good English as follows :—

"I presume, Sir, you are making a pilgrimage to the spot which has been rendered so glorious to your country by some of the last actions between Soult and Wellington."

"That, indeed," replied Blake, "has been partly my design in visiting the south ; but I cannot help expressing my surprise at meeting a countryman in this part of the world, engaged in so very humble an occupation."

"I have not the honour of being an Englishman," said the basket-maker ; "which I the more regret as a long acquaintance with the inhabitants of the British Islands has inspired me with a lively admiration of their many estimable qualities."

"But, to judge from the purity of your accent," said Blake, "you cannot be a Frenchman."

"I am a native of this delightful country," said the basket maker, looking round with laudable pride ; "and was born within a few miles of this city."

"But you have doubtless travelled a good deal," observed our hero.

"Ah, yes, Sir," replied the stranger with a sigh, "too much, but not yet enough. I have not seen the place of my birth for many years ; having only arrived here to-day, after a long, long absence : but I intend going to visit my relatives to-morrow, to bid them adieu for ever."

The stranger was a very good-looking young fellow, with open, handsome features, frank, lively manners, and genteel address. His language was equally correct and well-chosen, whether he spoke in French or English, and perfectly free from vulgarity or slang : his clothes were neat and decent though humble ; and, in fine, his whole appearance was so much superior to his employment that Blake could not avoid expressing his surprise at the contrast.

"To a man who is acquainted with life, Sir," said the basket-maker, "the thing is by no means extraordinary ; for the world abounds with an infinite variety of anomalies, both moral and physical, which completely set at defiance the speculations of the philosopher ; and we are equally at a loss to comprehend the occult operations of nature, and the partial distribution of the favours of fortune. For instance, a stranger who beheld me so

apparently merry would naturally conclude that I must be very happy, and altogether above the reach of want: nevertheless I have but very recently sustained the greatest of all possible calamities, and on the speedy performance of the work I have now in hand it entirely depends whether I shall dine to-day or not."

"I cannot but express my sorrow," said Blake, "at seeing one who I feel assured deserves a better fate, reduced to such an extremity; but I hope that an application to those relatives you have mentioned will relieve you from your present necessities."

"From my relatives," said the basket-maker, "I entertain no hopes of assistance, as they have doubtless given me up long since, from the wandering and picturesque life I have led. Nor am I much surprised that it should be so; for it is a very common, though too often an erroneous opinion, that he who is deeply read in the roguery of the world must necessarily be himself a rogue; as it is impossible to walk in dirty ways without soiling the feet."

"But," said Blake, "though such an impression may at present exist in the minds of your friends, it is in your own power to eradicate it, by a correct and proper deportment."

"Alas! Sir," exclaimed the basket-maker, "the world may be compared to a huge backgammon-board, whereon every man is endeavouring to gammon his neighbour; and where the best players are too frequently foiled by an unexpected turn of the die. Thus, whatever may be my own merits, I shall be certain of finding amongst my friends many capable of blackening my character, for the gratification of their spleen, or to divert to their own benefit the possible good-will of some doting relation. But, in fact, I shall not put their benevolence to too severe a test; for I merely intend to pay a short visit to my native place, and then bid adieu to France for ever."

"Whither do you intend to travel?" asked Blake.

"To me, Sir," replied the stranger, "the world is all the same, since I cannot live in France without being called on to serve the Bourbons, which I am determined never to do. I feel desirous, however, of going to South America; for I have a rich uncle settled at Lima, and two brothers in the service of the revolted Colonies. My present wish, therefore, is, if possible, to get to Madrid, where I have no doubt I shall find an opportunity of accomplishing my object."

"I fear," said Blake, "you are badly provided for such a journey."

"No one can be worse, Sir," said the basket-maker, "as far as the vulgar pecuniaries are concerned; but the singular adventures I have met with have furnished me with many resources

to keep the wolf from the door: besides, I have health and spirits sufficient to carry me through the farce of life; and when at length I make my exit, I hope I shall be able to exclaim, with a safe conscience, in the proud language of the ancient drama, *Valete ac plaudite!*"

Our hero was so much pleased with the original conversation and independent mind of this philosophical basket-maker, whose name he now learned was Henri Gaicœur, that he insisted on his giving up work and going home with him to dinner. The invitation was accepted as frankly as it was given, without any affected show of reluctance, or half-bred excuses for trouble or intrusion. Leaving the baskets he had finished, as a godsend for some chance passenger, Henri accordingly accompanied our hero to his *auberge*, where an excellent dinner was soon placed before them; consisting of the invariable *garbure*, a sort of vegetable soup, with the salted leg of a fat goose in it; unrivalled trout, from the *Lac de Gaube;* stewed and roast *izard*, dressed to perfection; with a splendid Bayonne ham, the better portion of a Bearn pig, fattened on chesnuts. These comforting viands were succeeded by some of that excellent cheese, for which the Valley d'Ossau is famous, and a great variety of delicious fruits; and the repast was seasoned throughout with the red and white wines of Jurançon, the produce of the neighbouring mountains, and sparkling *Limoux*, the champagne of the South. 'Twas a dinner, in short, which Henri said was worthy to be chronicled in the *Almanach des Gourmands;* while the wine was good enough even for the Epicurean palate of a Basque.

The evening was spent by our two philosophers in social chat: the politics and literature of Europe were discussed with equal freedom and ability; and the conduct of the English nation towards Buonaparte, at that time the all-absorbing topic, was examined, with great acuteness and liberality, by the lively stranger, who appeared to be a fellow of infinite resource and versatility of talent. He laughed and sang, gave imitations of the principal French actors, assumed grotesque characters, and told comic stories with irresistible humour. In fine, he brought into play every expedient of his fertile imagination, to amuse the mind and divert the too-apparent melancholy of his generous host; who, while he gratefully acknowledged his efforts to please, could not help envying him that hilarity of disposition and wonderful flow of animal spirits, which enabled him with unerring hand to push old Care aside, as he struggled through the stream of life. He regarded him as Hamlet did Horatio—

> "As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
> Has ta'en with equal thanks."

The life of such a rare specimen of the *genus homo* must necessarily have produced many curious vicissitudes; and Blake requested that he would favour him with his history, if not likely to awaken unpleasant reflections. This request was immediately complied with by the philosophical basket-maker, who commenced his curious narrative in the following manner:—

"I am, Sir," said he, "the *cadet* of one of the best families in the Béarnais; and, though you now see me reduced to the very extreme of poverty, my father was *Maire* of Orthez, and passing rich, before the return of the Bourbons. Having been always a staunch adherent of Napoleon's, in whose service he had several sons, who preferred quitting their country to taking the oath of fidelity to the new king, he received his *congé, tout de suite;* his house was destroyed by the ever-fickle mob, who are consistent only in their hatred of order and authority; and his wealth dwindled insensibly away, until poverty broke his heart. Two of his sons are now in the service of New Grenada, and the third you see before you, in a condition which may well bid defiance to the malice of fortune. But, *n'importe!* I am not the first, nor shall I be the last, who has drained the cup of poverty to the very dregs: the great Dionysius was reduced to the drudgery of a schoolmaster, and Belisarius begged his bread; then why should I complain? In truth, Sir, I never do: when unavoidably hungry, I endeavour to sleep, or to sing away my appetite, or comfort myself with the reflection, that things being now at the worst, they must necessarily take a change for the better. Thus, Sir, I struggle through life; singing away sorrow the best I may, and, like another Democritus, laughing at every crying philosopher that I meet on the journey.

"My uncle, a rural poet of much celebrity, and a rival of the great Despourrins, the minstrel of the Pyrenees, took a fancy to me when an infant; and, being an old bachelor, he resolved to make me the heir of his wealth and his genius. He accordingly took me into his house, in a neighbouring village, and gave me a smattering of the Classics, and a slight acquaintance with the Muses, which I have found an especial consolation under all my troubles. At twelve years old, my imagination being fired to the highest excess of enthusiasm, by frequently perusing the glorious exploits of Roland, Regnaud de Montauban, Bertrand du Guesclin, Bayard, and my namesake and countryman, *notre bon Henri,*—

"Seul roi dont le peuple ait gardé la memoire,"—

I resolved to go to America, and, like Pizarro, conquer another Peru: or, as I had no doubt of the constant smiles of fortune, the least I could possibly expect would be the discovery and conquest of Candide's El Dorado.

"I communicated my intentions to a playfellow of my own age, whose disposition also greatly resembled my own. He was dazzled by the glowing pictures I drew of the glory and fortune that awaited me on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, and resolved to accompany me in the humble capacity of a squire; making sure, at least, of a Barataria for his share of the spoils of the New World. Early one fine morning, in the month of July, we accordingly marched out of our village; and, quitting the high road, for fear of detection, we followed the course of the *Gave de Pau*, whose delightful banks, decorated with *châteaux*, lawns, forests, and gardens, seemed to offer a foretaste of the paradise we were in search of.

"For the first day, nothing could exceed our delight; all nature smiled around; and our youthful minds, ardent in enthusiasm, had not yet had time to cool down from the fervour of the first impulse. During the day we had feasted magnificently on a loaf of bread which we had brought with us, and the luscious grapes that hung down in rich luxuriance from the garden terraces by the river side; the pure element of which was our drink, equalling, to my taste, at least, the renowned Falernian. Night came on, however, and no home appeared to offer its friendly shelter; we were, therefore, obliged to take up our lodging under a hedge, and content ourselves with the shelter of the starry canopy, in whose ample page we occupied ourselves for some time in looking out for the fortunate planet, which had the especial charge of our destiny.

"But the striking contrast between the golden visions of our imagination and this mortifying reality, had already thrown a shade of regret over the mind of my companion. As the cold of morning drew on, he began to despond, and wished himself at home again in the comfortable feather-bed of the *casa paterna*: but I laughed at his childish sorrows; recounted to him the adventures of the great Cortes; encouraged him with a description of El Dorado, manufactured extempore for the occasion; and, in short, by my exertions, I roused him to a proper sense of the glory of our enterprise, and strengthened my own courage at the same time.

"The next day we made a miscellaneous sort of dinner, consisting generally of raw turnips and cold potatoes, which I endeavoured to season with the humour of the Barmecide; but the blank visage of my companion showed me how vain it is to jest with an empty stomach. Nor did we fare much better on the third; in fine, Sir, after much patient endurance of hunger and thirst, and many alternations of hope and despondency, we at length arrived at Bayonne,—and now, indeed, commenced our wonder. On viewing the extensive streets and lofty houses of this magnificent city, it is impossible to conceive the contempt

I felt for the paltry village we had left; but when we stopped on the wooden bridge that spans the noble river, to contemplate the shipping, I exclaimed with enthusiasm, 'Now, Fate, I defy thee! Behold the means of my future aggrandisement!' We passed some time in most interesting conjectures as to which of the thousand and one vessels we saw before us was destined to waft us to fame and fortune. But hunger at length became importunate, and we were totally penniless; for the mighty treasure of five francs, with which we had started on our expedition, had, very much to our amazement, dissolved, like the baseless fabric of a vision, and left not a *sou* behind.

"More decided quailings of the spirit and yearnings for home now began to manifest themselves on the part of my fellow-adventurer; but I kept them pretty well under subjection by threats and cajolery, till an event occurred which formed a distinguished era in my chequered life. One day, when my companion and I were strolling about the streets, hungry and melancholy, we suddenly heard the sound of martial music. As the people were all running hastily in one direction, we went with the crowd, and soon witnessed a scene, the dazzling splendour of which made an impression on me that I shall never forget.

"It was, in short, a regiment of infantry on its march to Spain. First came the pioneers, whose long black beards and hairy caps, with their saws and axes slung behind and before them, created in my mind a feeling of awe and dread. I looked upon them as the giants of old; and wondered at the intrepidity of Roland who had dared to attack such formidable beings. Then came a multitude of drummers and fifers, and after them the band, amongst whom I beheld a real and genuine blackamoor, the first I had ever seen: he was six feet high, and his white turban and crescent added at least another foot to his stature. As I looked at this sable infidel whirling his cymbals about his head, and clashing them together, my mind was hurried back to those days of glory when our *preux chevaliers* combated such monsters before the walls of the holy city. My martial ardour arose, my heart beat high, and forgetting America in the enthusiasm of the moment, I resolved to accompany this regiment of heroes to Spain, where, at the end of one or two campaigns, I should, of course, become a general; and already, in my fertile fancy, I saw Ferdinand the Seventh at my feet, entreating my acceptance of his lovely daughter (who had yet to be born) and half his dominions.

"This matter being satisfactorily arranged in my own mind, I offered my services to the first soldier I met; who, after laughing at my enthusiasm, seeing that I possessed some degree of smartness and intelligence, engaged me to do the business of

his mess; viz., to cook the dinner of the members, four in number; to clean their shoes, pipeclay their belts, burnish their muskets and accoutrements, and wash their shirts, stockings, and gaiters; for which I was to receive the handsome allowance of one *sou* per diem and the fragments of the feast. This, I confess, was but a moderate commencement for such a hero as I meant to become; but in this vile world we must stoop to conquer; and I reflected very sagely that most great enterprises have had contemptible beginnings. Even the mighty Romulus, the founder of the greatest empire the world ever knew, was suckled by a filthy wolf!

"Behold me now, Sir, on the road to Spain, blessed with ease and competence, and inspired with glowing hopes. My companion had also taken service on similar terms; and in a short time we recommended ourselves so effectually to our masters, that they would now and then, in a fit of extraordinary generosity, present us with a cup of wine, or an eleemosynary liard. This life, though fatiguing, was pleasant enough, but did not satisfy my ambition; for I now aspired to the exalted rank of fifer, in which I had the presumption to think I was capable of distinguishing myself. Seizing an opportunity, therefore, one day, as the *tambour-major* passed by the place where I was cooking, I snatched up my instrument and played the Imperial March, in such style as quite captivated this earthly representative of Apollo: having listened for a moment, he beckoned me to him, with all that stately majesty of demeanour which appears to be natural to drum-majors.

"I approached with fear and trembling; for never before had I stood in so awful a presence. Pitying my embarrassment, he had the goodness to encourage me; and after a variety of questions, he finally conferred upon me that honourable post for which my heart so ardently panted.

"'*Va-t'en, mon protégé,*' he exclaimed, in tones of encouragement. 'Be content: I charge myself henceforward with your destiny.'

"This was said with an air of intense grandeur, and I made the lowest of all possible bows in acknowledgment.

"'*Oui, parbleu!*' he continued; '*tu deviendra grand homme. C'est moi qui l'a dit.*' Here he gave his breast a huge bang. 'What was Massena? What was Davoust? *enfin*, what was Bernadotte? A drummer! *Pouf!* You're a musician; you have talent; you have ambition! *Voilà tout ce qu'il faut!*'

"Here the *tambour-major* turned on his heel with a flourish such as only a drum-major could accomplish, and left me alone in my glory.

"Equipped in my new uniform, I strutted about to the amusement of my companions, and my own utter astonishment. Ulysses

himself was not so proud of the armour of Achilles as I of my brazen-hilted sword. I ran to a thicket near the camp, and flourished my toledo about my head; exclaiming, in imitation of Charles the Twelfth, that the whistling it made in its contact with the air should thenceforth be my favourite music. I cut and slashed about me in all directions, lopping off branches and slicing the bark of trees in a most sanguinary mood; doing more execution, I verily believe, amongst my vegetable antagonists, than Ajax himself did amongst the flock of sheep.

"I was now, to all intents and purposes, a soldier of Napoleon the Great; and proudly my heart beat when I reflected that, in a certain degree, I contributed to his glory; for though I was young, and short in stature, yet, as one of your English poets expresses himself, I had a soul thirty feet high. I belied the adage, however, for my honours did not corrupt my heart: I gave my old clothes to my little friend, and regularly shared my pay with him, which served to console him for the disgrace of being thus outstripped in the career of glory. For two whole years I continued to fill this honourable post; having, in that time, blown my way fairly through Spain, been present at several engagements, and witnessed the slaughter of two-thirds of my regiment, including my brother adventurer, and the *tambour-major* who had so graciously taken charge of my destiny, without being able to foresee his own. They died, Sir, it is true; but you know

'L'honneur Français ne meurt jamais.'

"At length the reverses of the French in Spain began to accumulate, and the memorable battle of Vittoria was fought, which proved another important epoch in my fortunes. At the commencement of the action, I had been stationed with some other boys of the band, along with the baggage in rear of the French line; but this was a degradation for an admirer of the great Roland, to which I could not tamely submit. I therefore quitted my post, and outflanking the line, took position upon an eminence considerably in advance of the French troops, and nearly equidistant between the contending armies; for I never entertained an idea that our brave soldiers would be obliged to retreat. I reckoned, however, without my host; for while I was enjoying a panoramic view of the action on one of the fairest battle-fields in the Peninsula, and anticipating the glory of an advance on a beaten enemy, the French line began to waver;—nay, to my utter astonishment, my invincible countrymen gave way, and I had the unspeakable mortification of seeing their retreat rapidly increase to a disorderly flight; but what was still more deplorable, my own retreat was thereby totally and irretrievably cut off.

"This was a predicament for which I found no precedent in any of the chivalrous romances I had ever read; and I was

accordingly most dreadfully puzzled how to act. To fall into the hands of the Spaniards was certain death; and I did not anticipate a better fate were I taken by the English,—a people I had always been taught to look upon as brutal, uncivilised, and false;—though many a time and oft, since then, have I willingly sung my Palinodia. There was, however, no time for deliberation; for I saw the Spanish soldiers, who had kept a respectable distance during the action, now very busy with their bayonets, despatching and robbing those unfortunate wretches who had still any life remaining. In this laudable work they were ably assisted by the peasantry of the surrounding country: and it was doubtless, in consequence of their uninterrupted success in this operation, that this heroic and most Catholic people took all the credit of the victory to themselves, while their fighting allies, the English and Portuguese, did all the work manfully, and made no boast.

"Without a moment's hesitation, I flung away my beloved sword, and made the best of my way across the fields, to a range of low hills at some distance from the Burgos road. In my flight I encountered a peasant lad, of my own age and size; and proposed to him an exchange between his rags and my fine regimentals, which he greedily acceded to. I assisted to dress him in his unwonted habiliments; and equipping myself in his smallclothes, hempen sandals, brown jacket, and Montera cap, I continued my flight more leisurely to the hills. Looking back occasionally, I saw the little peasant strutting proudly about in his borrowed plumes: but his triumph was of short duration, for two Spanish soldiers approached, and on beholding the French uniform, bayoneted the poor wretch without mercy.

"Four days I continued amongst the hills, starving on the slender charity of some miserable shepherds, whose wretched sheep browsed on the bare and rocky desert that surrounds Vittoria. I at length grew weary of existence, and resolved to throw myself, as a forlorn hope, into the hands of the English. I accordingly joined a party of dragoons, which passed near the spot where I had taken refuge, and followed them till they arrived at their ground in the evening: there I made myself very busy and useful, in bringing water to the weary soldiers, making fires to cook their suppers, and a thousand other little services, which soon brought me into notice.

"Finding, on experience, that the English were not the savages I had always been taught to consider them, I continued to follow the dragoons; some of whom, seeing that I was active and useful, encouraged my attendance; and I soon found that it was a skeleton regiment on its way to England to recruit.

"'*N'importe!*' I mentally exclaimed: 'England is a horrible place, to be sure; but nothing can be so bad as Spain. I'll

e'en take my chance with the rest, kill or cure, whatever may be the result.'

"I could not, however, help feeling for the forlorn condition in which I was; and the reflection that one who should aspire to the conquest of England was now about to approach its shores as a miserable pauper, absolutely brought tears into my eyes. Thus it ever is with man, whether at the summit of good fortune, or in the extreme of misery, his discontent still renders him unhappy. Alexander wept, because he had everything; and I was guilty of a similar weakness, because I had nothing at all.

"We embarked at St. Andero; and before the transport arrived in the Downs, I had recommended myself so effectually by my assiduity and lively temper, that I was advanced to the distinguished honour of serving Major Firebrace, the officer commanding; and on our arrival at Blechington barracks, where he was joined by his lady and family, that gallant officer did not hesitate to nominate and appoint me his French cook in ordinary. I told him honestly, that I really knew nothing of the gastronomic art; and though I had frequently dressed the humble dinner of a private soldier, I never could hope to please an officer's palate.

"'What!' he exclaimed in a fury; 'a Frenchman, and not know how to cook! you may as well tell me you can't dance, or fence, or play any of the other monkey tricks for which your country is notorious. What are you all, from right to left, but a stewing, frying, frittering, capering set of mountebanks and merry-Andrews? Begone to your stewpans and saucepans, you idle villain, or I'll cut your head off.'

"I well knew the violence of his temper, and saw at once the necessity of submitting. Behold me, then, like Molière's '*Médecin malgré lui*,' a cook in spite of myself. But though the office was degrading to an incipient hero of my aspiring genius, I did not forget the great designs I was born to accomplish: and I submitted to my present servile drudgery like Peter the Great, and the still greater Alfred, in the hope of one day springing from my obscurity, with an *éclat* that would astonish the world when such an event was least expected.

"With a heavy heart I set about the execution of my office; and, laying in a stock of provisions, I concocted sundry dishes, as chance directed, and without any aid whatever from fair science. One of these I called *soupe à la Gascogne*, which was composed of the most inflammable materials I could find in an English market. Mulligatawny was milk and water to it; and its damnable properties were very much enhanced by the contents of the salt-cellar, which I accidentally let slip into the pot, too late for remedy. Another of my messes was a *rattatoo* of

everything—beef, mutton, pork, poultry, vegetables, *pommes d'amour*, chillies, and garlic! in fine, it was an *olla podrida* that would try the stomach of old Nick himself. This I called a *Potpourri à la Cossack;* and never was a dish so diabolically appropriate to its name. The next, which I called a *ragout de mille choses à l'Espagnole*, I founded upon the well-known Spanish *puchero*, in the making of which I really had had some experience. It was, I fear, not much better than the preceding; but it was the best I could make: and chance or caprice, or my scientific nomenclature, might recommend it to the stomachs of the guests. With a discretion beyond my years, however, I avoided roast beef, beef steaks, and mutton chops; for though I liked these creature-comforts very well myself, having contracted a gross taste amongst the soldiers, yet I knew that the introduction of such barbarous messes into my *cuisine Française* would be anything but orthodox.

"There was a large and distinguished party to celebrate my master's safe return from his Peninsular campaign; for, being an offshoot from the aristocracy, his life was justly considered of consequence. I knew, therefore, that my chance-medley dishes would undergo a severe scrutiny, and I remained in the kitchen trembling in every joint for the success of my *coup d'essai*. My agitation was by no means calmed when I was summoned to the dining-room. 'Oh, oh, my friend,' said I, mentally, 'you will now obtain the reward you so well merit; and you may consider yourself fortunate if your master does not slice off your nose with his sabre, for your diabolical cookery.'

"Hanging my head in a very sheepish manner, I entered the dining-room, afraid to encounter the fury of my master's looks. Judge, then, of my astonishment, when I heard him exclaim—

"'What did you mean, Sir, by telling me that you were no cook? You idle dog, you're a top-sawyer in the profession. Henri, my boy, you have distinguished yourself.'

"'*En verité*,' said my mistress, who had learned French at a first-rate boarding school, and was anxious to show off her acquirements, '*En verité, mon ami*, you have succeeded *à merveille*,—you are quite *au fait*. This ragout is perfectly *à la Français*—entirely *à mon gout;* and the soup is superb—nothing can be PLUS BON—rather salt, to be sure; but I know the French like their soup *bien sale*.'

"*Salé*, she would have said, but her education had not taught her the value of an accent. I could scarcely refrain from laughing in their faces, but I indulged myself freely when I got down to the kitchen. '*Vive* the gastronomic art!' I exclaimed; '*Vive* the *cuisinier malgré lui! Courage, mon ami!* You have made a happy commencement: and, in time, may perhaps be fortunate enough to tickle the palate of royalty itself.'

"My hospitable master soon after had another large dinner-party; and my invention was put to the rack to furnish some new dishes. I varied my '*soupe à la Gascogne*' by the addition of some sour apples, which gave it an agreeable tartness; and I called it '*soupe aux petits pommes.*' My *rattatoo* of the former day was repeated; but I divided it into three dishes, varying their flavour to the best of my judgment and ability: one I called '*ragout à la Turque,*' another '*fricaut à la Russe,*' and a third '*fricassée à l'Enfer.*' I invented, also, a new *sauce piquante;* what the ingredients were I cannot now remember; but they were so ridiculous that even my female assistant laughed at me, and told me I knew as much about cookery as the turnspit. Indignant at the comparison, I turned the jade out of my laboratory, and locked the door, that I might not again be interrupted in the mysteries of my profession by ignorant pretenders. In fine, Sir, my dinner succeeded to a miracle; my master and his friends were delighted, and praised me to the echo; my mistress made a new and more elaborate display of her French, to the admiration of the guests; one of whom, being a scholar and a poet, declared that she ought to be celebrated as the tenth Muse, and that I was worthy to fill the office of *maître de cuisine* to Heliogabalus.

"This dinner stamped my fame, and gave me, as it were, an exclusive patent for gastronomic taste. Major Firebrace's French cook became the lion of Blechington, and all the world envied him the possession of such a treasure. I gave a tone to all the messes in the garrison; I was borrowed to assist at the Mayor's feasts and corporation dinners; I was offered bribes by some of the first families in the county to desert my old master; in short, my glory, though not of the right sort, was rapidly on the increase; and I know not to what a pinnacle of wealth and honour I might have risen, but Fortune, jealous of my prosperity, and fearful that I should become too independent of her favours, dashed once more the cup of happiness from my lips, and threw me again upon the mercy of the world.

"My master had given me a handsome livery, and a hat with a gold band; as, in addition to my office of cook, I occasionally enacted the footman. This splendid dress nearly turned my head; for I had never been so magnificently equipped before, and my vanity became enormous. In the contemplation of my new clothes I was disgusted at the sight of my old habiliments; which now lay in my room as a memento of what I had been, and a salutary check on that pride and arrogance which a sudden elevation never fails to engender. Instead, however, of regarding my old rags with the eye of a philosopher and a moralist, the very sight of them almost drove me mad, with rage and contempt; and I resolved, on the first favourable opportunity, to rid myself for ever of this damning proof of my humble origin.

"Accordingly, I made them up into a bundle, which I threw, early one morning, out of my garret window; and had the satisfaction to see an old Jew clothesman pick it up, and march off hastily with his prize. Thus, as I thought, did I finally divest myself of every trace of my former low condition; but, alas! like the pantoufles of Aboul Cassim, my detested rags were destined to rise up in judgment against me. The manner in which I had disposed of them was, unfortunately, witnessed by the servant girl whom I had turned out of the kitchen for disputing my culinary abilities; a mortification which she now revenged by telling my master that she had seen me throw a bundle of something apparently valuable out of the window to one of my accomplices.

"With his usual unreflecting impetuosity, Major Firebrace immediately sent for me, and addressed me abruptly:

"'So, sirrah, I find you're a thief.'

"Indignant at this foul accusation, I was deaf to everything but the voice of my resentment, and exclaimed, in a fury equal to his own:

"'Tis false as hell, Sir; I am not a thief.'

"My master instantly seized his sword, and flew at me, boiling with rage, and venting terrible imprecations. Blinded by his ungovernable passion, he would, in all probability, have terminated my earthly career, and, consequently, his own, by the same fatal blow; but I happily prevented the catastrophe by jumping out of the window, which was at no great height from the ground. I did not, as you may suppose, go through the formality of taking leave, or asking for my wages; but, springing over the garden fence, I ran like lightning across the fields, without once looking behind to see the fiery face of my pursuer, and the gleaming of his terrible sabre."

CHAPTER X.

The Contrabandists.

The night was far advanced when the Basket-maker arrived at this period of his history; and as he was to start early, on his purposed visit to his relations, our two philosophers brought their *sederunt* to a close, and retired to rest. On the following morning Henri departed for the place of his nativity, promising to return in a day or two to report the success of his mission; being furnished by our hero with the necessary funds for defraying his expenses, and making a suitable appearance amongst those friends who still continued to maintain a respectable position in society.

On the second day after his departure Henri returned to Pau, having made an unsuccessful attempt on the generosity of his relations; who, at first, disclaimed all knowledge of his person, and afterwards sought, by various manœuvres, to get rid of him when it was impossible any longer to deny his affinity. Henri saw and despised their meanness: his spirit revolted at the thought of being beholden to them even for a night's lodging; and he quitted without a sigh the place endeared to him by recollections of infantine happiness,—tearing from his heart every tie of kindred, and returning cheerful and confident to the precarious patronage of an utter stranger.

But from Blake he met with a kind and friendly reception, which amply repaid him for the unnatural apathy of his relations: in fact, the pleasing conversation, good disposition, and happy temper of the Basket-maker, had made so favourable an impression on our hero, that he resolved to counteract, in some degree, the frowns of fortune, by travelling with him as far at least as the Spanish frontier, and then furnishing him with the means of prosecuting his journey to Madrid. Henri received this generous offer as became a man of sense and discretion: he made no ostentatious parade of feeling, sensibility, or surprise; for he was well acquainted, he said, with the truly noble disposition of the English, and accepted the patronage of his new friend as frankly as it was given. Preparations were accordingly made for the journey, which was to be chiefly pedestrian; and in the prosecution of which an intimacy was cemented between our two philosophers which stood the test of many singular vicissitudes.

On a fine sunny morning, in the month of August, Blake and his friend, equipped with every convenience for their enterprise, quitted Pau, and took the road to Oleron; resolving to cross the Pyrenees through the Valley d'Aspe, famous in ancient times as leading to the pass of Somport, by which the armies of France, on many occasions, invaded Spain; but still more interesting to our hero as containing some of the most striking beauties for which this country is celebrated. As they prosecuted their journey, the loveliness of the scenery, the enterprise in which they were engaged, and the little incidents of daily occurrence, afforded them endless food for conversation; which, with literary and political chat, made the time fly imperceptibly, and effectually prevented the *ennui* that too often, apart from the bustle of the great world, steals upon and dulls the faculties of even the most powerful minds.

Our hero and his friend were now exploring the wild and romantic recesses of the Pyrenees, where a perpetual succession of beautiful views attracted and delighted their attention. In the valleys the labourers were busy gathering in the Indian-corn harvest, and the rich crops of tomatas, melons, tobacco, &c.;

while on the rising grounds they were mowing hay and spreading out flax; the nearer hills glowing in all the golden hues of autumn, in rich contrast with the snow-clad summits of the more distant mountains, amongst which the gigantic fork of the *Pic du Midi* of Pau* maintained its proud supremacy. The road sometimes wound through woods of chesnut and walnut-trees, enlivened by the songs of innumerable birds, and was frequently overhung with the vines that were trained from stem to stem; while plantations of mulberry and other fruit-trees were grouped round the white-walled cottages and farm-houses; the rich and beautiful foliage of the vines clustering and twining through the galleries, which, like the verandahs of the East, decorate in this part of the country the houses of the peasants, and impart a peculiar grace and lightness to the otherwise rude and simple architecture.

The rich fertility of the soil, the silver transparency of the streams, the intermingled verdure and russet colouring of the fields, the dark green and autumnal tints of the foliage, the ever-changing purple, pink, and golden hues of the mountains, the smooth velvet of the valley contrasting with the iron-grey and rich brown masses of rocks crowned with variegated lichens, furze, and wild-flowers, presented a succession of beauties of which the eye never tired. Now and then a village church, a monastery, or a hermitage, whose bell at intervals "flung to the hollow gale its sullen sound," was seen peeping over thick masses of foliage, adding a venerable interest to a scene otherwise solitary and silent; or the ear was attracted by the tinkling of a sheep bell, or the course of a mountain stream dashing over its rocky bed, with a noise multiplied by the surrounding echoes; and precipitating itself by numerous cascades to glide peaceably through a rural valley, the fertility of which it augmented, and whose mills were kept in motion by its waters.

The male peasantry in this part of Bearn are a handsome, well-made race, and the women, though stout, possess a great portion of feminine beauty. They were very neat and clean in their persons and houses; and gentle, polite, and obliging in their manners; the very children even, who could lisp the words "*Monsieur, voulez-vous un bouquet?*" running forward with a rose, or some other flower, to present to our travellers. This graceful attention, for which the trifling gratuity of a *sou* was generally expected, brought to our hero's recollection the little urchins on the Welsh mountains, with their cuckoo song of "Glovins and Welsh wiggins," on that happy, though ill-fated night, when he first beheld his lost but still adored Ellen; and the memory thus awakened of what he had suffered from

* There are several of these *Pics*, named after the principal places in their respective localities.

her cruel inconstancy cast a shade of sorrow over his features, which even the beauty of the scenery and the gaiety of his companion could not entirely dissipate.

Oleron, the last town of any note in France, and anciently one of the bishoprics of Bearn, our travellers found to be a large straggling place, presenting a singular appearance, the houses being in general built separately, with their gable-ends towards the streets. Here they entered the Valley d'Aspe, whose verdant level winds amidst a chain of hills of great picturesque beauty. Their rugged sides were covered to the top with vineyards, or laid out in tillage; while their craggy summits towering one above another, as they approached the more lofty range, displayed a regular gradation of tints; the vivid hues of luxuriant verdure being succeeded by the sombre tones of the heath and fern, which yielded in turn to the dazzling white of eternal snow. This variation of colours, which marked the altitude of the different hills, at length ceased altogether; and nothing was seen but the snowy regions of the Pyrenees, over whose gigantic summits the icy pinnacle of the *Pic du Midi* occasionally displayed its dazzling fork.

A capital road led through this wild and beautiful scenery, which, by avoiding the hills and following the sinuosities of the river, or *Gave d'Oleron*, preserved a perfect level, for thirty miles, to the fortified pass of Portalet. Neat villages occurred at intervals in this beautiful valley, which gradually became narrower; while the mountains which enclosed it became grander in their outline; forests of magnificent firs, beeches, sycamores, and oaks, clinging to their steep sides, and giving shelter to innumerable bears and *izards*, which afford a delightful and profitable sport to the daring hunters of these Alpine solitudes. These rugged mountains were further diversified by little wood-embowered dells, and savage gorges, through which the dashing torrent was seen foaming over its rocky bed; while through the dense foliage occasionally peeped some venerable monastery, or mouldering tower, the scene of religious or romantic legend; haply connected with the chivalrous days of England, when she was in temporary possession of this beautiful country.

At a short distance beyond Portalet our travellers arrived at Urdos, the last village in France, situated in one of those circular basins peculiar to the Pyrenees; where, having made an early dinner on roast, stewed, and fricasseed *izard*, and excellent trout from the mountain lakes, they prepared to ascend the difficult pass of Somport. By this route in early times a very extensive traffic, entirely monopolised by the Saracens, was carried on between Oleron and Jaca; and even now it is computed that no fewer than fifteen thousand mules pass by it into Spain every

year, a great proportion of which are laden with contraband goods. Our philosophers now bade adieu to the excellent road they had hitherto travelled; and began to ascend a steep and narrow defile by a rugged bridle, or, as the Spaniards call it, horse-shoe path, calculated only for mules and foot passengers. Occasionally, as they clambered up the steep breast of a mountain, the rocky surface of which bade defiance to cultivation, producing only shrubs of rhododendron and beautiful wild flowers, they looked back upon the Elysian scenery they had quitted; where hills and valleys, woods, rivers, villages, farm-houses, and mouldering castles, all mingled in a delightful maze, lay extended below them as it were upon a map.

The sun was now declining in the west, and spread a mellow tint over the sky, which was perfectly cloudless: the distant hills which appeared beneath in wild confusion were enveloped in a purply glow, and might be mistaken for one unbroken chain, but for the mist which always accumulates in valleys and renders the bases of hills more light than their summits. The narrow track was seen winding up the rugged sides of the mountains, or losing itself in deep and gloomy recesses; again appearing, and crossing to the other side of the valley by a rustic bridge thrown over the torrent, which forced its noisy passage unseen, through rich masses of foliage; above which a stupendous rock here and there reared its grotesque head. The solitude was awful: the continuous sound of the mountain streams, rushing over their rocky beds, was interrupted at intervals by the voice of a solitary herdsman, as he shouted to gather his dispersed cattle, or the murmur of the autumn breeze as it swept along the narrow glens and scattered the falling leaves. No other sound or object denoted human existence, except, perhaps, a muleteer plodding along the mountain road, while his sure-footed animals followed him up the steep ascent; or the light smoke of a cottage chimney curling over the tops of some lofty pines and betraying the habitation of man.

There are seasons when the soul, fatigued with its mundane pursuits, and disgusted with the vulgar routine of every-day life, loves to "shuffle off its mortal coil," and expatiate, free and unshackled, amidst the mighty solitudes of nature; there to fancy ethereal voices in the breeze of the hill, and the tinkling of the mountain stream; and, forgetting, for a moment, its earthly passions and affections, to hold sweet communion with congenial spirits. In the indulgence of this feeling our philosophers loitered so long that the sun had nearly sunk below the horizon before they could tear themselves from the fascinating scene: but the necessity of reaching the Venta of Somport, the only place of entertainment amongst the mountains, before night closed in, was so evident, that they, at length, bade a final adieu to the

fascinating fields of France, and plunged into the wildest recesses of the Spanish Pyrenees.

Though autumn was not far advanced, yet as our travellers slowly, and with difficulty, ascended the steep and craggy side of each lofty pinnacle, the excessive heat they had experienced in the close valleys they had just quitted, was changed to a raw and chilly dampness, accompanied by a sharp piercing air; while occasional gusts of wind, sweeping through the narrow glens and gorges of the mountains, died away in a melancholy cadence, the appropriate herald of dreary winter. The pathway, as they ascended, became more steep and narrow, continuing its rugged sinuosity through the most savage wilds in nature. Mountains piled on mountains, clothed with pines, towered above them in endless succession; their overhanging summits sometimes approximating so fearfully as almost to exclude the light of day, which illumined with a feeble glare the narrow dells, from whose dark recesses gushed innumerable cascades, to increase the torrent that foamed along the rugged bottom of the pass.

"Alas!" exclaimed Henri, as they stopped a moment to rest themselves. "How insufficient are human powers to delineate all-wonderful nature! How vain is every effort of language to embody to the 'mind's eye' the ever-varying hues in which the goddess loves to clothe her indescribable charms! Whether she dwell upon the misty hill, or plunge into the deep, dark mountain glen; whether she glide along the glassy surface of the lake, or thunder in the foaming torrent, the attempt is equally vain and unsatisfactory to catch the glowing tints, and give to each individual charm a local habitation and a name."

Vegetation at length began to disappear, and the blooming face of nature was finally usurped by deep and solid masses of snow; from the glazed surface of which the refraction of the sun's last slanting beams became irksome to the eyes. About this spot stood a solitary *auberge*, on the borders of the two countries; to mark, as it were, the confines of summer and winter, seeming to be a sort of turnpike between the living world and the dead. Here travellers generally stopped to take refreshment, before they ventured to face the inclement air of the Glacier; and as our philosophers approached, a large grey mastiff, of the fine breed peculiar to the Pyrenees, like a wolf in shape, and bold as a lion, advanced towards them; fawning and licking their hands, with many other canine salutations, as though he were deputed to compliment them on their arrival. After stopping a few minutes to rest, and treating themselves to a glass of excellent cognac each, slightly diluted with snow-water, they again faced the mountain road, and were followed some distance by the friendly mastiff; who had now, however,

changed his tone, howling and barking violently at the departing strangers, as if to rebuke them for their hardihood in venturing to explore such savage regions.

The versatility of the dog highly amused our philosophers: they compared it to the friendship of the world, eager in its first advances, and too often concluding in bitter enmity. Meanwhile the road had entirely disappeared; and nothing was now to be seen but a confused mass of frozen snow, covering alike the mountains and the glens, and impressed with a few prints of human footsteps, the only clue by which a stranger could hope for deliverance from this dreary labyrinth. Not a human habitation was visible, nor scarcely a human being; save occasionally a hunter, with an *izard* flung across his shoulders, or a woodcutter with his axe and bundle of sticks, accompanied by a huge dog. Not a sound was to be heard, to break the melancholy silence that sat brooding over the desolate scene; neither was there a single trace of vegetation, except in some narrow and sequestered glen, where a few gloomy and ragged pines, springing from the fissures of the rocks, presented to the startled vision of the traveller, in the obscurity of the twilight, figures of strange and suspicious character.

The road to the Venta of Somport was longer than our hero and his friend had anticipated; and its difficult nature made it appear interminable. Occasionally they had to clamber up a steep acclivity, and immediately after, to descend a precipice of awful depth. Sometimes they sliddered along on the frozen snow; and at others, sinking into it up to their knees, they laboured on with difficulty and great exertion, struggling against the wind, which blew in their teeth, and threatened, every moment, to whisk them over the edge of some precipice: numerous interruptions consequently retarded their progress, and they began to fear that night would surprise them in the wilderness. They now regretted the time they had lost in contemplating the beauty of the lowlands, and endeavoured to make up for it by pushing on at a brisker pace: but objects became more obscure at every step; the snow assuming a bluish tint, which denoted the rapid approach of night, while a solitary eagle, soaring in circles over their heads, seemed to threaten with a hostile stoop these rash intruders on his wild domain.

At length their further progress seemed altogether barred by one of those towering piles of slaty rock and marble so frequent in the Pyrenees, which made it seem as if the travellers were drawing near the end of the world, all was so still and shut in from human fellowship. The slight track which they had hitherto followed now branching into two, they were terribly puzzled in their choice, as taking the wrong one might be fatal; for if it led them far from any inhabited spot, they might lose

themselves altogether in the wilderness, and perish before human assistance could reach them.

"Would to heaven," exclaimed Henri, "we could but see that most unpicturesque object, an English road-post, or even my native *Loup Garou*, to guide us in this dilemma."

"I am too little acquainted," said Blake, "with the qualities of your Béarnais hobgoblin, to know what assistance we could derive from him in our present circumstances."

"He is, in fact," said Henri, "a most changeable sprite, and may do good or evil according to the whim of the moment; but he generally appears in spots like this, where two or four roads meet, either to direct or mislead the benighted traveller. Hark! What noise is that?"

"'Tis a screech-owl, I think," replied Blake, "nestling in yonder crag, and fearful we are coming to steal some of her young beauties."

"*Por vida del demonio!*"* cried Henri, "and a marvellous bad omen it is too. In my country 'tis held to be the sure forerunner of a misfortune, unless the Evil One be propitiated by throwing a little salt into the fire."

"Then we're in for an adventure," said Blake, "for want of the means of exorcising."

"Hey-day!" cried Henri, "the plot thickens: there's a cursed magpie has just flitted across our path; and now, also, I remember the howling of that huge dog as we left the little *auberge* at the foot of the glacier."

"Three very sufficient warnings, according to your Béarnais superstition, of our approaching fate," said Blake, laughing; "but let us defy the foul fiend, and take this track to the right; it seems more trodden than the other."

They accordingly took the path indicated; and having followed it for some time in the most unpleasant state of uncertainty and suspense, they at length found, to their infinite satisfaction, that it led into the other; the separation having been caused by the rocky pile before mentioned, which reared its lofty and frozen summit to the clouds, like some tall giant, placed there by the hand of Nature "to sentinel enchanted land."

"*Dieu merci!*" exclaimed Henri; "*nous sommes quittes pour la peur!* But still, I think, we are in for a bivouac; fortunately, however, we are both pretty well acquainted with those incidental varieties in the farce of life."

"We must look sharp, though," said Blake, "that the wolves do not turn our farce into a tragedy."

"They are active riflemen, to be sure," replied Henri, "and

* "By the life of the devil!" a common Spanish oath.

we should make a *bon petit souper* for the hungry rogues this cold night."

"I doubt much," said Blake, "if they would even consult the *maître de cuisine* to Heliogabalus on the occasion."

"Ah!" replied Henri, "my cookery wouldn't save my bacon with them, any more than it did with their brother Firebrace. ——Hark! What is that?"

The travellers listened, and heard, faintly echoing from a considerable distance, one of those wild and piercing yells, bearing some resemblance to the neighing of a horse, peculiar to the peasantry amongst the mountainous regions of Biscay and Navarre; where, during the late war, both Blake and his companion had often heard their savage and terrifying tones.

"Human beings, at all events," said Blake; "but whether friends or foes remains to be proved."

"Ten to one," said Henri, "they are Basque smugglers; shall I give them a view-hallo?"

"Those gentry," replied Blake, "are sometimes even worse customers than the wolves; but try them: we can't be much worse than we are."

Henri, accordingly putting his hand to his ear, set up one of those savage yells which he had studied amongst other accomplishments in Spain; and which rose clear above the noise of the rushing torrent, making the echoes of the mountains ring again; but it produced no answering shout in return.

"The rogues won't acknowledge you," said Blake, laughing; "they know you're not of the right sort, and don't understand their lingo."

"Which, by the bye," said Henri, "is the most unintelligible that ever was invented, not even excepting the 'crabbed Gitana.' The great boast of these Basque rascals is that the devil himself couldn't learn their language, after seven years' study, though he is admitted to be a universal linguist."

It was now quite dark, and the progress of our travellers was slow and uncertain. The moon, occasionally glimmering faintly from behind the dense and sombre clouds which obscured her course, threw an unsteady glare across the mountains, which only served to render "darkness visible," the gloom becoming tenfold when it disappeared. For some time they thus continued their course, their anxiety increasing at every step; till, on ascending a very steep eminence, they descried a light at a considerable distance, apparently in a very deep glen beneath them. The light was steady for a moment, and then disappeared, but they carefully marked the direction from which it had proceeded; and it was fortunate they did so, for they had now lost every trace of the footway, and were wandering about as chance directed.

From the great apparent depth at which the light had

appeared, our travellers concluded they were on the summit of a high mountain; and this opinion was soon confirmed by hearing, at an immense distance beneath them, the jingling of a mule's bells, which was soon after succeeded by another of those mysterious yells that had before attracted their attention. Convinced now that they were not far from assistance, our travellers shouted with all their might; but this had a contrary effect to what they intended; the hallooing was not repeated, and the regular jingle of the mule's bells also entirely ceased.

Once more left in silence and utter darkness, our hero and his companion now pushed on with redoubled vigour, in the hope of overtaking the persons from whom the noise had proceeded; concluding that, whatever they were, it was better to fall into their hands than to perish in the desert. For some minutes they continued their route with considerable velocity, in spite of the numerous obstructions they encountered. They appeared to be rapidly descending the mountain, and evidently gaining on those they pursued; for they heard the voices of several men, sometimes on their right hand and sometimes on their left; a circumstance which puzzled them exceedingly, and seemed, indeed, to be the effect of enchantment.

Blake and his companion again shouted, and repeatedly called to those in front to stop, both in French and Spanish; but this produced no other effect than to quicken the pace of the pursued party, whose receding voices seemed to indicate a hasty flight. Excessively annoyed at being thus baffled, and unfeelingly left to all the contingencies of the night, our philosophers forgot their philosophy, and uttering a polyglot volley of curses in all the modern languages, they also quickened their speed; though almost in despair of overtaking the unknown fugitives, as their extraordinary exertions had very much diminished their physical powers.

Accident, however, at length produced unlooked-for success. When on the point of giving up the pursuit, our travellers found themselves on the brink of a stupendous precipice; and having, by the rapidity of their march, attained a momentum which they could not control, they were obliged to surrender themselves at discretion to the hands of fate. Down they accordingly went, tumbling and rolling over each other, some two or three hundred feet, on an inclined plane of frozen snow; at the bottom of which they had no sooner arrived than they found themselves within a few paces of the party they were in pursuit of; and this consisted of a long string of mules heavily laden, accompanied by four or five dark-looking figures with cloaks and *sombreros*, and all apparently well armed.

Our hero and his companion, having sliddered down the mountain on its thick coating of frozen snow, were happily not in the

least injured by their fall; but fortune seemed to have rescued them from one description of death only to subject them to another; for the strangers no sooner saw them tumbling down so unceremoniously upon their very heads, as it were, than one amongst them immediately exclaimed:—

"*Carajo! son los aduaneros! A ellos, muchachos!*"*

This very humane order one of the muleteers proceeded to put in immediate execution by discharging his *trabuco*† at our unfortunate philosophers; the bullets and slugs from which whistled about their ears, happily without producing any other effect than putting them in bodily fear for a moment or two. Unwilling, however, to act as targets any longer for the amusement of these mysterious gentlemen, they started upon their legs, and Henri shouted out lustily,

"*No somos aduaneros,*‡ *Carajo! Demonio!*"

"*Quien viva?*"§ demanded one of the strangers, in a stern voice, and presenting his *trabuco* in a threatening attitude.

"*Espana!*" promptly replied Blake.

"*Que gente?*"‖ demanded the stranger in the same threatening accents.

"*Senor Caballero,*" said Blake, with that deferential address which wins a ready way to the Spaniard's heart; "*somos viajeros Ingleses*—we are English travellers, who have been benighted and lost our way in the mountains."

"*Santissima Virgen del Pilar!*" exclaimed one of the muleteers, devoutly crossing himself; "I thought it was that devil incarnate, Pedrillo del Campo, the new *aduanero;* and it's only two wandering travellers, after all!"

"*Demonio!*" cried another, "where are they going to at this hour of the night?"

"You might have asked us that before you fired," said Henri, somewhat impatiently.

"Aha, *mi amigo!*" replied the stranger; "you didn't like the whizzing of the slugs, I dare say; but 'tis your own fault; you came down upon us like an avalanche, and there was no time to ask questions."

"With other people," said Henri, "'tis a word and a blow; but you Basque chaps always put the car before the horse."

"*Toma!*" cried the muleteer, "you seem to know the people you have to deal with."

"*Es verdad,*" responded Blake. "*Los Navarros y los Aragoneses son toros en el campo!*"¶ But, my friends, you might have waited a little when you heard us shout for assistance."

* "Caraho! They are custom-house officers! At them, boys!"
† A blunderbuss, or musketoon.
‡ "We are not custom-house officers."
§ "Who is there?" ‖ "Who are you?"
¶ "The Navarrese and Arragonese are very bulls in the field."

"*Senor Caballero,*" said one who was apparently the leader of the band, "this happens to be one of those dangerous passages where, according to the proverb, the father never waits for his son, nor the son for his father. But, after all, where are you going to, in the name of Sant Antonio?"

"We are going to the Venta of Somport, for the present," replied Blake; "can you put us in the right way?"

"*No tenga usted cuidado,*"* said the stranger, "for we are going in the same direction ourselves. *Vamos, Senores viajeros,*† we'll travel together, if you have no objection."

This courteous invitation was accepted with many thanks and acknowledgments; and our philosophers, happy to find themselves once more in the society of human beings, entered into familiar chat with their guides, who, they very soon discovered, were employed in the smuggling trade, which was briskly carried on between Oleron and Saragossa. This trade, which owed its existence principally to the oppressive system of monopolies pursued by the Spanish government, consisted of tobacco, wines, brandy, shawls, handkerchiefs, linen, leather, and other articles; which, thanks to the manufacturing and trading principles of the sovereign, yielded so handsome a profit to the contrabandists, as to stifle all apprehension of the penalties they incurred on detection. As for the immorality of the transaction, it never once occupied their thoughts: indeed, so far from considering it of a fraudulent nature, they actually looked upon the custom-house officers as the real offenders; and treated them, on all occasions where they did not think it prudent to conciliate them by bribes, as plunderers and highwaymen.

The smugglers at first seemed rather shy of making the strangers too intimate with their affairs; but when they found, by their unreserved manners and free communication, that they really were what they pretended to be, undesigning travellers, all mystery and caution were in a great measure dropped, and conversation flowed in an easy channel of unsuspecting confidence. This happy result was much promoted by the seasonable munificence of Henri; who producing a bundle of Havannah cigars from his pocket, distributed them amongst his new friends, who were not generally accustomed to a higher luxury in this way than the paper *cigarillo.* One of them, in return, taking a *botà*, or leathern bag of wine from the pack-saddle of his mule, invited our travellers to drink; as they appeared, he said, to be rather drouthy after their rapid descent from the summit of the mountain, and they would find it a sovereign remedy for the little fright they had experienced. The invitation was accepted without ceremony; and our philosophers, applying in turn the wooden pipe of the *botà* to their lips, quickly drowned, in the

* "Give yourself no trouble." † "Come on, gentlemen travellers."

juice of the Arragonian grape, all memory of their recent fatigues and perils. Their example was devoutly followed by the contrabandists, and each in his turn made an application to the wine-bag, exclaiming, as he carried the pipe to his lips :—

"*Vivan los valorosos Ingleses!*"*

"And success to their glorious undertaking!" added the leader of the band, whose name was Juan Bautista; but who, from the recklessness of his character, was ironically styled, by his companions, Saint John, and occasionally John the Baptist.

"I don't understand what you mean, my friend," said Blake, "by our glorious undertaking."

"*Senor Caballero*," said John, "strangers do not visit Spain in the mysterious manner that you do, at such a critical moment as the present, without some object of importance; and I take it for granted that your intention is to join one or other of the parties now contending for the mastery amongst us."

"You never were more mistaken in your life, *Senor Arriero*," replied Blake. "I have no political views whatever in my present visit to Spain, which will terminate at Saragossa, whence I mean to return to France with as little delay as possible."

"My object," said Henri, "and I care not who knows it, is simply to proceed immediately to *Las Americas;* and if I can't find an opportunity of doing so at Madrid, I mean to offer my services to some of the officers now about to embark at Cadiz, though I do not, by any means, sympathise with the object of the expedition."

"*Carajo!*" cried one of the smugglers, "you are a day after the fair, then, *mi amigo*."

"How so?" demanded Henri. "Have the troops embarked already?"

"Yes, yes, *por la vida de Dios!*" replied John the Baptist, "they have embarked with a vengeance, in an enterprise that will go nigh to shake all the monks in Spain out of their rookeries, if the cunning devils don't curry favour with Old Nick to save their bacon."

This led to a relation of the great conspiracy of the expeditionary army at Cadiz, in the autumn of 1819, which was first encouraged and then frustrated by the Count de Abisbal; but finally succeeded in 1820, for a short period, till the expedition of the Duke d'Angoulême, in 1823, restored Ferdinand to even more absolute power than he had ever before enjoyed. Our hero now, for the first time, became acquainted with this memorable attempt to obtain a constitution for Spain; intelligence of which had only just reached the mountains; and, however he might wish success to so sacred a cause, he could not help

* "Success to the brave English!"

regretting that his guides looked upon him and his companion as in some way connected with the enterprise, an impression which could not fail to be productive of inconvenience to them in the prosecution of their journey.

Juan Bautista, now finding that nothing further was to be apprehended from the *duaneros*, slung a string of small bells round the neck of the leading mule, which had been taken off on the first alarm; and then treated the company with a savage yell, which awoke the slumbering echoes of the mountains, and was quickly answered by another, apparently at a considerable distance up the glen. This led to a good deal of laughter at the false alarm which had been caused by the shouting of our hero and his brother philosopher; and which the smugglers had taken to proceed from the excise-officer at Urdos, who had but lately been appointed, and was, therefore, full of unnecessary zeal in his new office. Being also ignorant of their general movements, they had, still further to baffle him, deviated from the regular track by making a zigzag course; which manœuvre had so puzzled our philosophers that they had almost begun to suspect they were under the influence of enchantment.

The travellers were now approaching the Venta of Somport; though nothing, as yet, indicated the habitation of human beings, except a light which glimmered from the midst of what seemed to be an immense hillock of snow; but under which, as it afterwards appeared, the Venta had been recently buried in a snow storm, without any detriment, however, to its occupants, who were accustomed to such casualties. Another yell from one of the contrabandists now brought out two dingy figures, which appeared, from some trifling distinction of dress, to be male and female; and who gave the "*benvenido*" to the approaching travellers in a harsh and acrimonious accent, resulting either from natural acerbity of disposition, or the sharp and irritating air of the mountains.

Uninviting as was the aspect of this mountain refuge, our travellers pushed on eagerly to its welcome shelter, for another snow-storm was evidently impending: but, just as they were ascending a little eminence on which the Venta stood, the leading mule, sinking too deep into the snow, fell upon his side, and the whole cavalcade was immediately brought to a stand. A scene of uproar and confusion now ensued: the contrabandists and the people of the Venta began to curse and swear most awfully; calling all the saints in heaven, and fiends in hell, to their assistance, with a volubility that was truly laughable. "*Carajo! Cojones!* maldito sea! Demonio! St. Antonio!*"

* These two untranslateable words, pronounced *Caraho* and *Cohones*, are as commonly used by all classes of Spaniards, as the most favourite of our oaths is

&c. Nobody, however, thought of raising the fallen mule; and there it might have lain till morning, had it not, fortunately, been endued with uncommon strength, which, at length, enabled it to recover its legs unaided: the whole party, men and beasts, then proceeded into the stable, which occupied all the ground-floor of the building, and was dimly lighted by a *candil*, or rude iron lamp, suspended from the ceiling.

(*To be continued.*)

"KARENZA WHEELAS KARENZA;"

OR

LOVE WORKETH LOVE.

LINES ON READING THE MOTTO OF THE POLWHELE FAMILY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Love worketh Love." These words may well
The gentle spirit cheer,
That strives to weave Love's tender spell
In daily doubt and fear:
Droop not! your wish to soothe and bless,
Successful yet may prove;
Scan not each failure in distress,—
Love ever worketh love.

Your winning words, your service kind,
Shown to the cold and stern,
Awhile, alas! may fail to find
A semblance of return;
And Hope may weep the shattered chain
That once she gaily wove,
Yet let her string her links again,—
Love ever worketh love.

Though Nature's fairest gifts may fail
To conquer harsh neglect,
Though feebly may the aid avail
Of lofty intellect;
Affection teaches simple arts
The rugged breast to move;
These are the spells of loving hearts,—
These ever kindle love.

by the English. Their gross signification does not, by any means, diminish their use, even amongst the fair sex; though it must be confessed that the ladies generally soften the offensive term into *Carambo!*

Why should I dwell on mortal themes?
Doth not experience show
How light and fleeting are the dreams
Of love and bliss below?
Death comes, our idols to depose,
Our blessings to remove;
Oh! who would love, to bear the woes
That wait on human love?

Why do we cling to earthly ties?
Why the true love repel
Of Him who dwells beyond the skies,
And loves his children well?
Daily we own his guiding hand,
His gracious cares we prove;
Oh! should not love like His demand
Unbounded, ceaseless love?

And though the love we bear our kind
May blamelessly be shown,
In kindling in another's mind
Affection like our own;
Let us our heart's best thoughts resign
To Him who reigns above;
'Tis only meet for love divine
To waken perfect love.

NEW YEAR'S EVE; OR, LET US DRINK TO THE YEAR THAT IS FLED.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Let us drink to the year that is fled;
Let us hallow the day with a tear,
When the banquet was joyously spread
For the friends that *no more* can be here;
Let us call back the faces of those
Who once brightened our board and our hearth,
Nor check the warm tear, if it flows,
To the *true hearts* that slumber in earth.
Let us drink to the year that is fled!

Let us drink to the year that is fled,
To the joys that have winged away,
To the hopes that lie withered and dead
As the leaves that around us decay;
'Tis the dawn of a new coming year,
And it comes like a young April day,
With a smile for the guests that are here,
And a tear for the friends far away.
Let us drink to the year that is fled!

THE RAILROAD HEIRESS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"THERE is a tide in the affairs of men, that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:" so says Shakspeare, and so have I experienced; my bark is launched on a river which, like that of Pactolus, deposits golden sands in its progress. How monotonously my life passed, till within the last few months! I lived with an aunt in the country, (aunts in the country have been terrible bores, from the days of Pope downwards); I was engaged to be married to my cousin, (there is something so very uninteresting in being engaged to one's cousin); and I lived on the interest of six thousand pounds; (can anything be more insipid and humiliating than to live on the interest of a small sum in the funds?) I was invited to pass a month with a friend in Brunswick-square; her husband was a merchant in the City, she had six children, and was an exemplary mother. According to all probability, I should have returned into the country with my head in a confused medley of carpet-dances, twelfth-cake characters, panoramas, dissolving-views, the Mammoth Horse, and Tom Thumb; but I was born to achieve nobler things. My friend's husband was intimately acquainted with Mr. Trickington, an admirable man of business, making many speculations, and succeeding in every one of them; just then, he was devoting himself to railroads, or rather, to one in particular,—to the great railway about to be formed between Bubbleton and Boreville. Perceiving that I was not of the common class of Lord Byron's bread-and-butter misses, he sat by my side, paid me marked attention, took great pains to explain to me the admirable plan of the railroad, and finally (as I had, with my accustomed openness, imparted to him that I possessed six thousand pounds in the Three per Cents), suggested that I should sell it out, and place it in his hands, to be invested in railway shares; assuring me that my capital would infallibly be doubled in the course of a few weeks. I was luckily turned of one and twenty. I accompanied him next day to a stock-broker, sold out my capital, and returned into the country an heiress expectant! I had great reason to complain of the conduct of my relatives: my aunt thought proper to find fault with my "rash venture," as she denominated it, (old people cannot bear to succumb to the superior sagacity of young ones); and my cousin William, when I showed him a note of three lines which I had just received from Trickington, acquainting me

of an immense rise in the shares of the Bubbleton and Boreville Railway, had actually the meanness of spirit to advise me to sell out at a profit, and buy into the funds again, remarking, that Lord Stowell used to say that "he admired above all other investments the beautiful simplicity of the Three per Cents." I replied, that I did not question the simplicity of those who bought their money into the Three per Cents, but that the sublimity of a successful speculation was far preferable in my opinion. William, nettled by my repartee, began to find fault with the Directing Committee of the Bubbleton and Boreville Railway; saying, that Reginald St. Vallery, and Hildebrand de Mowbray, were names too fine to be natural. Very easy talking for a person of the anti-aristocratic name of William Miller, to decide that gentlemanly names are mere flights of imagination! Then, because, in consequence of my rapidly-increasing fortune, I indulged myself in a few necessary trifles, such as a grand piano, an India shawl, a set of pearls, and a lady's horse, my aunt lectured me on spending money which I did not possess; and William repeated Mrs. Barbauld's line, "Think yourself sure of nothing till you've got it!" Just then, I began to receive marked attention from the eldest son of the richest man of the village. Charles Arlingford had never hitherto taken any notice of me, but said that his heart had suddenly become captivated by the contemplation of so much wisdom and such knowledge of business in one so young; and quoted from the Merchant of Venice, "How much more elder art thou than thy looks!" William expressed himself with great impertinence on the encouragement which he chose to say I gave to Charles Arlingford; my aunt chorussed the strictures of her son; words ran as high as railway shares had done, and all parties agreed that our engagement had better be dissolved. William immediately departed on a visit to a friend in Devonshire, and wrote to his mother in a week, saying that he was perfectly delighted with his friend's sister Emily, a quiet, unsophisticated girl, with no more idea of speculation than of witchcraft! At the same time, I received a most gratifying note from Trickington, telling me, in answer to a question I had asked, that "he really could not undertake to compute the ulterior amount of my gains!" I showed it to Charles Arlingford, and he immediately made proposals in form to me, saying that he should be delighted to settle my money on myself, but that to call it in, now it was so advantageously placed, would be completely giving the cut direct to Fortune. I acquiesced in his opinion, and accepted his hand; he has just departed in raptures. I shall go and inform my aunt of what I have done.

Alas! Alas! what a trial is mine! My aunt has just received a letter from a City friend. The Bubbleton and Boreville

Railway is at an end—it has proved a complete system of imposition, and Trickington has escaped to America with a large sum of money. Well might he say that he could not undertake to compute the ulterior amount of my gains! I have written to Charles Arlingford, and received a hasty scrawl, informing me that he is on the eve of departing to travel for a twelvemonth on the continent! I have become unavailingly sensible of my own folly, and of the beautiful simplicity of the Three per Cents, and have the mortification of knowing that I am laughed at, instead of pitied; and that I have earned for life, in my native village, the nickname of the "Railroad Heiress!"

THE CONVICT'S LAST HOURS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

To-morrow I must die: what then?
Is life so dear? Ah, no!
Can death strike dread to starving men,
Heirs but to want and woe?
Plunged into guilt, by thoughts, from which
The prosperous world is free,
They cannot tempt the proud and rich,
As they have tempted me.

Hark! the key grates within the lock;
Who seeks me now?—'tis she!
That voice! that voice! I'd spare the shock,—
But no, it cannot be:
O sacred author of my birth!
Sweet mother! dost thou bring
Fond mem'ries of our cottage hearth,
And life's unclouded spring?

O mother! turn thine eyes from me,
I cannot meet their gaze;
And yet, no angry glance I see;—
Oh! love, surpassing praise!
A mother's love, that can outlive
All change, and all disgrace,
And weep, and pray for, and forgive,
The outcast of her race.

But *thus* to be—and *thus* to die!
Oh! 'tis a fearful thing!
Cut off from every loving tie,
And in the flush of spring!
Oh! *this* it is from which I shrink,
'Tis *this* unnerves my frame,
To stand on such an awful brink,
And die the death of shame.

'Tis long ago—ah! long ago,
I broke my father's heart—
(Alas! what makes you tremble so?
Sweet mother! how you start!)
He rose upon his dying bed,
And raised his hand on high,
And with a piteous look, he said,
I would not let him die.

Oh! 'twas a fearful thing to hear!
And yet—he died at last;
But sorely press'd with doubt and fear,
His grieving spirit pass'd.
How oft within this horrid place,
With anguish on his brow,
I've seen that piteous death-struck face!
Hah!—*there!* I see it *now!*

I'm mad! I'm mad!—what didst thou say?
Repeat those words again;—
"That if I could but *weep* and *pray*,
I should not pray in vain:"
Oh! I am harder than the rock,
Plunged in the lowest deep—
Yet *thine* are words that cannot mock,—
And now—at last *I weep.*

But *thus* to be—and *thus* to die!
Oh! such a death as *this!*
The sharpest pangs of mortal pain,
Compared to *it*, were bliss:
The rabble rout, the ruffian shout,
How hard it is to brave!
And then within this den of sin
To find a felon's grave!

What—what of pardon and of peace?
Say—quick! while yet I live,—
"That thou art in *my father's* place,
And dost for *him* forgive!

He told thee this! *he* gave thee power!"
Ah! then I well may say,
"There's mercy at the latest hour,"—
And now—at last *I pray.*

Ah! now what fervent prayers are said
By mother and by son!
And ah! what blessed tears are shed,
Before those prayers are done!
Hark! they are coming—we must part;
Yes, 'tis the prison bell!
Come—let me clasp thee to my heart;
And now—*a long farewell!*

NOTE.

It is here attempted to depict the feelings of one condemned to die by the justice of his country, and standing at once on the brink of an ignominious grave, and a dreaded eternity. On the day before his execution, his widowed mother visits him in prison. He reads, in her sorrowful countenance, nothing of anger or reproof, but, on the contrary, the tenderest sympathy, and the deep yearnings of a mother's unchanging love. He is naturally moved by the unexpected (and, to him, unusual) sight; and the hardness of his heart (rendered still harder by the awfulness of his situation), is, in some degree, relaxed. But he immediately recurs to the one agonising thought which is uppermost in his mind, the dreadful fate which awaits him on the morrow; and the harrowing reflection, that his vices had long ago broken his father's heart, and that he had never obtained his dying blessing and forgiveness. His mother endeavours to calm the tempest that rages in his soul. She assures him that if he could but pray, it is not even yet too late, and that he would not pray in vain: and this assurance, from a mother's lips, melts him at once to involuntary tears, although the spirit and the power of prayer have not yet entered his despairing breast. But when his mother proceeds to inform him, that she had his dying father's express authority to bestow his full forgiveness and his blessing, whenever she should think the proper time had arrived for it, and that "*now is the accepted time,*" this, the last day of his existence, becomes to him "*the day of salvation.*" The blessed and unexpected intelligence operates instantaneously on his wounded conscience, like a healing balm, the possibility of ever obtaining which he thought had long been buried with his father in the grave. Hope, so long a stranger to his breast, springs up anew. He sinks upon his knees beside his mother, who joins him in his humble and fervent prayers to the throne of grace. At length, the sound of the prison clock announces that the time for her departure is arrived, and they take a last, an eternal farewell of each other.

THE TWO SECRETS.*

A TALE.

CHAPTER III.

THE first few weeks after the return of the young Count de Renneville, passed away in perfect tranquillity; nor did anything appear wanting to complete the picture of domestic peace presented to view by the inmates of the old château.

The Countess, soothed by the increasing tenderness displayed towards her by her long absent son, and his unwearying activity in administering to her comfort and anticipating her desires, gradually emerged from the state of melancholy and despondency which had so long beset her: if not positively cheerful, she was at least calm, taking much interest in what was passing around her, and mingling, to a certain degree, in the pursuits and conversation of the young people.

The retired life they led was also particularly calculated to engender intimacy between the cousins; and, thrown completely together as they were, a mutual passion speedily began to manifest itself between them.

To a girl of Herminie's enthusiastic temperament, there was something peculiarly fascinating and attractive in the hardihood and love of adventure which appeared to constitute the leading elements of De Renneville's character; and totally inexperienced as she was, she could not easily detect the frigid cynicism of ideas and wilful perversion of sentiment which lurked beneath the surface, and ever and anon exhibited themselves to view.

She would listen, for hours together, to the glowing recital of the young man's adventures during his travels; would eagerly question him concerning his impressions of the treasures of art contained in the country he had just quitted; and, with the fullest confidence in his taste and judgment, would strive to embody his descriptions in her sketch-book. And whilst her pencil quickly traced the objects he described, her timid gaze would often encounter the expressive eye of the speaker, riveted not upon the drawing, but upon herself; and, cowering beneath the spell, she would try again to resume her work, or to meet his look with cold indifference; but vainly! contagion had ensued,

* Continued from page 306.

and the half-averted glance beamed forth hope and gladness; the finger shook—the eyelid quivered!

And he! the worldly sceptic—the reckless debauchee—could he even resist the all-powerful influence of innocence and purity? No! in vain did he wrestle with his passion (or delusion, as he had at first termed it in his deceitful, his fatal security); in vain did he strive to withstand the impetus and stem the overwhelming current of his desires: the die was cast!—his weapons escaped his grasp, and left him a helpless, a willing victim to the intensity of his love.

One idea alone took possession of his soul—one single image occupied his every thought. And yet, was it wounded pride? Was it a latent feeling of humiliation at his defeat, which caused him to quail under the conviction of the reciprocity of the maiden's sentiments towards him, inwardly to recoil from every new proof of her attachment? Was it the consciousness of his own demerits alone which made him turn with loathing from the recollection of his former life?

It is true, dissembler as he was, that in her society he could be cheerful—joyous, even; but the close observer could not have failed remarking the violent effort it cost him to conceal his inward depression, his constant watchfulness, his restless anxiety.

The old lady had, indeed, upon more than one occasion, imagined she detected a cloud upon his brow even in the midst of his lively and winning discourse; but attributing it to regret at some by-gone peccadilloes, such as most young men have involved themselves in at one moment or another of their early years, she abstained from noticing it.

His evident admiration of his cousin filled her with delight; as, from the young girl's first arrival at the château, her fondest desire had been that she might captivate the affections of its future possessor, and that thus the fortunes of the two families might be united.

Idolising her, as she did also, she secretly nourished the hope that her fascinations might prove an efficient antidote to the roving disposition her son's prolonged absence seemed to have awakened in him, and induce him permanently to return to his former domestic habits and pursuits.

It is needless to dwell upon the various trifling incidents which served to mature "affection's tender growth" between the young people, and bring about the all-important crisis in their destiny; suffice it to say, that De Renneville, vanquished by the passion which had taken such firm possession of his being, at length avowed it to the object of his devotion; and that the young girl, turning an enraptured ear to his protestations, also betrayed the secret of her heart, and bid him live anew to love and constancy.

It was upon one of those serene and balmy evenings peculiar to southern climes, when all things seem to experience the lulling influence of a cloudless atmosphere, when all nature appears at rest, and silence pervades the whole creation, that the decisive interview took place between the cousins.

Herminie had strolled into the garden after sunset, and had lingered awhile in silent admiration of the scene before her. That pause was fatal! never had the maiden appeared more lovely than as she leant upon the marble balustrade, and gazed upon the boundless tract of azure-coloured waters; her head reposing upon an arm of alabaster, her auburn ringlets floating in the breeze; and De Renneville, who had followed her unperceived, looked on awhile in rapture, and anon was by her side; and then, grasping her quivering hand, he pressed it to his lips, and knelt at her feet a trembling suppliant!

And the hand was not withdrawn,—and tears of joy bedewed the crimson cheek! and then, the soul's fond impulse found vent in words;—his declarations were re-echoed,—the mutual vows exchanged!

Upon retiring to rest on that eventful evening, Herminie's vivid fancy conjured up a thousand bright and smiling images of happiness to come; her doubts were stilled, her fears dispelled, and the future was all sunshine, without a cloud to mar its brilliancy. How eagerly had she listened to the old lady's oft-repeated anecdotes of her Gaston's early years, as they sat together in anxious expectation of his return, and contrasted them with her own recollections of their childish intercourse. How ardently had she longed for the arrival of one of whom she heard but praise; and her exalted expectations had been fulfilled, and now her every hope was realised.

Far from responding to the joyful emotions which filled the maiden's heart, were those of De Renneville, as he retired to his chamber. Quickly dismissing his servant, he paced the floor in restless trepidation: his brows were knit together, and his eye rolled wildly, as if in terror of some all-besetting object; and then an expression of stern and sullen resolution would momentarily overspread his pallid countenance; and his cheek flushed as he ground his teeth together! "Must she, all purity, all innocence as she is," muttered he to himself, as he wiped the perspiration from his aching brow, "must she be sacrificed!—must she be polluted by contact with a wretch like me? Is the curse which weighs upon me to extend to her, whose only fault is loving me too well? All else I could have braved! have boldly reaped the reward of my temerity! But *her*, to sully *her*, to make *her* the partner of my ignominious lot, should discovery arise. No! better avow all; better incur her hatred—her abhorrence! But the disgrace! the derision which ever attends the

craven sinner's penitence,—the frigid world's contempt,—the jibes and jeers of the gaping crowd—the *bourreau's* icy grasp!" And here he flung himself upon the bed in silent anguish, and pressed his hands to his eyes, as it were to shut out some ghastly vision, and sobs burst from his parched and fevered lips ;—his bosom heaved, his limbs were rigid.

After a time, however, exhausted by the violence of his agitation, he sunk into a kind of stupor ; and when at length the dawn of morning broke in at his window, he arose, and quietly descending the staircase, walked forth upon the terrace ; and, although his haggard face and bloodshot eyes revealed the mental anguish he had endured, his step was firm, and his features had assumed their usual imperturbability.

" What an early riser you are become, Gaston," exclaimed Madame de Renneville, as he entered the saloon after a lengthened ramble by the sea-shore ; " the servants told me you were abroad at day-break."

" True, *ma mère,*" answered he cheerfully ; and returning her greeting with even more than usual *empressement,* " and a delightful walk I have had."

" You look somewhat exhausted, nevertheless," rejoined she ; " and now sit down and eat your breakfast, and then we will go into my boudoir, for I would speak with you upon important matters, and hope you will devote the morning to me."

" Willingly, *ma mère,*" replied he quickly ; " you know I am always at your orders ;" and he cast an inquiring look at Herminie, who sat in silence at her aunt's side.

He could not but conclude that either she had confided in the Countess, and had already revealed to her all that had occurred during their interview of the preceding evening ; or, that the latter had remarked the slight confusion and constraint of manner with which the maiden had returned his salutation upon entering, so unlike her usual openness of demeanour, and had guessed their secret.

But there was also an unwonted sadness and solemnity in the tone in which his mother had addressed him, which could hardly be caused by the discovery ; for must she not have foreseen this crisis in her adopted daughter's fate, taking no measures to check the young people's growing intimacy, and, in fact, showing evident satisfaction at its continuance ? It could not, then, be displeasure at their attachment, or disapproval of his choice, which occasioned the sudden uneasiness depicted upon her countenance; there was evidently some other cause for it, which he was quite at a loss to fathom ; and it was with considerable inward trepidation that he followed her into the small and elegantly fitted-up apartment in which she was accustomed to pass the early hours of the forenoon.

"My son," began the Countess, abruptly, as they seated themselves side by side upon a couch, "your choice does honour to your judgment and discrimination."

"Herminie has, then, revealed to you," began he confusedly, "that—"

"The dear girl has told me nothing," interrupted she; "but I have long observed your growing attachment; and her confusion on entering from the garden last evening, and certain significant looks you interchanged, did not escape me. I felt convinced that you had declared yourself; and I know my Herminie too well, to suppose she would ever have given you so much encouragement, had she intended to trifle with your feelings, like a coquette."

"Forgive me, mother, if I have offended in taking so important a step without previously consulting you," answered he earnestly; "but I felt convinced that you would not oppose my inclinations, kind and indulgent as you have ever been to me; and have, indeed, for some time past, even thought that you desired our union."

"And you were not mistaken, Gaston," answered she; "ever since my Herminie has been an inmate of our abode, I have desired it; endearing herself daily, more and more, to me, as she has done, I felt my inability to part with her; and had my wishes met with opposition upon your part, I know not how I should have supported the separation from one so dear to me; but still," continued she with something of severity in her manner, "you ought to have imparted to me your sentiments, and asked my consent, ere you declared yourself."

"True, *ma mère*," answered he; "and I always intended doing so, and even meant to have implored you yourself to exert your influence in my behalf; but I rashly deferred the moment, until, at length blinded by the intensity of my passion, the avowal broke from my lips. Again let me entreat forgiveness!"

"It is granted from my heart, dear son," replied the old lady, with unusual tenderness of manner; "and may every happiness attend your union. And now, Gaston," added she, trembling with emotion, "it is fitting that I should communicate to you events of a most painful nature, and which have long lay hidden within my breast, weighing upon my spirits, and causing me many a bitter pang. I ought, I feel I ought, to have imparted them before, concerning you so nearly as they do: but my heart recoiled from the terrible task; my courage failed me! Now, however, at this important juncture in your fate, duty impels me to make the avowal; and to leave you longer in ignorance of the events I am about to relate, would indeed be a grievous sin."

The Count looked bewildered and alarmed. "Nay, dear mother," replied he, striving in vain to conceal his agitation,

"pray do not revert to painful recollections, unless, indeed, Herminie or I can do anything to alleviate the sorrow they occasion you."

"My resolution is irrevocable, Gaston," rejoined she, with something of impatience in her tone, "and nothing can move me from my purpose, whatever the effort may cost me. It is a duty I owe to you, to myself, and I must and will fulfil it."

These last words were uttered in a tone of stern decision, which showed the uselessness of further opposition; and the young man could only remain silent, awaiting her communication with almost breathless anxiety.

"You must have observed, Gaston," continued she, struggling with her emotion, and striving to appear collected, "that I have always studiously avoided reverting to your father, or to any of the circumstances attending his death; and that I have always continued to evade the queries concerning him, which you, who never knew him, were, naturally enough, accustomed to assail me with, at different periods of your boyhood."

The young Count looked more and more bewildered and confused, and could only answer by an affirmative gesture.

"The moment is now arrived, as I said before," continued she, "to narrate to you the circumstances of your birth, and events connected with it, the recollection of which fills me with sadness," and here a tear stole down her furrowed cheek; "but I dare no longer conceal from you much you ought to have known long ere this indeed, but which I could not summon courage to reveal.

"The first few years of my married life were peaceful and serene, nor was the harmony which subsisted between your father and myself disturbed for a single instant. Both, as you know, of noble parentage, and betrothed from childhood, we had grown up in the closest intimacy, had early imbibed each other's tastes and notions, and loved each other tenderly.

"Never, in fact, was a marriage contracted under happier auspices, and never was there one more productive in the end of misery to both parties; but I will not anticipate, the dreadful tale will disclose itself but too soon! Amidst all our happiness there was one fruitful source of grief and disappointment, which manifested itself at an early period of our union, and naturally increased as years rolled on: and that was, our remaining childless.

"The want of offspring to inherit his possessions and perpetuate his name, filled my husband with discontent; his cheerfulness forsook him daily more and more; the very sight of children made him wretched; he became taciturn and morose to those about him, and his manner even to me began to change. And you may judge of my despondency, loving him as I did, to see

him daily giving way to the melancholy which beset him, added to my own bitter regrets at being debarred from the joys of maternity.

"How did I envy the poorest fisherman's wife, as I saw her cheerfully toiling on midst poverty and privation, the nursling at her breast, and surrounded by a troop of prattling little ones! All the luxuries, all the superfluity I see around me are as nought, thought I, compared with joys like those, which no wealth can purchase nor replace!

"I grew daily more desponding; my nights were spent in weeping, my days in fruitless repinings; how, then, shall I describe my rapture, when at length, after so long a period of mortification and blighted hope, I found myself *enceinte!* Tears of joy overflowed my eyes as I communicated the intelligence to my husband; "Heaven has at length heard our prayers," cried I, rushing into his arms, "and accorded us the boon we have so earnestly entreated."

"For a moment all powers of utterance seemed to fail him; he started back in silent bewilderment; then—and never can I forget the look of scorn and bitter rage he cast upon me—he tore himself from my embrace; the most violent invectives broke from his pallid lips, and in a voice of thunder he bade me leave his presence!

"At a glance I saw it all! A short time previously, a young Italian nobleman, the Marquis de Salvati, had come to visit us, and, at the Count's urgent request, had prolonged his stay for many weeks.

"Anxious to show attention to my husband's friend, I had received him, from the first, with cordiality; and his distinguished manners, and engaging conversation, had speedily won my regard.

"Young and inexperienced as I was also, I had perhaps displayed more gratification at his attentions than was quite consistent with prudence or discretion. Little did I imagine the misery my thoughtlessness was to entail upon me! little did I anticipate the dreadful crisis which was to ensue!

"I at last imagined that I detected a change in my husband's manner towards the Marquis, and even at times a disposition to shun his society; still, however, I remained totally unsuspicious of the reason, until one day the truth suddenly broke upon me.

"Salvati and I were in the saloon, where we had been engaged during the morning in singing together; he, much my superior in musical knowledge, was leaning upon the harpsichord, and in his eagerness to explain some peculiarities in the piece we were studying, had approached his head so close to mine that they almost touched, and had also placed his hand upon the keys.

"At that moment my husband entered abruptly from the garden.

Somewhat startled, my eye suddenly met his intently fixed upon me with an expression of searching mistrust, such as I had never before remarked. I at once took the alarm, and from that moment studiously avoided the Marquis, except when your father was present; the former, evidently wounded by my sudden constraint of manner, as well as by the distant tone adopted towards him by his old friend, and for which he could devise no reason, shortly afterwards bade us adieu, to my indescribable relief, and returned to his own country.

"My redoubled tenderness, and increased openness of manner, had succeeded, as I believed, in completely re-assuring my husband. The pains he took to avoid any allusion to our departed guest, I attributed to a feeling of shame and remorse at the recollection of his unjust suspicions, and, as I have just told you, my first care was to apprise him of the realisation of our hopes.

"And how was my communication received? As no proof of innocence! as no harbinger of joy! but as the forced avowal of guilt; as the fullest corroboration of the dreadful surmises which had long rankled in his heart!"

Here, the Countess, overcome by the painfulness of her recollections, paused, and it was some time ere she regained sufficient composure to enable her to continue her recital: at length, answering her son's suggestion of deferring the sequel to the following morning, by an impatient wave of the hand, she thus resumed:—

"My protestations were of no avail, my supplications useless; he spurned me from him, cursing me for my treachery and perjured faith; and, bidding me fly to Salvati, to my seducer, and pollute no longer with my presence the home of his ancestors, he rushed from the apartment.

"Some time after, I received a letter from him, to inform me that he had changed his resolution, and, lest his enemy should triumph in the misery he had wrought, had determined still to allow me to remain in his abode, and to meet his disgrace boldly; and thus he concluded, for the cruel words are indelibly stamped upon my heart: 'Before the eyes of all casual observers, Madam, we shall maintain the same behaviour towards each other as heretofore: nothing in my outward manner shall ever reveal what has passed, and I have a right to command the same line of conduct upon your part, as the only atonement in your power for the injury you have done me. But think not that I can ever forgive the stain upon my escutcheon, or pardon your betrayal of my confidence in your truth! No, Madam! hatred has taken the place of the all-absorbing love I have borne you until now; and although I will not turn you from my doors, and expose my humiliation to the eyes of the gaping world, we remain for the future as strangers to each other.'

"How heavily did the succeeding months roll on! Studiously avoiding me except at meal-times, and merely addressing to me now and then a casual observation, to keep up appearances when the servants were present, my husband continued strictly to persevere in the line of conduct he had determined upon.

"I dared not even allude to the past; for once, when my feelings had quite got the better of me, and I had cast myself at his feet, and implored him not to condemn me unheard, he sternly commanded me to remember our compact, and not to outrage his feelings further.

"The anguish I endured is indescribable," continued the Countess, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "and time has never deadened the recollection nor cicatrized the wound! And now, my son, how shall I ever reveal to you the dreadful sequel to my tale! the startling events which marked your entrance into this world of sorrow! But I will fulfil the fearful task, much as the effort costs me!"

The young man continued to gaze upon her with an expression of almost breathless anxiety depicted upon his pallid features.

"As the period of my deliverance drew near," continued she, "my husband's efforts to conceal his agitation became unavailing. He seemed, as it were, striving to escape from himself, and, by the most violent bodily exertion, to chase out the ever-racking poison from his soul—the agonising conviction of his disgrace. He roamed about in a state of half delirium; would spring upon his horse, and gallop away for leagues, he knew not whither, until the animal would drop from sheer exhaustion; or clamber over the cliffs around the whole night through, and then return, his limbs benumbed, his garments torn and dripping with spray, to lock himself within his apartment, and pace the floor in restless perturbation.

"The idea that he might be meditating self-destruction took possession of me; and no possibility of remonstrance or of supplication! And yet, intense as was my anguish, I had not yet drunk the cup of misery to the dregs!

"After many hours of suffering, I at length gave birth to a male infant. After remaining for a time in a state of complete insensibility, I had just begun to recover myself sufficiently to be able to cast a fond and anxious glance at the little slumberer beside me, and had aroused myself in some degree from the sort of lethargy which oppressed me, when, on a sudden, my attention was aroused by the sound of a rapid step on the floor of my apartment; and, in an instant, the haggard form of my husband burst upon my affrighted vision! He paused for a moment, as if in indecision, and then, brushing away a tear, sprang to the bed, snatched up the new-born babe, and disappeared!

"That was the last time I ever saw him; nor could I ever learn the smallest tidings of him or of the child he had so barbarously torn from me, until many years afterwards, when official intelligence arrived of his decease in a convent at Padua, into which he had retired.

"Providence alone can tell the fate of the hapless child! Even should it yet live, all proof of its identity is lost; and I have long since renounced all hope of ever having it restored to me."

An extraordinary expression of surprise and bewilderment depicted itself upon the usually imperturbable features of the young man at these concluding words; he sank back in his chair, and seemed almost to gasp for breath.

"But to resume," continued the Countess, scarcely noticing her son's agitation, in the increasing interest of her recital. "Heaven deigned to mitigate the anguish of my sudden bereavement, and to bestow its mercy in a manner as extraordinary as unlooked for. The lethargy I have mentioned was not the result of mere exhaustion, not the effect of prostration of strength alone; but scarce had the cry I uttered re-assembled the drowsy attendants around my couch, when I was taken with the pains of labour a second time, and you, my Gaston—"

At this moment a loud shriek burst from her listener's lips, and caused her to start back in silent amazement. He had partly risen from his seat, a crimson flush suffused his rigid features, his eyes rolled wildly, his every limb quaked, and, as he strove to step forwards, his knees well-nigh failed him, and he clung to the table for support.

"Gracious God! what ails you, Gaston?" cried she, rushing up to him. "Help! help!" and she made a motion towards the bell.

But he arrested her arm.

"Hold, dear mother!" he faltered out; "it is but momentary. I would have air, and shall be better anon."

And he tottered out of the open window upon the terrace. Supported upon the matron's arm, he paused an instant, as if to breathe anew; and then, frantically breaking from her, he bounded over the wall and disappeared.

"He is mad!" shrieked the mother, in an agony of terror. "My son! my Gaston! Help! help! he will fall from the rocks, I know he will!"

Some time elapsed, however, ere her cries were heard; and even when assistance did arrive, her agitation was so great as to render her, for many moments, incapable of utterance; and when, at length, she was sufficiently recovered from the shock she had sustained to make herself intelligible, all traces of the fugitive had vanished.

CHAPTER IV.

Many days were spent in the minutest researches, and emissaries were despatched to all parts of the surrounding neighbourhood, to endeavour to learn some tidings of the young Count.

Not the slightest intelligence of him could be obtained, however; and his disappearance was so inexplicable that all conjectures respecting it became completely at fault.

Agonising were the apprehensions of the old lady; and, impressed with the conviction that some evil must have befallen her dearly-loved son, she did not even attempt to struggle against the feeling of utter despondency which beset her.

After the first violent ebullitions of despair had subsided, she relapsed into a state of apparent insensibility to all and everything around her, which was, perhaps, yet more distressing to behold. It seemed as if adversity's rude assaults had destroyed all faculty alike of hope and resignation, had sapped all power of reflection, leaving but the mere desolate receptacle of the benumbed and torpid spirit for time to prey upon.

Herminie, on the contrary, intense as was her anxiety to learn the fate of him who had first talked to her of love, and aroused within her the slumbering impulses of ardent girlhood, was, at first, far from experiencing the feeling of despair which had taken such firm possession of her aunt; and the shock resulting from her lover's mysterious disappearance once surmounted, hope had speedily returned, and that with all the confidence and tenacity of sanguine innocence.

No! he could not mean to forsake her, after all his prayers, all his protestations. What had she done to induce him thus in a moment to repent of his engagement and fly her presence? Some accident must have befallen him; he must be forcibly detained from her, she knew he must! Circumstances he could not control must detain him away! But Fate had destined them for each other, and he would return, she felt assured, and claim her as his own! And her tender welcome would obliterate all remembrance of the ills which had befallen him, and perfect happiness was yet in store for them!

Thus did the maiden indulge in a thousand smiling visions, and strive "to keep at bay" the apprehensions which would at times intrude themselves. As weeks and months flew by, however, without the smallest information being obtained of the young man's retreat, or aught concerning his fate, the antidotes began to lose their effect; and the pallid cheek and drooping brow showed that the deadly poison of despair had glided into her soul, and was slowly undermining her existence.

But yet she strove to repel its aggressions, were it only for

the sake of her who had been a second mother to her, and who, enfeebled and sorrow-stricken, had now, she felt, a double claim upon her care and attention.

The spring and summer passed away, leaving the inmates of the old château in the same state of uncertainty as to the fate of the heir to the wealth and honours of the family, and the autumn was already far advanced.

It was upon a chilly November evening that a solitary pedestrian was seen to issue from the gates of the city of Toulon, and to wend his way along the road which skirted the coast.

He was attired in the uniform of a hussar of the republican army, consisting of a red vest, profusely embroidered with blue braid, yellow small-clothes, and half boots. Upon his head he wore a *bonnet de police*, jauntily cocked on one side, and he carried his sabre over his shoulder, with a small bundle suspended to the hilt.

The man might be about sixty years of age; but it was presumable, from the evident signs of toil and hardship depicted upon his weather-beaten countenance, that hard service had somewhat accelerated the march of time as far as regarded his personal appearance.

His figure was tall and very erect, and the eyes, which peered forth from under a pair of shaggy eyebrows, were sharp and penetrating. His enormous moustaches, which hung down far below his chin, were tinged with grey, as well as his hair, which was dressed in the singular fashion observed by the cavalry troops of the French republic at that epoch; and the changing of which, shortly afterwards, caused such violent dissatisfaction among the soldiers of the old school, including the celebrated Marshal Bessières.

All the hair was drawn back from the top of the head, and confined behind in a gigantic tail, except two neatly plaited meshes, denominated "cadenettes," which hung down a considerable length on each side of the face.

Although the veteran's uniform was faded and almost threadbare, it was scrupulously clean, and arranged with that attention to neatness and exactitude which denotes the well-disciplined soldier; his step was firm, his manner blithe and unconstrained.

Upon arriving within sight of the old château he paused, suddenly ceased humming the fag end of the Marseillaise hymn, with which, alternately with a short clay pipe, he had been endeavouring to beguile the tedium of the way, and then, after gazing intently at the building for a few moments, strode quickly up to the gates.

"I would speak with Madame la Comtesse de Renneville," said he to the servant who answered the bell.

The man looked somewhat surprised, but having been en-

joined by his mistress, in her anxiety, never to hesitate admitting any one who wished to speak with her, whatever their errand might be, he threw open the gate, and at once ushered the stranger into her presence.

The Countess was sitting in the saloon with Herminie, who was diligently engaged in reading to her.

"*Salut à la société,*" said the soldier upon entering, and raising his hand to his cap with a stiff salute; "and pardon for the liberty I am taking," added he respectfully; "for old Antoine Tranchard, *dit* Chabrak, knows what is due to his betters, and *au beau sexe en particulier;* and thus to drop in unawares like a bomb-shell, requires explanation and—"

"Sit down, Monsieur," said Madame de Renneville, kindly motioning him to be seated, and gazing at him with intense anxiety; "you seem to have walked far, and must be weary. And now to your errand if you please," added she, as he accepted the proffered seat with another formal reverence.

"Just and *convenable,*" answered he bluntly: "and Antoine Tranchard, commonly called Chabrak, would not thus intrude himself but upon important business; *la discipline le defends,* and good manners besides."

Both the Countess and Herminie gazed at him in evident anxiety, and with the involuntary presentiment that the veteran's arrival at the château must have some connexion with the all-engrossing subject of their thoughts.

"May I beg of you to continue without further *préambule,* Monsieur," exclaimed the former, impatiently.

"*Attention à la consigne!*" answered the trooper; "you shall be obeyed, Madame; but I must begin my story afar back, even at the risk of fatiguing you upon the march. Well, then, *ces belles dames* are, doubtless, acquainted with the events of the recent campaign *là bas,*" and he pointed across the sea; "and how *le petit caporal, fatigué de rosser les Autrichiens,* set sail for Egypt, with the whole army, bag, baggage, artillery, and all, to teach manners to the Mamelouks. *Mille bombes! quels gaillards!* no more *savoir vivre* than their own camels, in spite of their bedizened jackets and glittering arms! We had some rough work with them before we could bring them to reason, however; *les brigands! car ils ne sont pas sots à manier le sabre et le pistolet,* miserable heathens as they are! *temoin l'affaire des Pyramides,* which plays the principal part in what I am about to relate.

"Towards evening the battle might be said to be over; and apart a stray shot now and then, *toute la canaille* was *en pleine déroute; à bas les armes! et en avant le pot au feu et le bivouac!* No bad interlude either for us, who had tasted nought since daybreak; and *pour le dessert* we had *le pillage des morts;*

worth looking after too, for the Pagans always carry all their money sewn up in their doublets, instead of leaving it in the *caserne;* which, *il faut dire aussi*, would be rather difficult, *vu qu'il n'y en a pas;* only miserable tents, common alike to man and horse. *Cochons va!*

"Well! as I said before, we were roaming about to see what we could find; and blithe enough we were as we ripped up the enemy's jerkins and turbans, and the broad gold pieces rolled out—"

"You are diverging from the point, Sir," again interrupted Madame de Renneville; "may I beg you will be concise."

"Pardon, *belle dame*," answered he, "I am close upon it,—*rang serré*, as we say. Well, to resume. We were scattered over the plain in all directions, and very busy; and old Chabrak, who has the honour to be now addressing you, was none of the hindmost *à faire la besogne;* and the dead lay in heaps around, and the corpses of our own *braves* as thick as those of the enemy; and now, *me voici au fait*," continued the old soldier, in a subdued tone of voice, and with something of solemnity in his manner: "I had been for some moments engaged in searching the body of one of those *mauvais drôles*, who, from the splendour of his dress and accoutrements, I judged to be well worth the trouble, when my eye suddenly fell upon the recumbent figure of one of our own people, which lay a few paces distant; and a *bien beau garçon* he was, *pauvre lapin*, all mangled and gory as he was; and the brilliant *uniforme des guides* he wore, so stained and begrimed with smoke, as scarcely to be known again. *En voilà un qui est mort en brave, pauvre enfant*, thought I, and before he had even earned the *galon de caporal; quel dommage!* and I paused in my work to take another look at his pallid face, when, lo and behold, I thought I saw his arm move! in an instant I knelt at his side; and tearing open his vest, I placed my hand upon his heart.

"It did just beat, but so feebly I could scarce feel its pulsation; again did he move his arm, though; and with an imploring look of his half-closed eyes, he pointed to a little packet which lay upon his naked breast, and then his eyelid quivered, one deep sigh escaped his lips, and all was over;" and here a tear stole down the veteran's cheek.

"And the packet!" gasped forth Madame de Renneville, whilst Herminie sunk back almost lifeless in her chair.

"Is here, Madame," answered he, drawing a bloodstained paper from his breast, "and addressed to you; and now old Chabrak has fulfilled his mission, and will no longer intrude;" and he rose to depart.

"Stay! stay!" shrieked the Countess, in an agony of tears. "I would hear more. O horror! my darling boy!"

"I know nought else, Madame," answered the veteran, quickly, "and I must return to the depôt at St. Maude, this very evening. Pardon me, Madame, I am already *en retard. J'ai bien l'honneur de vous saluer;*" and he departed with the same stiff salutation with which he had entered the apartment.

The Countess and Herminie gazed at each other for some moments in silent dismay, the former with the fatal packet in her hand, and which she dared not open, lest her dreadful surmises should be confirmed; at length, glancing from the superscription, which was so stained and dirty as to be almost illegible, her eye wandered to the seal, and then a cry of horror, yet more agonising than the first, escaped her lips, and a convulsive shudder overspread her attenuated frame—the arms of De Renneville were engraven thereon!

Herminie, almost simultaneously aware of the corroboration of their suspicions, instantly dropped upon the floor in a swoon. The hastily-summoned domestics bore her to a sofa, and applied all the restoratives which could be procured upon the spur of the moment.

Alarm at the effect produced upon her adopted daughter by the dreadful tidings, momentarily superseded all other feelings in the old lady's breast; but, upon the first symptom of returning animation, she abandoned her to the care of her attendants, and, hurrying to her boudoir, she called all her resolution to her aid, tore the covering from the packet, and read as follows:—

"My Mother! A wretch, who scarcely dares to call himself your son, implores your pity, entreats you not to turn with loathing from his memory, even when you learn how horribly he has deceived you, and the fearful crime which weighs upon his conscience, leaving nought but gall and bitterness to him in this world, and making him covet death, as the only refuge to his broken and repentant spirit,—as the only boon he seeks for, in humble confidence in heaven's mercy. I am on the eve of departure for a distant land; there to consecrate my few remaining days to my country's service, and seek a glorious death upon the battle-field; and should these lines ever reach you, I shall be no more.

"I blush at my weakness—my cowardice! but, whilst living, I dared not avow my crime, and incur your hatred, and that of one whose spotless soul will scarce believe in the existence of wickedness such as mine; whose mind will turn with loathing from such infamy!

"And now to my horrible narration—to the agonising task I have imposed upon myself! Know you not who I am? Have you not already guessed my shameless treachery and villany? If you have not, the sequel to my confession will solve all mystery, incomprehensible as its commencement may

appear. But I will be concise; the deceptive veil must be withdrawn, and my depravity disclosed in all its hideousness!

"My boyhood was passed with the family of a vinegrower, in a small village near Lyons, and my ignorance of my birth and parentage was complete; indeed, as I had no recollection of anything beyond the persons and things I saw around me, my infancy passed away in the belief that I was the son of my protector, and no doubt upon the subject would ever have suggested itself to my mind, had not he himself one day informed me that I was no child of his, much as his parental treatment might have induced me to suppose so, but a total stranger to him in blood; and this was confirmed by the fact of my being sent to the college at Lyons, to pursue my studies, unlike the children of the worthy man, who derived their limited stock of learning from the village schoolmaster.

"For a long while, my efforts were unceasing to discover whose child I was; but all my inquiries upon the subject met an evasive answer from my protector; and the only clue I ever obtained, as I supposed, to the place of my birth, was from the arrival one day of a letter, which momentarily fell into my hands, and which I observed had the postmark of Padua—that fatal name which first alarmed me in your recital!—upon it, and a crucifix engraven upon the seal; and the conviction that it related to me arose alone from the haste displayed by my guardian in snatching it away and hiding it from my observation.

"I also managed to discover that money was periodically transmitted for my use through a banking-house in the same town; and there all further information stopped.

"I was naturally of an ardent and enthusiastic disposition, and endowed with uncommon abilities and activity of mind, which, had they been properly directed, might have rendered me good service in after life; but, unfortunately, I had no one to advise me, or whose counsels I could follow.

"The new bias which education gave to my mind speedily weakened my regard for my protector and his family; I began to feel ashamed of my former intimacy with those whom I considered as my inferiors; their simple manners were totally unpalatable to me; their homely maxims were received with contempt, or open derision; and they, in their turn, took no pains to conceal their disgust at my ungrateful behaviour.

"On the other hand, my quickness, hardihood, and vivacity, earned for me the greatest popularity among the professors with whom I studied, and my fellow-students: I was flattered and caressed on all sides, and my superficial attainments were the theme of general admiration.

"At length, the tempest which had so long overshadowed the political horizon of France arrived at the height of its fury, and

the finest field was opened for the exercise of my abilities and the display of my talents, especially since fate had destined me to be brought up in the very centre of the excitement and fermentation, and in constant intercourse with the most profligate revolutionary fanatics.

"At my early age, an eye-witness to the fearful scenes of bloodshed which spread desolation over Lyons and its neighbourhood, an actor in many of the tragedies of real life which filled the land with mourning, I learned to revel in the chaos I saw around me; and my ardent and excitable mind quickly imbibed the fanatical principles I heard.

"And besides, my old protector had disappeared, no remittances were forthcoming, and I was thrown entirely upon my own resources for subsistence.

"I will but glance over the next few years of my existence; indeed, the attempt to detail its endless vicissitudes would be utterly vain: by turns, street-orator, pamphleteer, newspaper-editor, police-spy, political-agent, or strolling player,—anything, in fact, by which my quickness and address would put a few *louis d'ors* into my pocket. I lived entirely by my wits, and my adventures were of the most extraordinary description.

"At length, I betook myself to Italy, in the wake of the First Consul's army; and, after assisting at many of the stirring events which marked its progress, chance led me to Rome. I shudder at the recollection of aught connected with that fatal spot!—My heart sickens within me at the very name!

"But to resume my frightful tale:—

"The constant theme of conversation amongst the numerous young men with whom I became acquainted upon my arrival, was my extraordinary resemblance to one of my countrymen, the Count de Renneville, who had been some little time a resident in the Roman capital; and I acquired every day fresh proofs of the truth of their observations upon the subject, for I could scarce stir out that I was not mistaken for him; at every instant I was addressed by his name; and so strong was the resemblance, that I had almost always the greatest difficulty in convincing those who spoke to me of their mistake; indeed, I was more than once nearly involved in a duel, in consequence of my supposed desire to mystify my acquaintance, by denying my identity.

"Although not personally acquainted with the Count, I had sufficient opportunities of seeing him to be able to assume his manner and tone of voice so completely when I chose it, that his most intimate friends were deceived.

"I will not dwell upon the strange occurrences which arose from our wonderful likeness to each other; suffice it to say, that I acquired at length such perfect confidence in my powers of mimicry as to be ready to lay a wager to any amount that I would

pass myself off as my double; and that, even in his presence, people should not be able to distinguish between us.

"But, alas! my scheming brains were ever at work; and, not satisfied with the mere amusement often afforded to myself and my friends by this singular coincidence, I began to consider whether it might not be applied to my advantage in some way or other, and to reflect upon the means of turning it to account; the more so as I found myself almost penniless, in consequence of heavy losses at play, and the lavish expenditure I indulged in to satisfy the desires and caprices of a singer at the opera, whose extraordinary beauty had drawn around her a crowd of admirers, and of whom I had become the favoured lover.

"Among the most persevering of my rivals was the Count de Renneville, and the most bitter hatred of him speedily took possession of my soul; indeed, Bianca's coquettish manner of receiving his assiduities was little calculated to allay my jealousy.

"His command of money also gave him so decided an advantage over me, that I began almost to despair of preserving the prize I had obtained, knowing the mercenary disposition of my *innamorata*.

"It was thus, whilst suffering under the momentary apprehension of seeing myself superseded in her affections, and driven to desperation at the mere idea of my enemy's triumph, that a horrible idea suggested itself to my mind, which I forthwith communicated to Bianca.

"Astounded, at first, at the audacity of my project, she hesitated to assist me in it; but, vanquished by my persuasions and confidence of success, and also by my promise to bestow upon her half of the prize I had in view, she was at length induced to become my accomplice.

"The Count de Renneville had declared his intention of quitting Rome upon a certain day, in order to return to France and visit his family and estates; and my plan was to usurp his name and title, and to depart in his stead, doubting not that even his own mother and the friends of his youth would be deceived by our extraordinary likeness to each other, and fall into the snare, as so many had done before, especially as they had not seen him for so long a period, and might reasonably suppose him somewhat changed, even should any slight difference between me and himself by chance become apparent.

"The result of Bianca's and my deliberations, as to the mode of carrying out our plan, was, that I should lie in ambush a few leagues upon the road to Cività Vecchia, with a band of the hireling assassins which abound in Rome and its neighbourhood, to waylay and murder the young nobleman; and that I should then, after bribing the postilions to secresy, continue my journey in his carriage.

"Chance, however, threw in our way a yet more certain method of ensuring our success.

"The Count's passion for Bianca continued unremitting, and, although his absence from Rome was to be but temporary, he, on the day before his departure, expressed his determination of calling at her villa on the banks of the Tiber, a short distance from the town, in his way to the coast, in order, as he expressed it in his romantic ardour, that her image might haunt his imagination, during the tedious interval of separation, in the brightest and most vivid colours, and the *souvenir* of her be the last that he should carry away from the land she dwelt in.

"Securely concealed behind an angle of the dimly-lighted corridor, which led from the vestibule to the inner apartments, we awaited the arrival of our victim, and here it was the villanous deed was consummated.

"Dreadful was the struggle, however; for he defended himself with all the vigour of despair, and for some moments valiantly kept at bay his numerous assailants, until, at length, I, terrified lest his cries should bring the neighbours to his rescue, rushed upon him from behind, unawares, and, oh, horror! my hand it was which dealt the fatal blow, and felled him to the ground; and, after tearing the rings from off his stiffening fingers, and rifling his pockets of his keys and money, helped to drag his gory corpse to the window, and hurl it into the gurgling stream beneath!

"But I will draw a veil over the sickening details. I stepped into the carriage without exciting the smallest suspicion, either in the minds of the courier or postilions; and, during the interval which elapsed after my arrival at Cività Vecchia, previous to the sailing of the vessel, and the time we were at sea, had ample leisure to make myself completely master of everything relating to the Count's affairs, especially as I was so fortunate as to discover, among the other papers which his trunks contained, a journal, which he had kept from an early age, and in which the minutest events of his life were recorded; and besides that, a packet of all the letters you had written him during his travels also fell into my hands, so that I could answer all queries with the greatest accuracy.

"I could thus, as I imagined, set all danger of exposure completely at defiance, and the result showed that I was not wrong in my anticipations; for your reception of me was as cordial and unsuspecting as possible, and the only circumstance which occasioned me the least alarm was the ferocity of the dog, whose sagacity was not to be imposed upon.*

"After I had destroyed him, however, every obstacle to my

* It is a very generally received opinion that the dog possesses an instinctive power which enables it to detect the hand which has shed the blood of any one of whom it has been fond.

success seemed removed, and I hoped to enjoy my stolen honours completely unmolested.

"But little did I imagine the misery which was in store for me, and that not arising from any fear of detection from external events, but from the aggressions of totally unforeseen assailants—the bitter anguish of remorse, the pangs of unavailing repentance. And how were these unwonted feelings engendered? How was my corrupted heart purified, my wayward nature changed? By the all-conquering influence of love; by the constant intercourse with the being whose confiding innocence caused me to turn with loathing from myself, and gaze with horror upon my blood-stained hand!

"How different were the sensations I experienced in the society of her whose name I dare not even mention, from all the feverish excitement, the ceaseless turmoil, the devouring jealousy, which marked my intercourse with the proud and arrogant Bianca! Sweet as was my triumph, great as was my exultation; amid all the scenes of wild sensuality and luxurious revelry I had indulged in, I felt that I had never really loved till then, had never before experienced that all-absorbing sentiment which ennobles the desires and elevates the mind, which, shunning irreverent things, courts the deepest solitude, and flourishes but in retirement.

"But still the recollection of my crime was always present, weighing like an incubus upon my soul; and even when hurried forward by the irresistible impulse of my passion, I had avowed it, and the prize I sought was within my grasp, abhorrence of my guilty self destroyed all joy, all gladness, and left me a prey to the gloomiest despair.

"Mother! do you not remember the fatal morning, when I wandered forth at daybreak, to strive to calm the tempest which raged within my breast? Do you not remember your alarm at my haggard looks? But what was all I suffered then in comparison with what I endured as your narrative progressed, and gave rise to the appalling suspicion, its ending confirmed! All further dissimulation was vain: I could stay no longer. My guilt was magnified a hundredfold! the curse of Cain was upon me! the name of 'fratricide' rung in my ears!!"—

The manuscript was here abruptly broken off; there was a small piece of paper annexed, however, written in so tremulous a hand as to be scarcely legible. It ran as follows, and bore the superscription—

"*Au Quartier general de Giseh, ce* 21 *Juillet*, 1798.

"Mother! dare I implore forgiveness? dare I invoke your pity? Oh, say, at least, that you do not curse me upon this my dying day! Heaven preserve you and the angel whose image seems to hover around me in this my final hour, like a herald of

forgiveness—a harbinger of mercy. But my slumbering comrades stretch their weary limbs! Already does the sandy desert sparkle with the first sickly beam of sunrise!—the trumpet sounds!—to the saddle! Adieu, my mother! adieu for ever!"

The letter dropped from the aged woman's hand, and she remained for some time gazing upon its momentous characters with a vacant stare; upon the approach of a footstep, however, she hastily snatched it up and threw it upon the sparkling *brasero* at her side.

"Yes, my son," muttered she to herself, as she watched the smouldering ashes, "I *do* forgive you; and may you, my Gaston —my poor murdered boy!—intercede for the repentant sinner at the throne of grace. Could I but shake off this earthly covering and join you both, how would my heart rejoice! For what have I to do on earth, childless and alone? But Heaven's holy will be done!"

"Amen!" responded a sweet and fervent voice at her side, and in an instant were Herminie's arms around her neck; and the afflicted woman, pressing her to her bosom, informed her of the truth of the suspicion which the old soldier's tale had aroused; but the motive of her son's flight, as well as the frightful disclosure he had made, she never revealed, notwithstanding all the young girl's efforts to fathom the mystery, for her mind revolted at the thought of sullying his memory, odious as had been his crime, and her forgiveness of him was heartfelt and sincere.

At her death, which occurred a few months afterwards, she constituted her adopted daughter sole heiress of the château and domain of De Renneville, with which the latter endowed the Ursuline convent at Lyons, into which she retired immediately after the sad event to pass the rest of her days in devotional exercises.

But the soothing balm of religion, whilst it mitigated her sorrow, and, to a certain degree, sustained her under the overwhelming feeling of desolation which beset her, could not long arrest the progress of decay, nor avert the deadening effects of the shock she had sustained; but, slowly pining away, her gentle nature yielded at length to the strickening blow of evil destiny, and, like a blighted flower, she withered away and died, whilst yet the first early bloom of youth was upon her cheek, and in the full spring-tide of grace and loveliness.

The old château was inhabited for some time by a portion of the order above alluded to, forming a branch establishment to the parent institution. At length, however, after the severe laws enacted by the Emperor Napoleon for the suppression of religious communities, and the seizure of their possessions for the benefit of the state, it was totally abandoned, and at length became nothing more than a heap of crumbling ruins.

CLASSIC HAUNTS AND RUINS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

No. XI.

OLD GREEK CITIES—THE CAVE OF TROPHONIUS—MOUNT HELICON.

But not alone on grey Athena's towers
Renown hath hung her wreath of deathless flowers;
Beyond the rocky hills that wall the west,
On many a plain, and many a mountain's crest,
Fame hath her bright enduring foot-prints left—
Ruin-strewn lands, of all beside bereft.
Leuctra of valour speaks; Platæa's plain
Tells its red tale, nor thrills the world in vain.
When dewy evening gems the waving grass
In lone Thermopylæ's immortal pass,
Swell not the shouts of Sparta's victim band,
Who stood to die, but stood with sword in hand;
Saw, without shrinking, Xerxes' vast array,
Like stormy billows rolling on their way;
Called on their country, pealed their signal horn,
Whose farewell echoes through that dell were borne;
Glowed to the last with patriot fire and pride,
And sank, proud Freedom's martyrs, side by side.

In northern Greece, too, many a classic spot
Hath starry memories, ne'er to be forgot;
And pleased, yet sad, the pilgrim muses o'er
The sites of famous cities now no more.
Ah! me, as slow we trace our thoughtful way,
'Tis still to see Power's fall, and Art's decay,
To search, and not to find; Destruction's wings
Darkening above all fair and glorious things.
Corinna! child of beauty and of song,
To whom Love's zone and Phœbus' lyre belong,
As famed for numbers as soft passion's sighs,
For learning's triumphs as for witching eyes,
The town that gave thee birth hath left no stone,
Not e'en a grave—its very site unknown.*

* Tanagra was the birth-place of the famous poetess Corinna, who obtained a poetical prize even when Pindar was her competitor. Travellers in vain have sought for the ruins of this Bœotian town.

Thebes, whose vast walls, so fabling minstrels tell,
Were raised by Music's Heaven-descended spell,
Boasts yet faint Beauty's traces, crowning still,
'Mid cypress groves, her old Cadmæan hill;*
But Pindar's house, which Pella's conqueror spared,
When all beside his crushing vengeance shared,†
In vain we seek: neglect, time, scorn of fame,
More surely ruin work than sword and flame;
Hence they who once shed glory on this spot,
Renowned through other lands, are here forgot.

Platæa from Cithæron's ridge looks down,
Its tombs are there, its walls of old renown,—
Looks on the plain below with conscious pride;
What 'vails it now with Persian blood 'twas dyed?
Not all can wake one warrior from his tomb,
Or freshen glory's tree, no more to bloom.‡
Stay, dull Bœotian hind! who dost profane,
With plough and spade, yon column-scattered plain,
O'erturning walls thou marvel'st here should be,
And breaking statues, senseless blocks to thee;
Oh! Leuctra! Leuctra! such is now thy fate,
Without a dweller, doomed, and desolate!§

He who hath lived till years, on creeping slow,
Their shadowy twilight o'er life's landscape throw,
From whose dim heart the dreams of earlier day,
With all their hopes and joys, fast fade away;
Let him approach Trophonius' cave, for still
Bright bubbles forth his memory-waking rill;
Drink, and renew the dying rays of truth,
The rapturous hours of love-delighted youth.
He who hath lived to drag a lengthening chain
Of harrowing care and heart-consuming pain,
Whom musing thought appals, whose aching breast
Sighs for one heaven—forgetfulness and rest;

* Thebes, that gave birth to Pindar and Epaminondas, may at this day contain about a tenth part of its ancient population. The houses are scattered over the old Cadmæan citadel. The fable of Amphion and his lyre is well known.

† Every house in Thebes was demolished by Alexander the Great, except that of his favourite poet, Pindar. Such is the respect which even conquerors have paid to genius.

‡ The overthrow of Mardonius, the general of Xerxes, took place near Platæa, B.C. 479.

§ The plain of Leuctra is covered with the ruins of the ancient town, and the monument raised there in honour of the victory gained by Epaminondas over the Spartans. When Clarke passed over the plain, he observed some peasants removing fragments of columns, and rooting up foundations of temples, in order to clear the ground for sowing corn!

Here let him come, for Lethe's sister stream
Glides, too, hard by, a cure for memory's dream.
Oh! Lethe, why o'er thee should cypress gloom?
Thy tide should image gladness, not the tomb.
Aye, many a heart would feel it bliss to be
From thought cut off, from retrospection free;
For who would cherish memory when past years
Are fraught with sighs,—can yield us only tears?*

Hark! as the wind Bœotia's vales along,
The mellow pipe, the shepherd's pastoral song!
These simple relics of a primal age
Outlast states, creeds, survive e'en history's page.
Here Hesiod sprang; his bones in Ascra lie;
In every breeze his numbers seem to sigh.
Lo! where those pines nod darkly on the hill,
And bounds to light yon silver dancing rill:
'Tis Helicon, the Muses' stream and grove,
Though there, alas! the Nine no longer rove.
The Aonian sisters, with their forms of grace,
To dark-browed monks have long resigned their place;
The hoarse dull chant, the convent's hollow bell,
Sound through the walks where lyres where wont to swell;
Where, carved by Grecian genius, chaste and rich,
Wood-nymph and Naiad smiled in many a niche,
The Virgin, gaudy-coloured, now looks down,
And bearded saint, and stern-eyed martyr frown.†
Oh! false though Græcia's faith, her gods untrue,
Yet must we grieve that altered scene to view;
Fancy and taste will turn to days of yore,
Sighing o'er dreams to charm the world no more.

* The oracular cave of Trophonius, near Lebadea, will be visited with extreme interest by the literary traveller. There still are seen the niches in the rock for the reception of votive offerings; and near the cavern issue the streams, abundant as in ancient days, called, by Pausanias, the waters of Lethe and Mnemosyne, that is, of oblivion and memory. The sacred grove, however, the temple, and statues, have all disappeared.

† The famous mountain of Helicon, in Bœotia, is now called Zagara; the grove, the ancient seat of the Muses, is occupied by the Greek Convent of San Nicholo. Relics of old places of renown are scattered around the base of Helicon; but no spot retains, perhaps, its original features, except the fountain of Aganippe, which bursts out below the convent, and joins the little river Parmessus. The fountain of Hippocrene is two miles higher up the mountain.

THE DOUBLE ROMANCE:*

A TALE OF THE "OVERLAND."

GATHERED FROM MSS. IN THE PORTFOLIOS AND PORTMANTEAUS OF PASSENGERS.

BY TIPPOO KHAN THE YOUNGER.

CHAPTER II.

An East Indian in the primary home-stage.

It was on the morning of the day succeeding that which had borne the burthen of the opening chapter, just at the period when rosy-cheeked servant girls have completed the rude and unfeminine occupation of scouring the steps of their masters' thresholds, that Ellen Westwood sallied forth from her chamber, *en robe de chambre*, to write a note to a friend, in her uncle's library. She was endeavouring to recall to mind some particular aria of the previous night, by which, in common with the true lovers of melody, she had been wrapt and fascinated; and the hum of that sweet voice, as it essayed to assist the vague idea which then usurped her thoughts, might have been compared, had there been present any early-rising London Hafiz to make the comparison, to the notes of the morning nightingale, so famed in Persian song. The dawn of day is by no means the favourable time for a beauty who has adorned a ball-room or an opera-box on the night preceding; but, with Ellen Westwood, a constantly watchful imagination forbade the baneful influences so prevalent on these occasions: when she awoke from a too needful repose, it was at once to a full consciousness of all around her; and our present heroine (for we boldly state our purpose of having another as the tale proceeds) was fully as dangerous in her then guise as though she had donned the night brilliants, and undergone the ordeal of the *coiffeur*. With a light and careless step she descended the stairs, and applied her fair hand to the handle of the library door, to enter a room which she had every reason to believe, from former experience, at her own disposal—at least, till the hour of breakfast. In so doing, had she been more alive to the realities of life, and less subservient

* Continued from page 221.

to the opposite perception, she would doubtless have wondered at a peculiar, and, to most of her sex and situation, far from a pleasant, billiard-room odour, which stole through the passage to the street-door, and was gradually finding its way to all parts of the house; but, as we have before shown, her world was ideal, and her astonishment at the apparition which met her view on entering the library, was consequently so much the greater.

While we leave her, wonderstruck, uncertain whether to proceed or retire, after the door had been opened, and she had advanced one pace inwards, let us explain the cause of her attention being so suddenly, so powerfully, and so unexpectedly arrested.

Deeply ensconced in an arm-chair, his feet resting on the upper bar of the well-polished grate, was Mr. Archibald Amble, the East Indian, with his cheroot, puffing away cloud after cloud, totally ignorant and reckless as to his locality, or to what was passing in his immediate neighbourhood. On his head was a purple velvet skull-cap, with a gilt tassel and band; the collar of a (we must do him the credit to say) very white shirt was turned down, unsupported by a neckhandkerchief of any kind; a flannel shooting-coat, check trowsers, and patent leather boots of unexceptionable make, made up the rest of his outer man. As the white smoke escaped and ascended after each inhalation of the Trichinopoly weed, the smoke seemed to follow its upward movements; then knocking off half an inch of almost solid ash, he would turn himself about in a restless manner, mutter certain unintelligible words, and replace the less encumbered cheroot in his mouth again. A half-finished cup of tea was on the table behind him, and he was on the point of taking a fresh sip at its contents, when the form of his unlooked-for visitor first met his view. It would be almost difficult to say in whose countenance of the two then in that library, astonishment was most distinctly pourtrayed.

A minute passed over, and not a word fell from the lips of either: Ellen was riveted, as it were, to the doorway, doubtful even of the identity of the stranger with her uncle's expected guest, unconsciously admiring his good looks, at the same time that she avowedly condemned his impertinence. Archibald's first impulse had been to conceal the cheroot; but habit had made him too honest and independent, even in the presence of the fair sex, to play the hypocrite in such a case, and he preferred placing it on the mantel-piece, while, having quitted, by a sudden spring, the arm-chair, he stood with his back to the fireplace, his hands behind him, and his fine eyes beaming inquiringly upon the pretty intruder.

At length the pause was broken by the latter.

"I will go and tell my uncle that—"

The smell of the smoke was a sad impediment to the speaker, who hesitated here.

"I am exceedingly obliged to you; but he knows, I think, of my arrival." The Indian said this very politely, but with great self-possession: perhaps this feeling is a very main auxiliary to politeness, notwithstanding certain antiquated and ultra-correct attempts to exalt, on all occasions, modesty and bashfulness.

"I should hardly think he expected any one so soon. I will go, and—" but Ellen was completely overcome by the fumes of the dreadful tobacco; and, with a cough, darted hurriedly from the apartment. She had, for a time, almost forgotten her appearance *en déshabille*, so startled was she at the apparition of the stranger; now the notion reverted to her suddenly, and the short-lived blush which finds a way into the solitude of beauty and innocence, stole on her cheek for a second, then rapidly disappeared.

Amble heard the cough, saw the hasty retreat of the fair girl, turned to his cheroot, on the mantel-piece, and stamped his foot violently. The idea, for the first time, flashed across his brain, of what a cool piece of ungentlemanly forgetfulness he had been guilty,—and the first day of his arrival, to reside with one unknown to him but by name and repute! it was more than he could bear to think of. He rushed towards the door, which Ellen had closed on leaving, pulled it open again, and looked on all sides for the party to whom to apologise, but in vain; no one was to be found. He returned, took up his cheroot (we do not call them cigars, because the article usually smoked by residents in the East, are *not* included under that denomination), and threw it under the grate; then, pacing the room with a hurried and agitated step, he stopped to ring the bell. The footman answered the summons.

"Sir," said Amble, sharply, "who is that young lady?"

"Which young lady, Sir?" asked the passive lacquey, looking up at the ceiling, then on the floor, then to each cranny of the apartment, as though young ladies were to spring forth on all sides like coryphées in a fairy ballet.

"The young lady who has just been in here."

"Can't say, Sir; but perhaps it was Miss Julia, or Miss Ellen."

"And, pray, who are these?"

"My master's daughter, Sir, and niece."

"Tell me, now,—no quibbling, do you smell smoke?"

"Why, I should rather think I did, Sir."

"Is it anything unusual in this house?"

"Very unusual, Sir; never smelt smoke here before: leastways, except when, one night, Mr. Edward lit a cigar in the passage; and the Colonel never forgot that for three whole weeks afterwards, and said the house smelt worse than a tap-room."

"Oh, he did, did he?"

"Yes, Sir; but that was a year ago."

"And does he never indulge in his *chillum*, himself; that is, does he not use his *hookha* and *Godawk*, even if he dislike a cheroot?"

George Stubbs was a very nice young man, and intelligent enough, in his sphere; but out of that peculiar moral locality, he was sufficiently obtuse, and easy of mystification. Here was a puzzle; nor did he, for a moment even, attempt to divine, from the subject of the previous dialogue, what his questioner could possibly intend.

"Why, really, Sir, I beg your pardon; but I never learnt the dead languages, and all that sort of thing."

Amble would have given a month's pay, at that moment, to have dyed Mr. Stubbs black, and dressed him in a turban and etceteras of Hindostan wardrobe, so that he might have wreaked his vengeance on his devoted head, as subalterns are too apt to wreak it on this part of the human frame of natives of the East. He felt that he, Stubbs, whose truly very glaring fault was obsequious submission to superiors, meant to irritate and annoy him; he fancied he saw a sneer curling on that lip which, alas, for the peace of chambermaids, was far more inclined to smile, and prate of happiness and love; he almost imagined an expression of defiance from those eyes, which, in truth, in their most ambitious yearnings, sought no wider range of vision than the top of the carriage and the coachman's shoulders. He looked at him fixedly for an instant; then, suffering his temper to gain a comparatively trivial ascendancy, exclaimed—

"Stand out of the way, sirrah, or I will *make* you succumb to me."

The party addressed not having sufficient time afforded him to recover from his stupor, the action became suited to the word; the footman's body served as a momentary centrepiece between the young East Indian's arm and the library door; and Archibald Amble, seizing his hat and stick, rushed, regardless of his flannel coat and bare neck, into the open street, and bent his way hastily in the direction of St. James's!

Mr. Stubbs's bewilderment may be easily guessed at, when we state that all he knew of his antagonist was, that he came (during the night, with a portmanteau and carpet bag,) from outlandish parts; that, consequently, he thought it highly probable he might have had a dozen wives; lived in a grotto made of the skulls of wild beasts; been in the habit of walking, through forests and over plains, in aboriginal costume, with matchlock, spear, and a hundred retainers; or have led any other equally eligible mode of life. He pitied him, now that he thought he had to encounter so superior and so novel

world; and the echo of the bang of the door had scarcely sunk into silence, when he gave vent to the following soliloquy:—

"Well, well, you'll astonish a few more of us, I suspect, before the good breeding takes hold of you. Only think of his going down the streets in a flannel jacket; how Hemstitch will laugh when I tell her! What will the town gentlemen say to *that!* And I do believe—yes; I am sure of it—he's not put a neckhandkerchief on, neither!"

And now, before following his progress in the streets, to give some insight into the position of our first hero; for we must premise that, not to let the ladies have it all to themselves, a second chief character is coming among the males also. Archibald Amble had returned to England at a period of service which would, from his naturally well-formed mind, not have yet sufficed to deaden him to home customs. Much of Indian habit, and not of the best, as he may have imbibed in a seven years' residence in the East; he had taken with him, at the age of eighteen, enough of the charm of English society, seasoned with a taste of continental manners, to enable him to revert, at intervals, through his career, to former days of pleasure and happiness, so far as their worldly sense denotes the actuality of either word. He had, it is not to be denied, fallen, to a very great extent, into the too attractive otium-system, so prevalent among his brother exiles; and this had invoked a spirit of selfishness in his heart, to exercise which, would, perhaps, not have proved for him a very difficult or formidable task, had he only comprehended its true name and meaning. His good intentions were evident from his good looks; his tone of voice gave promise of a desirable acquaintance, and not all his forced attempts at thorough independence of manner and conduct among men, could bring him to the brink even of that pit of rude insolence, whose jaws are ever open for young gentlemen who love to wander in the dark without a lanthorn. His abilities were sufficiently keen; he was a fair mathematician; a good linguist; his general tastes were tolerably classic and correct; and had his destiny but led him under the roof of a university, he might have been of parts to qualify him for high and distinguished employ in his own mother country; as it was, he had wholly abandoned his Euclid, his Greek, and (saving an occasional glance at Horace) Latin also. After quitting England, his time had been passed in riding, shooting, and dancing, from inclination; and in studying Hindostanee, the field exercise, articles of war, and military law, from necessity. As he had long been on the staff of his regiment, fortunately for him, the works of necessity considerably outweighed those born from the natural bent of his mind; and he had, in consequence, acquired a considerable knowledge of Eastern

literature and manners, as well as a most essential acquaintance with matters of military duty, so far as the two acquirements could be brought to bear upon the progress of his professional career. Without being, therefore, over-refined, or very highly gifted, in the scale with his fellows of the same sphere of life, Archibald Amble was looked upon as a pleasant, gentlemanly fellow; high-spirited to a degree, and abhorring, perhaps too little believing in, the performance of low or mean acts; to this when we add that he was sensitive to an extent that none of his most intimate friends would give him credit for, we trust we have not only described our East Indian enough for a first introduction, but also enough to show what were his feelings of self-disgust at the position in which, in a fit of (as we shall now point out) pardonable absence of mind, he had so unwittingly placed himself on instalment in Portland-place.

To go back awhile, and explain matters. On reaching Southampton, from Alexandria, and finding that he was once more on British soil, a strange array of feelings, unknown for years, came crowding into Amble's breast; a lightness of heart, a something, more of ambition than hope, yet comprising much akin to both, leapt within him, and thrill after thrill of inward congratulation showed, like the grasp of the spirit hand of English clime, in visionary welcome to a sentiment long inclined, though from afar, to the service of its welcomer. He bounded on the back of the waiter at the hotel, as though he had met an old playmate of former years; he devoured, without ceremony, a plate of apples, set forth, on the sideboard, in tempting regularity and richness, thereby unintentionally destroying the economy of one of mine host's desserts; he kissed the barmaid not once, or twice, but twenty times; and, by a rapid, but by no means unnatural, transition from these freaks and vagaries, no sooner did he find himself sole occupant of an apartment, than a shock of gratitude threw him on his knees, and he gave expression to a hurried, but sincere, prayer of thankfulness, for having been again, and so soon, restored to his native land.

Hastening to town by the railway, he kept all his fellow-travellers awake by his loquacity and communicativeness; nor was it long before he acquainted them with his voyages and observations, much to the delight of his right-hand neighbour, an old lady, who had shifted her seat from the corner, to the centre of the coach, on purpose to hear him, and who had so many relatives and connexions in the East, that, to remember their respective professions—much more their regiments, if they had any—was a task of insurmountable difficulty. The old gentleman on the opposite seat, also, who had come muffled up and in a travelling cap, into the coach, intending to sleep the whole way, listened with great attention to Amble's notions, and asked a prodigious

number of questions on the subject of Indian politics; but the gentleman in the further corner, a man of sarcastic turn of lip, and somewhat under the middle age, feigned indifference and sleep. Had Amble been of a nervous temperament, he would, doubtless, have been startled at, as well as interested in, the rapid rate of travelling, the close passage of the meeting train, and sundry other railroad peculiarities, so striking to a stranger's sense; but he contented himself with asking his friend opposite a few queries regarding trains in general, electric telegraphs, and the much talked-of atmospheric invention, probably better known than trusted by those who have occasion to reach Croydon at stated and particular periods. Answers to these he seemed to think absolutely necessary, as containing information which must be known to all residents in England; and the—to him—novelty of the whole matter, gave it a charm which bare science could not have furnished to one unskilled in her mysteries.

About nine o'clock at night, the Nine Elms Station was reached; and Amble, taking leave of his fellow-passengers, jumped into a cab, with portmanteau, carpet-bag, and his little balance of luggage, much reduced from its former bulk by sundry liberal gifts to the servants of the two steamers, in which he had performed the greater part of his (strangely called) overland passage. The cabman, holding the door in his hand, was about to close it and jump on the box, but awaited first an answer to the usual question,—

"Where to, Sir?"

Odd as it may appear, the needed reply was a theme which had never occurred to our hero since his landing: absorbed in the one idea of having at length reached home, he had omitted to consider what that home really was; and now that the truth burst on him so suddenly and forcibly, he felt that, except on the wide surface of his country herself, he had no fixed abode—in fine, no home at all! To many, the sensation of this loneliness coming thus hurriedly upon the mind, would bring a deep depression in its train; but Archibald Amble had borne his weight of domestic trouble in common with his brethren; and the loss of a father and mother, and want of brother or sister, had been brooded over by him in former days, until philosophy had set a seal upon the keen pang, and left open but natural regret, at the consciousness of his solitary state. Yes: not only had he experienced bereavement, but he had mourned the absence of a tie which he had never owned; he had longed for a sister, with whom to share his thoughts of sorrow and of pleasure; he had longed for a sister, as one whom he might protect, while single, as his own especial property; and he had deeply, too deeply, envied his companions in arms, who had written to,

and received letters from their sisters, in language so unaffected, so unconstrained, so sincere. The parent is *looked up to* with love and esteem; we *watch over* the offspring who are rising to maturity beneath our care, with love and anxiety; but we are *on level ground*, as it were, with our sisters, and the golden link which binds us to them is love and sympathy. There is less of romance among brothers, and manhood shrinks from a dependence which is a grace in woman.

We like to pick up pearls in a pig-stye, that is, to find poetry in very common-place positions; let us not, therefore, be blamed for this snatch of sentiment in a cabriolet. How many conflicting emotions, how many heart romances, have been created, fostered, or crushed, in the very small sphere of a chance one of these street vehicles, as the unromantic and very material outer man has been jolted over the thoroughfares of the great metropolis, who can attempt to divine!

Amble could not answer his questioner for some minutes; he fidgeted on his seat, reflecting on the best course to be pursued; at last, he was about to trust to the cabman's choice of an hotel, when a loud, inquiring voice was heard at the door of the conveyance:

"Captain Amble?"

"Why, not exactly," said Archibald; "fourth on the subaltern list, and our Major half way up for the line step: here's the Lieutenant of that name at your service."

"All right; how are ye, my dear fellow? I have a bed for you to-night—why were you not coming to my house at once? Did you not write to me from India, and did I not anticipate your arrival by this mail? Why, I do believe you don't know me, Edward Westwood, who remember you when you were in petticoats, and very different from Captain Amble."

"Not quite a Captain yet."

"No matter—all Captains in England, my dear fellow—fine effect with the ladies—not so with tradesmen: very civil, but charge double for everything—never mind, name's the thing; brevet yourself, my dear boy. Oh, by the way, cabman, drive to Jermyn-street; I'll pull the check-string at the number."

The next day, Edward Westwood was, as we have shown, in Portland-place; and on that same night, at the Opera. It often happens that when we are in society in which we do not wish to be seen publicly, we should just chance to meet, in as private a way as possible, the identical people whom we dread more than the whole public at large. Edward's box had been taken on a high tier, to enable him to remain unseen and out of the way: Colonel Westwood, who was not a subscriber, happened to get a box, on that occasion, on the tier next below, and directly opposite. After the Opera, as Tripps Tenningham very justly

related, there had been a disturbance. Edward Westwood and his *protégé*, while walking arm-in-arm with Madame de Malsaison and the Countess Kizzi, two equivocal friends of the former, passed De Bombi and a fair English girl, whom he was escorting to her carriage. Amble, who was not particularly struck with the manners or appearance of his fat and forty continental partner, the Countess, whose acquaintance he had only made that day, at a *petit dîner* given by the barrister at Very's, turned suddenly round to catch a new glimpse of the young lady. De Bombi looked daggers, for he knew "the Kizzi" well, and would not then and there acknowledge her. Amble returned the look, and muttered; the action of the affair proceeded towards the *dénouement;* the fair and fragile ones (ladies real or presumptive) were seen to their respective carriages, or conveyances; the parties returned to the lobby, high words arose, and Tripps Tenningham was admitted as a performer in the drama. Suffice it to say, Archibald Amble was sent, by his inconsiderate legal adviser, at about one o'clock in the morning, in a cab, with a carpet-bag and portmanteau, to his new residence in Portland-place, having the prospect before him of getting up to fight a duel at six!

It appears, however, that a discussion had been held by various individuals connected more or less with the combatants or their seconds, at half-past one, A.M., in the neighbourhood of St. James's; that a great deal of money was expended by those who had it ready for such a consummation; that a great deal of champagne was consumed by those who love to drown care in company with the small hours; and that, as everybody seemed disposed to be friendly with his neighbour, a note was penned to the address of the young East Indian, which reached him just as he had, early on the following morning, on pugnacious plans intent, descended to the library to ask for a cup of tea before proceeding to Chalk Farm. The note was as follows:—

"DEAR CAPTAIN,—Remember, your honour is in my keeping. I have arranged matters: Count de Bombi disclaims all intent to affront you, &c. Better remain in bed to-morrow morning, and say nothing about the rencontre. Ever yours,

"EDWARD WESTWOOD."

Need we feel surprised that, lost in contemplation as to the propriety of his conduct; painfully jealous of his honour, even as in this case, where it had scarce run in any jeopardy; wondering what could have taken place after he had quitted his Mentor in the Haymarket; more than all, childishly sensible of how completely his late life had estranged him from the ways of home society, the young Indian resorted thoughtlessly to a habit which had been endeared to him for seven whole years; a habit which could rouse him to energy, when energy was nigh to fail

—which could also sooth his excitement when passion was inclined to overcome reason? Mr. Stubbs had given him his cup of tea, and there was a box of lucifer matches on the side table; the cheroot case had become, long since, as portable, with him, as the snuff-box with the inveterate snuff-taker.

Gentlemen who do *not* smoke, and ladies who dread the company of gentlemen who *do*, will make no allowance, I fear me, for our poor barbarian; but I trust they will pardon my most positive assertion, that they are as utterly incapable of understanding the merits of the question, as the Persian, who has never left the vicinity of his shop at Ispahan, is incapable—under the influence of his kalyan, or pipe, of contentment—of discussing the propriety of having an Italian Opera, as a standing entertainment, at one of our national theatres.

(*To be continued.*)

SONG OF THE AUTHOR'S WIFE.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

SLEEP on, my best beloved! sleep on,
And golden slumbers o'er thee shed
Their life-distilling balm:—sleep on,
And happy dreams around thee spread
The fairy-land of Hope, that lies
Far, far beyond our waking eyes.
Sleep on!

Sleep on, my best beloved! I note
Thy breathing, soft as summer wind,
And mark that brow on which I doat,
To sweet and holy rest resign'd:
Oh! thou hast had a weary day,—
Sleep on, and dream thy cares away.
Sleep on!

Sleep on, my best beloved! and ne'er
May I that darksome slumber see,
When thou, dear object of my care!
Shalt wake no more to love, and me:
Thou art (as stars are to the night,)
My crown, my glory, and my light.
Sleep on!

DIALOGUES OF THE STATUES.*

BY PETER ORLANDO HUTCHINSON.

William Pitt's Statue in Hanover-square, to Charles James Fox's Statue in Bloomsbury-square.

WHICH does posterity now declare to have been the greater man—Pitt or Fox?

If persons were to set about debating this question, it is possible that the discussion would drive posterity into parties as distinct as they were during the life-time of these two great politicians. Weighed in the scales of genius, there is a striking equilibrium between them, though the two men were, nevertheless, intrinsically very dissimilar; as a pound of chalk and a pound of cheese, though so radically different, would still counterpoise each other.

"Did I ever hear such a simile as that!" cried the suddenly awakened statue of William Pitt.

"That beats all the compliments I ever had paid me," chimed in the dropsical figure of our old fat friend, sitting with portly air on his pedestal in the vulgar east, and looking up Bedford Place. "However," he continued, "if we go by the matter of weight, surely my rotundity and the vastness of my circumference, would very soon send your lanky effigies up in the light scale."

"Oh, but everybody says I had such a ponderous intellect."

"What everybody says must be true, I suppose," rejoined Fox, doubtingly; "and I have often borne witness to the heaviness of your speeches," he added, with a leer.

"That retort, Fox, is not like your good-nature. Besides, all the world knows that my oratory was of a very different complexion from this heaviness of which you speak. I was eloquent, powerful, logical, convincing, and correct. Though some say I had not your vehemence, or Burke's brilliant splendour."

"If you go on long in that strain," was the reply, "I shall be obliged to tell you what *I* was."

"Speak out—we statues have immense privileges. No one thinks of ever charging us with egotism, however loudly we may trumpet our own deeds."

"I hope not, lest they should have cause."

"I imagine, however," said Pitt's statue, "that if you were to set about telling me what *you* were, you would be treading on somewhat ticklish ground. Moreover, methinks you would

* Continued from p. 293.

be very sorry to be forced to speak the whole truth—you, the notorious gambler, the reckless spendthrift, the inveterate debauchee, the incorrigible rake!"

"I? I? I? Me? me? me?"

"Aye; you, you, you. What treacherous memories some statues have! I don't say, who stole the donkey? But I say, who ran his father thousands upon thousands in debt, which were only paid off that they might be contracted again?"

"Surely, you are making mountains of molehills."

"Am I? I think that, in 1773, your father delivered you out of the clutches of your creditors to the tune of £140,000—only a molehill, as you observe; which trifle, when he had paid, you looked back upon as containing no admonition for the future; for you again plunged madly into the most criminal dissipations, and were soon as deeply involved as ever!"

"Pitt, Pitt, there is no pleasure in your conversation."

"Nay, more—"

"No, not a word more. My character will be ruined."

"Nonsense! Statues have no characters. Besides, you said I was making mountains of molehills, which was an observation of defiance."

"Alas, Pitt, you are still in the opposition, where you were always awful. Do you remember that witty remark—"

"No, I don't. I remember a remark that Gibbon of Decline and Fall memory made of you—"

"I wish to goodness your voice would decline and fall."

"He said that you once lost £500 an hour at play, during four-and-twenty successive hours!"

"Then, I call that work, and not play; and pretty quick work too."

"You are incorrigible. You seem to glory in the deed."

"Not so. I no sooner found I had lost the money than I was excessively vexed at my ill-luck, and would have been delighted could I have conjured it back again into my own pocket."

"No remorse of conscience?"

"Oh, yes, and very strong; for I was obliged to shun the table for a week afterwards, during which my remorse was most poignant."

"Which vanished as soon as you had obtained a fresh supply that enabled you to go and play again."

"But did Gibbon blab that of me about the twenty-four times five hundred pounds?"

"Yes, did he—and what then?"

"Then he ought to have been indicted for libel. Why, hang him, I paid him a visit at Lausanne, in 1788, 'accompanied,' as the scandal-mongers then phrased it, 'with the lady that was afterwards acknowledged as my wife,' and he received me as

mealy as new flour, and as mild as summer breezes. It is villanous to receive a man civilly at one's house, and then scandalise him afterwards. I left him and went on to Italy: but I was hastily recalled to England, owing to George the Third's attack of illness, and the necessity for framing a Regency Bill."

"Ha! people said we both displayed strange politics in that business. You, the Whig-Liberal-Radical, almost Republican Fox, stuck up much more strenuously for the divine right of blood royal than I, the Tory, did. I contended that the office of Regent could not, of right, devolve upon the Prince of Wales, although he was his father's heir, without the previous consent, fully obtained, of the united parliament of the kingdom. True, I allowed that none but his Majesty's eldest son could be the Regent; but still, I could not allow that he should assume it until the Lords and Commons had duly invested him with the office. It looked to me like a usurpation. You, however, took the high Tory side of the debate, and argued that such consent was not necessary; but that the Prince of Wales, in default of his father's capacity for business, became Regent, by silent and hereditary right. This must have made you popular with the prince."*

"Doubtless it did," said Fox's statue; "but the king recovered, and the Regent, for a season, lost his occupation."

"It is amusing for me to look back," said Pitt's statue, trying to chuckle, only it couldn't, because the bronze was so stiff, "and think what mere boys we were when we were conducting some of the most weighty and important affairs of the country."

"The idea may well amuse you. Why, I think, Pitt, you never scraped your chin with a razor until after you were Prime Minister of England."

"Not exactly that, Fox; but I confess, my beard was not a very fierce one at the time I was directing the affairs not only of England, but of many of those relating to Europe, Asia, and America too. I was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three, and at twenty-four I was First Lord of the Treasury!"

"This must appear a strange anomaly to the gray-headed old ministers of the present day. But it was your father's interest that did it. You had got some money into your family by the sale of that diamond—the 'Regent Diamond,' I think it was called. By the bye, how did your ancestor come by that diamond?"

"How? why my great-grandfather bought it of an eastern Nabob, at the time he was Governor of Madras. I think he gave

* Authentic copies of Mr. Pitt's Letter to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and His Royal Highness's Reply. 4to. 1789.

him £20,000 for it; and he afterwards sold it to the Regent of France for £130,000."

"Not a bad spec," rejoined Fox; "a profit of £110,000. So, your ancestor was a jeweller after all?"

"In one sense of the word he was, certainly, but this was his only transaction in that line. I must own it paid him very well. But, talking about sucking statesmen, or, at least, beardless statesmen, I think that you were in parliament before you were out of swaddling clothes."

"No, no, I was breeched, though I was, nevertheless, an infant in the eye of the law, for I was not twenty-one."

"In the House of Commons before you were twenty-one! An infant! Are you aware it was an illegal act?"

"I am now, though I troubled myself very little about law or anything else at the time, except pleasure."

"What an example! To commence your legislative career by illegality. A nice boy to make law!"

"The circumstance was either overlooked somehow or other, or else the rank and the riches of Lord Holland, my father, were too powerful to raise a clamour against—but so it was. At two-and-twenty, I was a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty; but this I soon resigned for a commissionership of the Treasury."

"I thought you had been in swaddling-clothes, muling and puking, and holding in your hand a glass or porcelain bottle, shaped like a powder-flask, with a bit of chamois leather tied over the neck of it."

"Come now, Pitt, I suspect you are quizzing me?"

"Lor, Fox, how suspicious you are! The fact is, we both began life with peculiar advantages. We were both the sons of noblemen who had influence; and we were both expressly educated by them for statesmen. This is only the case with a favoured few who sit in the lower house. How is it with the majority of them? Why, some, after having toiled through a long life as manufacturers, brought up with very little education, except what would enable them to make out a bill, and who have thus made bills till they have made fortunes, all at once conceive the idea of getting into Parliament. Some other, after having been a poor man, living on small means in a retired country watering-place, gets a fortune left him, and then he begins speechifying and talking about his 'principles.' Another plunges into the legerdemain of railway shares, and quickly makes a fortune, which he may again quickly lose; and it matters not that he was brought up behind the counter—*he* must now be a member of parliament. Another, who has plenty of ignorance, plenty of conceit, but the gift of the gab, *he* starts as a mob orator, and very soon gets the unwashed to second him in what the old woman called 'vote by ballad, triangular parliaments,

and universal suffering.' It is not the sons of noblemen that constitute the great mass of the members; and even we, as sons of noblemen, were the sons of new families. After all, this is but natural enough and only to be expected, when we recollect that this House is said to be made up of the representatives of the people. True, these representatives of the people need not necessarily mean beings as unwashed as themselves, but only their choice; which choice may be the son of a lord as well as the son of a shopkeeper. But it often happens that, where the son of a lord and the son of a shopkeeper present themselves, the latter may have the best chance of selection and election; because the lower orders sometimes labour under the erroneous idea that the upper ones oppress them and tyrannise over them, and hence their misguided fear makes them jealous of giving more power to the already, in some degree, powerful, and their sympathies run with their own order. They quite forget that the powerful are powerful to do good as well as to do evil. And they also forget the fact that, no sooner does any calamity occur in the land, than it is those very rich and powerful ones to whom they go for aid and relief. When I began my career I broached some rather liberal and visionary notions; but as I grew older, gained experience, and obtained a better knowledge of the world, I became more sober, more moderate, and more conservative. You, Fox, did just the contrary."

"You are right," was the reply. "I began a Tory, as my father was, and ended by being a Liberal."

"Liberal! You were an absolute Republican. Do you remember when the French Revolution broke out? Can you recall how delightedly you descanted on it—what prejudices it would sweep away—what abuses it would remove—what monopolies it would break up—what salutary reforms it would effect in France?"

"I know I did; but that was at the *beginning* of the Revolution, and not at the *end* of it. Thank heaven, I lived to alter my opinions on that subject. When the agitation commenced, I thought its movers were men of generous minds, contending only for rational liberty; but before the bloody drama was half played out, I discovered that they were demons perpetrating every licentious atrocity."

"That's well said. So restrictive were your political tenets at first, that you would not allow the people at large the right of public discussion. You held that the people could not presume to the privilege of holding meetings and discussing topics, national or political, themselves; but insisted that the nation could only hear them through the medium of their representatives in the House of Commons, as the plaintiff brings forward his case in court, through the agency of his counsel. But the

grand cause of your change in polemical tactics was rather owing to a private pique against a minister who had offended you, than a change of opinion brought about as the result of deliberate reflection. I allude to the ungracious way in which you were dismissed from office by Lord North."

"Ungracious you may say," rejoined the effigies of Charles James. "Because I differed from him in a trifle of no consequence—only the amount of punishment to be inflicted on a libellous printer, he dismissed me, as you say, most ungraciously. The Rev. John Horne, afterwards John Horne Tooke, wrote a scandalous thing reflecting on the character of Sir Fletcher Norton, Speaker of the House, which was printed by Woodfall, in the 'Public Advertiser.' Woodfall was called to the bar; and then a discussion amongst the members arose, as to what they should do with him. Mr. Herbert moved that he be committed to the custody of the Serjeant at Arms: but I, like a loyal member, was so indignant that the ruler and head of this legislative assembly should have had so flagrant an insult cast upon him, that I declared the punishment too lenient, and wished he might be at once sent to Newgate. Lord North, however, urged his being shut up in the Gate-house; but the original motion of Mr. Herbert was finally carried, by 152 to 68. Upon this, Lord North angrily declared that the defeat of his motion,—which defeat he took as a mark of personal opposition to himself,—was all owing to me and to my interference! Mark you, we all agreed in punishing the offender, and only differed in the amount; I, more strongly than anybody else, taking the Speaker's part. Yet, for this, I got what the moderns designate—the sack. It happened, not long after, that I was in the House, talking of other things; and one of the ordinary messengers brought me the following very laconic note: just listen:—'His Majesty has thought proper to order a new Commission of the Treasury, in which I do not see your name.—NORTH.' There, now!"

"Laconic, indeed!" said Pitt.

"This," continued Fox, "was the beginning of my opposition to the ministry; and I uniformly voted against the government throughout the debates in the long struggle with America."

"I am sorry," rejoined the statue in Hanover-square, "that you cannot give a better reason for being guided in your political conduct, than a chance quarrel with another individual. If a public man offers this as an excuse for giving his votes either this way or that way, on questions of the most vital importance to his country, surely, such a man cannot have much disinterested patriotism in him."

"Now, Pitt, you are in the opposition again."

"You not only hated North to the utmost limits of detesta-

tion after this, but it is said that you feared him so much that you would not trust yourself alone in the same room with him! And yet, after this extraordinary state of things—this blood-thirsty estrangement—will it be believed—must it be said?—"

"Stop, stop, stop! You will ruin my character, for consistency—"

"Hold your tongue,—I will have my say. The world was shortly astounded by the rumour, that the said Fox and the said North had formed a coalition to take office together!"

"Pitt, Pitt, there is no fascination in your voice. Circumstances occurred which made it convenient for us to run in the same harness. Besides, scores of other statesmen have done just the same thing, ere now."

"That is no excuse for you."

"Look at Canning," said Fox; "he was notorious for his inconsistencies. To select one instance out of fifty. He was once hand-in-glove with Lord Castlereagh,—then quarrelled with him—hated him—quizzed him—lampooned him—wrote squibs against him—fought a duel with him on Putney Heath—received a pistol-shot wound from him, which was murderously aimed at his life,—and then, behold, after thus interchanging such leaden sentiments of regard, Canning accepted office under Castlereagh by joining the embassy to Lisbon!"

"Canning was, doubtless, wrong," observed Pitt; "but you must recollect that he was a poor man, who made politics his trade; and self-interest necessitated him to do these things. You cannot plead that reason."

"Oh!" cried Fox, "you mistake: I was often very poor."

"Poor, were you? and why? Not, like Canning, because you had no private fortune to fall back upon; but because you squandered every farthing you could lay hands on, at the gaming table!"

"I wish to goodness," rejoined Fox's statue, somewhat angrily, "that you had gambled away your tongue before you began this dialogue. Why, you know, Pitt, that *you* died £40,000 in debt."

"I know I did; but it was not from gambling. After my death, this fact was quoted of me in my praise. Instead of amassing a large fortune from the pickings of office, as most men would have done, I actually ran that much in debt in the cause of my country."

"I beg your pardon:—then you were a remarkable man. I remember now, that there was a meeting held in the city of London, to take measures into consideration for erecting a monument to your memory, during which, Canning, who was present, extolled your virtues in an eloquent speech. He ended with the climax, 'And he died poor;' to which one of

the learned citizens constituting the committee moved, as an amendment, 'And he died in indigent circumstances.'"

"I wish bronze could laugh," said Pitt's statue.

"I think you would have a haw-haw at that. This was evidently a man of exalted mind, who was fond of elegant diction."

"And long words."

"Look at Lord Brougham," continued Fox, "if you want something nearer the present day. Look at Sir James Graham,—how many times has he changed? Look at Peel; oh! what a fall was there! And think of the notable hundred and twelve, that all changed their opinions along with him!"

"You are quoting the errors of other men," rejoined Pitt, "to found an argument on which to justify your own errors; but this cannot be accepted. When a man excuses himself on such grounds as this, I think his cause is a bad one."

"Pitt! Pitt! you are again in the opposition."

THE OLD LOOKING-GLASS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

Magic glass! thy spells have bound me;
  Looking in thy shadowy face,
Lovely visions dawn around me,—
  Breathing forms of youthful grace:
Here the gentle maid would linger,
  Oft at morn and vesper hour,
Training, with her jewelled finger,
  Glossy curl and fairy flower.

Blissful childhood here has courted
  Vision of itself, so gay;
With the toilette treasures sported,
  Gems and odours past away:
Here the bride has veil'd her roses,
  Here the widow wept her tears;—
All are gone,—each form reposes
  In the tomb of by-gone years.

A TOUR AMONG THE THEATRES.

BY TIPPOO KHAN, LATE OF HYDERABAD.

"Tho', for the tourist, hind'ring thorns arise,
What need, to such an one, of grief or ire?
Since, from each thorn, before his eager eyes,
Buds forth the flower of gratified desire."
—*From the Persian, by T. K.*

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Macready at the Surrey Theatre.

START not at my name, gentle reader; nor suppose that I am a new Dwarkanauth Tagore, or Mohun Lal, come to write upon the scenes and characters of Albion. I am of Europe, like yourselves, and have much of the London cockney in me, as you shall very soon see; in fact, I have just been returning homeward by the overland route, visiting, on my way, Venice, Milan, Geneva, and Paris, with the Lakes of Como and Leman. I had intended, after clipping off my beard and moustache with the scissors of respectability, and sacrificing my kawuh (coffee) and kalyan (pipe) at the shrine of British manners and customs, to have dropped the Mahomedan name also; but this is so scandalous and satirical a place, that disguise is rather to be studied than shunned, on the principle that, if "obscurity" be substituted for "ignorance," in the old adage, why, 'twere folly to become generally known; and none would ever suspect the salaaming and retired Tippoo Khan to be the man he really is. "*Tip who can*," as the waiter at the hotel said, on hearing my appellation; "I should like to know what chap ever tips as *can't!*" Ignorant rascal! he has no more notion of the Prophet and his descendants, than the renowned martyrs, Hassan and Hoossain, (may their graves be held sacred!) had of Mrs. Harris. But to preface my wanderings in a more-to-the-point style of *dibâcha* (exordium).

I had been some two or three months in London: it was now the commencement of October; my few friends (mostly Indian) were astonishing themselves and the pheasants, in various parts of the United Kingdom. I had been exiled by Circumstance for seven years from this happy quarter of the globe, and had just received permission, from the same authority, to return to Europe on leave. As the number is so suspicious, I beg to observe, that I have not been transported, or at the hulks. I have only been in—no matter where—who cares? my title and preface disclose a pretty considerable *part* of my travels, at all

events. Well, this said time in October beheld me in a somewhat large and very dark club-house, not far from Hanover-square, ruminating on the usual *fainéant's* theme, of what was next to be done. No kind friends had invited me to shoot in the country: this was the shooting season; and where was I to find live pheasants in the streets of the metropolis? It was no season to go to Germany; Paris was almost as gloomy as London; and it was too early for Rome; besides, the monthly stipend was now considerably less than in the preceding year; and to travel on the continent, *as an Englishman*, it is absolutely requisite to travel with pockets well-lined, otherwise, you may pass for a Turk, Laplander, anything but a true Briton, and be suspected for sailing under false colours accordingly, independently of, in these (we must admit) degenerate days, getting no civility whatever. Then why, I reasoned, should I leave London? London! delightful even in thy emptiness; beautiful even in thy fogs, which, to me, are as the modest woman's veil over charms which cannot fail to ravish the heart; even in the month of October do I look with fondness towards thy closed shutters and uncurtained windows, and picture to myself, here and there, in the back room, a small shivering family, not worthy of thee, because ashamed to be seen with thee in that unfashionable autumn suit! I turn with the eye of desire towards, and take off the hat of submission before, the attractions of thy streets, clubs, theatres ——hold! the very thing—an idea has struck me: I will put up the travelling necessaries of criticism into the carpet-bag of pastime, and, journeying by the railroad of opportunity, will step out, with the foot of inclination, wherever curiosity may be seen standing at the door of amusement, to put her ticket into the hand of willingness; and now that I have hit upon a truly national project, may the exuberance of Eastern simile here displayed be forgiven, and I will endeavour to be as English as possible when regularly set out on my tour.*

I, or (as more authorlike, and far more Eastern, let us use) *we;*—we are sure that we are not wrong in asserting that there are young men of the present day who delight in theatres more than in any class of amusement opened for their admission. We believe theatres to be the ruin of many that we hear not of; to be rattling through the brains of some, to the prejudice of sober duties, like four-in hands, at ten o'clock A.M., through the streets of London, to the obstruction of carts, cabs, and omnibuses: and if a son of ours had a decided *penchant* in that line, at an early period of life, we would do all in our power to check it, aye, even to exiling him to a far country. The bland-

* That is, in those parts where we proceed to weigh the merits of theatrical representation in the scales of Criticism; and to glean the grapes of Novelty in the vintage of Original Talent, or translations from the French.

ishments of the stage, lustrous with the light of personal beauty, paint, tinsel, and gas, are too alluring to be trusted face to face with a young, enthusiastic, and free heart; and, shutting our eyes to the "agreeable," and turning towards the "essential" of life, we are made to condemn dramatic authors, actors, actresses, all stage illusions; in fine, everything connected with the stage, *in toto*, not even excluding the call-boy.

But may there never be a change in this state of things? Assuredly: we close our eyes, as above shown, when necessity ties the bandage across them; and this once removed, we will give vent to our natural tastes and feelings. We will suppose necessity for the moment away. Shabbash (bravo)! then for the *premières amours*,—the smell of lamps and orange-peel, the green curtain and the drop-scene, the first crash of the orchestra, aye, even the excitement occasioned by the entry of one of the flageolet-players; the voice, the look, the gait, of the admired actress; the clapping of hands at favourite points; the boyish wonder at the insensibility of some of the neighbouring spectators! And a play-bill; we remember the time when the play-bill of the day was an especial attraction. How many a dirty street have we crossed, almost at peril of our lives, simply to see the bill's report of the success or failure of a new piece! How many a "tremendous hit" have we exulted in, "great applause" have we ruminated on, and "quite successful" have we lamented over, as we became gradually acquainted with the peculiar theatrical meaning of these terms! and we never could understand why the announcement for a future night should be in black, and for the present night, in red print; but we knew that it was so, and this contented us. And then the study of the small fry: we could not only repeat the surnames of the first and second patricians, plebeians, gondoliers, bravos, slaves, and so forth; but we could actually tell the first letter of the Christian names of chorus-singers and *coryphées*. We could feel a sort of veneration for Mr. Bender's waistcoat, or Mr. Sanders's gaiters; while Mr. W. H. Payne's eye-glass, wherewith he ogles Fair Rosamond, in the pantomime of that name, would, if obtained, have been a trophy indeed! And then came the serious part of the tale: Time and Circumstance met together like thunder-clouds, and the bolt fell in the shape of a MSS. farce; another and another fell, but this was not all; eventually, came a five-act tragedy; but the subject looks too like a drama of real life, called Experience, to induce us to go on further through hopes, disappointments, and other sensations, *ejus generis*, enough to form materials for fifty tragedies, but with one last scene, one climax, one conclusion only.

What that conclusion may be, we leave to others to divine: only let them embody a sentiment to personate the chief character, whose death will be sympathised with by the few, ap-

plauded by the few, and disregarded by the many. For ourselves, the apathy of the Hindoo, and philosophy of the Persian, have settled on us now; and, like the personages in Morier's admirable novels of the East, we will sit upon the carpet of resignation, and smoke the pipe of contentment, amid the turmoil of the world without.

No, Tushallah! our *premières amours* shall now lead us to *visit* the theatres only. We have, as we have said, but lately returned from fair and soul-entrancing spots—the Fenice at Venice, the Scala at Milan, and the Académie de Musique at Paris. The aspect of these roused the spirit of pourtrayal in our breasts, but we could do no more than think; imagination was pregnant in truth, but she gave birth to nothing—literally nothing. May she prove more fruit-bearing in a tour among the London theatres!

The bills are hanging up in the club hall. We fancy we can see appended to them, exulting in "Ostend, *viâ* Ramsgate" letters, additional ones, setting forth "Legitimate Drama in Surrey in forty minutes," to the "doubtful at Drury Lane in a quarter of an hour, *viâ* Shakspeare's Porch," or the decidedly "illegitimate at the Princess's in ten minutes." We choose the line of road to be first taken, after minute inspection of the papers, in the manner of a railway traveller with his monthly Bradshaw, and prepare for the journey accordingly. We will commence by crossing the water, and looking in upon Mr. Macready at the Surrey. The region to be visited may not, it is true, conjure up many classical ideas or associations. There is a Black-eyed-Susanism and a Partner-Joeishness in the air, which tell more of the triumphs of Mr. T. P. Cooke and the scribes for sailors than of the truly legitimate; and although many Richards, Lears, Macbeths, and Hamlets, with their concomitant princes, members of the aristocracy, and *élite* of the *beau monde* of England, Scotland, and Denmark, may, long ere this, have trodden the boards of this establishment,—however potent, then, in their respective "fretted" hours, they have, alas, left not a wrack of their magnificence behind! But in this dominion is to be seen and heard the great tragedian of the day—ejected, not by public opinion, but by public indolence, from the walls of a national theatre, and driven to display his surprising powers of art in a most ungenial and inappropriate sphere. Having once failed to find a seat to see Macready in one of his late Surrey triumphs, we determined to sally forth at an early hour; and, embarking in the boat of Leisure, we wended our way, about sunset, on the Lake of Contentment, *viâ* Regent Street, Whitehall, Westminster Bridge, and the branch to the Elephant and Castle. After ascertaining the unremembered precise locality of our destination, by resting on our oars at an adjacent chemist's, we reached the theatre just as the doors were about to be opened, and proceeded to what we

fondly considered would be the best place—a stall. Stall forsooth! "white Surrey" would not have eaten his oats in it, and Hotspur's "roan," or "crop-ear," would have shed his mane in horror at the sight of such accommodation for man or beast. Here we sat, however, and—had it not been for one fat female—alone in our glory, until half-past six, the hour named for commencement of operations. Then came a rush of folk, so redolent of the (rather than Surrey, let us say) "further" side of the water, that Pierre could not "have hugged his greasy rogues" had they been like these. But, fortunately for us, novelty has charms, and the whole sight was new to us. The arena was a large one, unusually so for a minor theatre. High above were the owners, or, at least, the wearers, of shirt-sleeves of various shades of colour, though none approaching to whiteness. Such noisy, boisterous fellows, and with so many acquaintances in the pit and about the house! They had evidently come determined to have a good six pennyworth of Shakspeare, Macready, the after-piece, and general sociability. Below, in the public boxes, were very ordinary-looking, minor theatre-going people, but *not* in shirt-sleeves; and, had it not been for our love of proximity as a help to enjoyment of acting, when the powers of the artist are rather studied than the dramatic illusion produced, we would willingly have ferreted a path out in that direction, through the moist hats, seedy Taglionis, bear's-grease breathing collars of every kind of coat; children in arms, unclassical and uninteresting to all save the parents; short, apprentice-looking arms round anything but symmetrical or lady-like waists; courtships, conversation, munching of apples, cracking of walnuts, and blowing of noses. Yet were we supposed to be twice the value of the pit: we paid double, and should have been exalted in proportion on the society ladder. True, we were divided off from those who only paid their one "bob," but these did not lose much in the scale of appearance with us. And there was a funny little snub-nosed woman, and so strange a long-haired man, on the bench in front of us; and the one cracked and peeled walnuts for the other, and the morsels were passed from mouth to mouth in delightful mutual confidence and defiance of worldly opinion. Amid the society in the stalls, also, were two blacks; one of whom, by the way, left during the tragedy, either deeply affected or deeply disgusted,—most probably the latter, at the notion of Othello choosing a wife of another country and colour.

Othello—yes, that was the tragedy of the night!—perchance the most dramatic creation of William Shakspeare, if not in plot, at least in words and dialogue. And what shall we say of this stupendous work as exhibited to us at the Surrey? Oh, it was a cold night, and the neighbours did not look inviting enough to bid us seek warmth from their vicinity. A good honest country farmer, though poor, is a boon companion; but a dirty Londoner

—a seedy turn-out of the Borough—it can be no pride which makes us fly this creature, worse than a tribe of at least "unaffected" cannibals! And, perhaps, it was this feeling which swayed us during the performance, and threw a city mist over what we had meant to view as a lovely clear landscape. Perhaps so; yet was there a very charming—indeed, a far above average—Desdemona in Mrs. Charles Gill; a correct Emilia in Mrs. Ternan, and a safe Iago in Mr. Cooper, to support the gloriously-conceived character of the Moor, pourtrayed by Macready with a physical power equal to the grandeur of the conception. The fact of its being represented under such circumstances would, however, prevent us from quite viewing the Othello as he might have been shown on a more refined stage; we will, therefore, say little hereon, but we know of no artist who could paint the hero of this tragedy in such true, aye, such Shakspearian colours. The first dawn of the jealous doubt was admirable; the progress of the green-eyed monster was pregnant with misery and woe; the dissipation of the spell was exquisite in the extreme. Othello was held up to us as a model of what he represents himself to be—it may be, somewhat too ideal for actual life. There was almost too dignified a halo thrown across him at times; but what can we say of the subject, when the very commencement of the speech to the senate was marred by the squalling of a child, which, when it comes to years of discretion (should it indeed be suffered to reach that questionably desirable consummation), will, should it not see the great tragedian again, in all probability, stoutly deny that it was ever present at Macready's Othello in its life! Perhaps the natural dignity of the actor was roused, and combined its effects with those of the acted sentiment; and no wonder, if such were the case. Without meaning to criticise, for reasons above stated, we do not understand why the pause is made in this line:

"Send for the lady—to the Sagittary,"

can scarcely be more natural than as it stands in the original:

"Send for the lady to the Sagittary," &c., &c.

The speech to Emilia in the fifth act:

"You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,"

with the rush from the stage at the conclusion, was alone worth the building of a new theatre for the display of the dramatic genius of our age. It was a warrant of the existence of wondrous powers of captivating and fascinating any feeling and unprejudiced audience.

The speech commencing

"Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn,"

was delivered with great skill; and here we would pause to pluck a crow with the tragedian, but that we believe he mea-

sured his audience, and would not test their wondering or too risible propensities too keenly, when he gave the words, "goats and monkeys" in such a way, that we could well defy any human being then in the theatre, who was ignorant of the mention of these animals in that particular passage, to know what was said. To mistake it for "Goat and Compasses," would have been, however, quite as impossible as to catch the true reading; for the sound might just as easily have been interpreted by the uninitiated, into "Bull and Mouth," or "Elephant and Castle."

In mentioning Mr. Cooper's as a safe Iago, we must add, that we never dreamt that so respectable and correct an actor was "safe" to excite the constant merriment and laughter of his audience. To obtain the sympathy of some of them for the part, might have been guessed at; but such a constant roar of delight, such a jovial clapping of hands, and other frequent demonstrations of applause, we could not suppose to have been in store for this cunningly-wrought piece of Shakspeare's workmanship. Iago was, indeed, *the* comic character of the night; his hypocrisy was prodigious fun; his instilling the poison of jealousy into Othello's mind was a capital joke; and when, in the third Act, he knelt by his master's side, the words

"Witness, you ever burning lights above!" &c.

were scarce intelligible, from the convulsive yells of an enlightened public in the walls of the Surrey theatre. Yes; it is the first time we ever remember our friend, the ancient, to have been so heartily welcomed. Roderigo was nothing to him, though the representative of this misguided young gentleman also succeeded in getting a hearty peal or two in the death-scene:—

"Oh, damn'd Iago! oh, inhuman dog!"

It must not be imagined, from what we have said, that the audience was inattentive; far from it. "He says it's a monster," said one in the pit, after the "Oh, beware, my lord, of jealousy, &c." "What's a monster?" inquired a female voice: "Jealousy," was the reply. "Oh!" Again, after the speech ending

"Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed;"

"Ah," says a knowing one, in the aforesaid locality; "that's taken from the old saying, you know!" We leave to the admirer of the bard of Avon, to imagine how was appreciated on this occasion, the highly poetical burst,—

"And it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, &c., &c."

To get into a conveyance outside the theatre, when the tragedy was over, and take the homeward line, was a pleasing task enough; for the region was, as we have said, cold, and gave rise, moreover, to many uncomfortable sensations.

(*To be continued.*)

RECOLLECTIONS OF MADEIRA DURING THE WINTER OF 1844-5.*

CHAPTER III.

"The remarks of a man who has been but three days in the country, can only be those obvious circumstances which force themselves upon the imagination." —*Citizen of the World.*

If second thoughts are best, *first impressions* on seeing a place, I am sure, are the most valuable. They are more truthful, and, if wanting the polishing of judgment and reflection, they are uninfluenced by prejudice, custom, and circumstances, which, after long residence in a place, are apt to alter our views. I have retained mine tolerably correctly, and if some of them were unfavourable, it was in consequence of the universal air of invalidism which, at first, everything wears; in fact, so much so, that I believed a few weeks' residence in the island, such familiarity with disease must frighten any one not gifted with extraordinary nerves into the pulmonary thing. The habits, the faces, the conversation, were all mournfully illustrative. I fancied it—and I have not altogether changed my opinion—the place, and the place only, for decided invalids. There seemed a sort of *deadly liveliness* in the society. There *was* life—plenty of amusement: reading-rooms, billiards, ices; capital horses, riding parties, picnics, and a glorious country; sailing, good society, parties, and a few pretty girls,—and yet the most intolerable dulness prevailed; an inertness pervaded, as if everybody was afraid to laugh or to move in anticipation of a violent fit of coughing.

For love nor money you cannot get into a boarding-house, engaging for less than six months, because there is a fixed *consumptive season, bien arrangée.* If your lungs be decently strong, you may take your leave at the end of four, and pay for six! Everything is cut and dried to a nicety for cheating, in two senses, the last moments of existence.

The very climate, I thought, is, after all, a die-away, do-nothing sort of affair; and daylight departs like the snuff of a candle, leaving you suddenly in such total darkness that the light of your cigar alone reminds you of being in the "land of the living."†

There is a white in the cheek, a flag in the step—beauty itself (I am not going to be sentimental) is *too* interesting. The lazy

* Continued from vol. xlvi., p. 454.

† Everybody is aware that in tropical climates there is no twilight.

oxen seem schooled into a funereal amble; positively, it is no stretch of imagination, the palanquins look like so many coffins with their lids open! The parson with difficulty got through his sermon the first Sunday I was there; a Puseyite, too! and surely they are on the *decline!* Then the dinner-hour of the invalids is so unreasonable—two o'clock. Gracious spirits, that wait upon digestion, where have their appetites got to with this start of ordinary feeders? And then they retire to rest so early, and rise so late: it almost seems as if they *slept for ever.* And what contrasts! Look, said I to myself, at the sinewy labourers; broad-shouldered rascals; the most sturdy race of fellows ever beheld, one of whom looks as though he would eat half-a-dozen invalids for his breakfast, and carry the rest home in a bundle on his back for his winter's provision (barring the cannibalism).

See the long-winded *burroquero,* his hand twisted in the horse's tail, keeping pace, without a sigh, as you dash up the most fearful hills at full gallop; he has more bottom than many a good English horse. I beg the reader will not consider me a heartless individual in making these remarks; but it is melancholy—very; and it would be strange if one could not feel for, and be influenced by, such unhappiness.

By and by, I found there were many of our rosy-cheeked country-people, among the residents, who dined at six, went to roost at midnight, and rose with the sun; that there were horses which one could gallop full tilt up the hills, and young ladies who *would* dance the Polka; and these painful impressions became drowned, and silenced, rather than wore away. But I believe such things must strike any one on first arriving at Madeira.

The worst of it is, whether you will or not, you are made an invalid, and, like *Sir Peter Teazle,* desperately wounded by the *Backbites* of Funchal. The doctors are all parties to this system, chiefly from habit. If you consult for a stomach-ache, or a pain in your great toe, your adviser will begin to talk about a "precautionary measure," and immediately tap your chest. Fifty times is the new-comer cross-examined as to symptoms non-existent, and upon reasons for visiting Madeira never dreamed of. When he replies that he is as sound as a roach, people look incredulous, shrug their shoulders, and alternately recommend Dr. A. or Dr. B.; or, what is, I grieve to say, more common, go home, and form reasons of their own, not altogether to the unhappy mortal's advantage who happens to be convalescent.

I know not under what class of travellers I was included by the amiable people of Funchal; whether I travelled thither from "infirmity of body," "imbecility of mind," or "inevitable necessity;" but, like everybody else, who ever wandered there without any definite intention, I was fated to hear some highly amusing reasons. One interesting lady, as entertaining as she

was amiable, because one day I firmly denied being an invalid, and could give no very satisfactory reply to her rather home question—"what brought me out there?"—kindly raised a report that similar motives to those which have latterly obliged many of our *provisional committee-men* to travel, had been my inducement to visit Madeira. An unfortunate attachment, and that I had been shipped off, like Lord Byron's hero from Cadiz, was the favourite, and least agreeable theory, because it was no assistance to flirtation. But one well-meaning dame asked me to my face, whether I was not a kind of Tom Paine, ousted from society, and glad to flee to the uttermost ends of the earth. When I disputed this mode of reasoning, I was regarded as an unaccountable animal; but my landlord said, "Oh, there is nothing the matter with you—you come out here for your pleasure," and he was nearer the truth. These things, however, were nothing. I know those who, by *report*, had incurred the penalties of a *præmunire*, and deserved to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. Of this anon.

Among the things which readily attract the attention of the novice to Funchal scenery and customs, are the horrors of street perambulations, the picturesque views in the very heart of the city, the personal appearance and costume of the genuine *Madeirense*, and the peculiarities of travelling, besides the general novelty of the scene which I have before alluded to.

Dickens once likened the pavement of Geneva to a layer of hot marbles intermingled with spikes. The description fully applies to Funchal; and, in hot weather, no one who has not actually experienced it, can conceive the misery of walking over the small, round, pebbly stones with which the whole street is paved. I have been trying to think how any pedestrian, unaccustomed to them, could go a-head in the streets of Funchal! I have devised several plans, from the shuffling amble of a tender foot to the downright desperate effort of positive lameness, and, in despair, I have arrived at the conclusion that he could *not* walk. Add to this, the sledges, and horses, and palanquins,—the jostling of all sorts of people, from the Portuguese dandy to the most horrible objects of poverty, one and all emitting clouds of indifferent tobacco in your face; now and then a huge pumpkin rattling against your head, a string of fish dangling before your nose, and your coat-tails in momentary danger of being sacrificed on one of the numerous chafing-dishes, in which hot chesnuts are always crackling and simmering; while lean curs are eternally getting between your legs, or, lying full length on the narrow bridges, basking in the sun, completely obstruct the passage.

In the midst of so curious an assemblage of animals, dead and live stock, no wonder the still more curious, and still less agreeable, odour which impregnates the street. Something between oil, garlic, the rinsings of wine casks, a fish-market under a

burning sun, rotten cabbages, and bad tobacco, makes one glad to hurry into one of the cool avenues that run on each side of the *levadas*,* and breathe the more agreeable combination of orange blossom and heliotrope. These *levadas*, several in number, are the estuaries, as it were, of the torrents running down the ravines which intersect the mountain range above the city. As they approach the town, they become deeper, the bed being strewn with huge masses of stone, the *débris* of many a convulsion in the hills. The sides are lined with an artificial wall, the stream running deep, and strongly enough, after heavy rains, to wash half Funchal away, if it was not for this protection. Ordinarily, there is scarcely any flow of water, but huge pools here and there, where the women, from sunrise to sunset, are continually washing linen. On each side, from the sea to the outskirts of the town, runs a broad paved road, with trees on either hand; sometimes the road is carried along one side only; opposite, houses and balconies hang on the very edge of the *levada*. Narrow bridges form the communication from street to street. To stand upon one of these, looking upwards towards the hills, the eye meeting a succession of quaint bridges, and balconies overhung with the vine and luxuriant creepers, avenues of trees, and the savage bed of the river below, and finally resting on the beautiful hill side in the distance; or glancing downwards, where, through similar objects, the sea spreads blue and glittering beyond,—the effect is too agreeable and curious to describe. Down these avenues, where heliotrope and geranium hang in profusion from the walls, where the balconies look so breezy, and the houses so cool and bright, groups of peasants are wending their way, full of business and bartering, to market. Oh! but he is a merry fellow, the Madeira peasant. See him returning some few hours afterwards, elated with a little profit, and not a little wine, playing gaily his *machete*,† and singing in chorus to the top of his voice. And his country-women, I love them for being so picturesque. I speak now of the hill people, the unsophisticated, sturdy race, who are worthy denizens of the glorious island they inhabit. In the town the labouring classes are nondescript savages, not even worth their salt as picturesque animals, and only to be avoided for their unmitigated dirtiness and thieving propensities; both qualities, by the bye, much too cultivated among all classes of Portuguese, from high to low. Unfortunately, the national costume is more and more forsaken. It is much to be regretted. Who can see the muscular, straightly-made countryman, habited in the white cotton shirt, hanging in ample folds to the waist, the collar loosened and thrown back round his well-formed throat, his

* Watercourses. † A small kind of guitar, the national instrument.

white bag breeches reaching to, and drawn in at the knee, the brown goat-skin boots, with turn-over tops, displaying the brawny, finely-developed calf above; his blue jacket carelessly thrown, hussar fashion, over one shoulder; his little *carapuça** stuck jauntily on his raven hair; the whole attire contrasting so well with his bronzed and black-whiskered face. Who can see these fine fellows descending the hills by their long poles; driving the bullock sledges, or laden under wicker baskets filled with country produce, without regretting the gradual extinction of this national costume, and the substitution of a vagabond dress, half English, half their own, and very inferior to either? And who wishes to see the countrywomen exchanging for an old-fashioned English bonnet, long dresses, and an ugly shawl, their smart short cotton gowns, with a bright coloured cape (of blue or scarlet) over the shoulders, laced boddice, and pleated *camèsa*, brown leather boots, similar to the men's; a white, yellow, or blue kerchief tied gracefully on the head, and surmounted with the knowing little *carapuça*, in good contrast to their dark olive, and sometimes handsome, features? Yet, such is now too often the case; and the national dress of the women, like that of the men, is daily forsaken in the adoption of a habit far less graceful and becoming. The town labourers have almost entirely given up the bag breeches, for the remnant of a pair of old trowsers; and they cover a loose shirt with a ragged waistcoat. Excepting on market days, you seldom meet a genuinely *costumé* man or woman in Funchal. Then it is quite refreshing to see the troops of country people bending their steps to market. The simplicity of their attire, and their primitive load of poultry and vegetables, is delightful. The boys are the most picturesque little rogues one can conceive. They look like miniature men, and to see them strutting along, leading the diminutive breed of oxen, common to the country, you might almost fancy yourself transported to Lilliput! Such famous pictures do they make in their own costume, that I declare I would almost be inclined, had I the power, inversely to imitate the tyrannical legislation which, for a time, deprived our own Highlanders of their fine badges of nationality, and, instead of prohibiting it from being worn, make it penal to wear any other.

If you will have another glad contrast to the disagreeables of the busy streets, wander, at mid-day, into the cool *Praza*.† Under the waving trees, watch the monks winding in procession through the cathedral porch, and listen to the subdued and

* The carapuça is a little blue cloth cap, which just covers the crown of the head, and runs up into a long narrow peak, like the inverted tail of a Chinese Manderin. It is worn universally by men and women, and is certainly more ornamental than useful.

† A shady promenade.

solemn music, the light breeze, and the rustling of the leaves. Or stroll, at early morn, to the sea shore; mark the graceful indentations of the bay, the little fort of *St. Jago*, and the bold *Brazen-head* beyond. Tower and steeple glitter in the morning sun;—

"The convent's white walls glisten fair on high."

Watch the vessels lazily rocking to and fro on the long well which never tires on the vast deep; look back on the vine-clad hills, and on the glorious sky above, unsullied by a single cloud, and you will begin to have dreams of holiness and perfection. Such is the fascination of the scene. Alas! will you not begin to have more substantial wishes than dreams, in the shape of longing to call this land of beauty your own? and would you not fain pass your maledictions on everything Portuguese, if it was not for the governor's pretty daughters just taking their first early peep from the windows of the Castle?

Coming straight from the land of now old-fashioned mail coach, railroad, omnibus, and all sorts of minor luxuries of locomotion, the mode of travelling is a striking novelty in Madeira. Owing to the steepness of the roads about, and even in the streets of Funchal, walking to any distance becomes a serious undertaking; consequently, hack horses, which are excellent, are in constant request. Your nerves, for the first few rides, must be well braced; and it is possible that in descending paved roads, like an imaginary sheep-track upon Shakspeare's Cliff, you may have disagreeable ideas of concussion of the brain, fractured limbs, and lamentations of relatives. You soon become accustomed to it, and learn to traverse the most extraordinary roads with ordinary complacency. The horses, English, American, and Spanish, are all so wonderfully expert, that the custom of using them in preference to mules, soon ceases to be matter of surprise; and among the various breeds to be found in Funchal, next to a good Scotch pony, a tolerably well-bred English hack is found to answer better than any other animal.

The Portuguese lady, when she does adventure her person in the perils of an out-of-door excursion, which is very seldom, reclines in her palanquin, or in a hammock, if travelling far into the country. The English damsel generally rides on horseback, and not unfrequently makes good use of those formidable feet and ankles with which nature has provided her, to carry her over the rough pavement of the city; but at night she steps gracefully into her palanquin, just as our grandmothers and great aunts were wont to walk into their sedan chair; and the house of an English resident is always supplied with more than one of these necessary means of migration. The palanquin is, *par excellence*, a lady's vehicle, and a most luxurious

one it is. Name not ancient sedan, and Bath-chair, in the same breath with the palanquin! "I never saw the like;" but its appearance is something between an accident-couch and a cabriolet without wheels; or nearer, perhaps, to an overgrown baby cradle, the head curtained with bright coloured silk, and the interior cushioned to the very perfection of softness. A long pole passes through the head, on which the lower part of the machine is suspended by cords, and, slung on the shoulders of a couple of sturdy fellows, one at each end of the pole, you move along elevations singularly like the side of a house, at a pace I would back against half a dozen Bath-chairmen to one chair! Nothing can be more graceful than the Portuguese ladies reclining in their moveable sofas; nothing more edifying than to bend over one returning at night from a party, whispering soft things to the fair inmate. Alas! nothing can look more *un*interestingly ill, than the poor pale English girls, propped up in the same. Twice did I peril my valuable person in a palanquin. Once, after much difficulty in persuading the *bearers* to carry us, I found myself, with a friend, squeezed, in some unaccountable manner, into a palanquin, which, if ever its genus comes under a Metropolitan Carriage Act, must be licensed to carry *one*. The bearers bent under the unusual weight; but the machine bent more: and, oh, "shame and sorrow!" snap went the cords, and we sat, in a most humiliating position, on the bare stones. On the other occasion, it was a festival day; the bearers were both full of bad Madeira. The night was wet, the pavement slippy, and we rolled about like a ship in distress, until at last they came fairly down with me; and it required no few strong expressions to get them on their legs again. The motion was horrible,—the situation highly absurd; and it was the last time I ever had the temerity to set foot in a palanquin.

The hammock is a loose network, suspended on a long pole; over which hangs a silken curtain. You recline at full length, and are borne as in the palanquin. It is used chiefly for long journeys into the country; and the prodigies of labour the bearers will perform, are marvellous. I had met with too many disasters in my hammock at sea to care to ascend one on dry land: so I cannot speak from experience; but I should think, if anything could make a good sailor behave like a bad one, it would be a ride across the hills in a Madeira hammock.

Of the climate of Madeira I shall say little at present: the less one says of a good thing the better. That this is supremely, beautifully good, who doubts? The day—the night,—why separate them? It felt to me like one long summer's day.

(*To be continued.*)

LITERATURE.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Hood's Own; or, Laughter from Year to Year. In one volume. By THOMAS HOOD. London: E. Moxon. 1846.

To every admirer of humour we would recommend this volume as one that cannot fail to gratify his taste. Had the work been written by any author who was previously unknown in the literary world, we should have felt it our duty to enter at some length into a detail of its merits; but as it proceeds from the well-known and popular pen of Thomas Hood, and is a republication from his works, it is not necessary that we should do more than introduce it to the notice of our readers. We have copied the following as a specimen of Mr. Hood's talents as a humorist:—

NUMBER ONE.

VERSIFIED FROM THE PROSE OF A YOUNG LADY.

It's very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every Miss
But me, has got a Beau.
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;
I'm sure has been asked enough
To call at Number One!

'Tis hard, with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by.
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;
And Mrs. Smith, across the way,
Has got a grown-up son;
But, la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One.

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four;
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door.
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun;
It's very hard they come so near,
And not to Number One.

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,—
By sitting at the window-pane
Without a bit of blind.
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done;
Yet arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One.

Once, only, when the flue took fire,
On Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon.
Why can't he come again, without
The Phœnix and the Sun!
We cannot always have a flue
On fire, at Number One.

I am not old! I am not plain,
Nor awkward in my gait;
I am not crooked, like the bride
That went from Number Eight.
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bun!
But even beauty has no chance,
I think, at Number One!

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale,
The goods had quite a run;
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One.

My mother often sits at work,
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days.
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun;
The sweethearts all belong to them
That call at Number One.

At Number Six, they say Miss Rose
Has slain a score of hearts;
And Cupid, for her sake, has been
Quite prodigal of darts.

The imp they show with bended bow,
I wish he had a gun!
But if he had, he'd never deign
To shoot with Number One.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row!
And here's a ballad-singer come
To aggravate my woe;
O take away your foolish song,
And tones enough to stun—
There is "Nae luck about the house,"
I know, at Number One!

Peter Parley's Modern Maps and Geographical Tables. Darton and Clark.

THIS is one of the cheapest, and, at the same time, best got up Series of Maps which we have ever met with. It also contains a great amount of carefully-arranged letterpress information. The maps are clear and distinct; while the binding, so much needed in books of this nature, is at once elegant and durable.

FINE ARTS.

MISS ELIZA COOK.—Mr. J. Watkins, a Bristol artist, has just completed an admirable full-length portrait of the above talented lady. A picture, in which the authoress of "I'm afloat!" and "The Gallant English Tar" was represented attired in silks and jewels, with the fashionable appliances of the boudoir around her, might be considered an inapt illustration of character, and the painter has judiciously avoided this mistake. The portrait is graceful, life-like, and original in its treatment. The poetess is habited in her "Murray plaid," and is seated beneath one of the bold cliffs that skirt our coast, with the "boundless main" in the distance, over which the sea-gull is careering its way. The intelligent and expressive countenance of Miss Cook has been happily rendered; the likeness is powerful, and the production must widely extend the artist's fame. We understand the picture is about to be placed in the hands of an eminent engraver;—a fact which will, doubtless, be exceedingly gratifying to the numerous admirers of this lady's genius.